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THE

METROPOLITAN

MAGAZINE.

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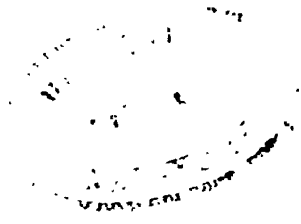

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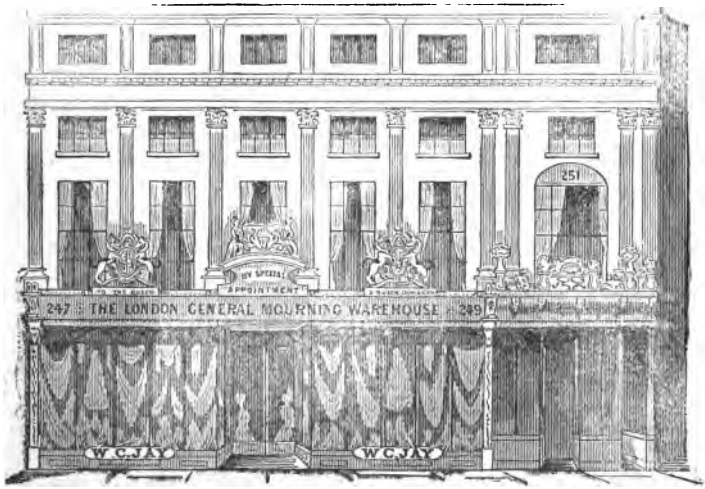

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LETTERS FROM PARIS, IN 1848.

BY ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, ESQ.

[FRANCE, and its revolutions, more or less concern every thinking man. Possibly—yet it were most melancholy were such the case—the antagonism of races is irreconcileable, and the experience of one may but little affect the other. Nevertheless, every great crisis should be profoundly studied,—more especially such crises as occur when a nation's wrath is kindled,—when its kings are hunted into foreign lands,—when old forms and institutions are trampled under foot. We have lately witnessed the downfall of him most renowned in our time for kingcraft and cunning. The reactionary policy he had carefully carried out for seventeen years, has at length ended in his overthrow. A French revolution has again occurred, and the nephew of my uncle, the defeated of Boulogne, the prisoner of Ham, by the almost unanimous consent of France, has become the head of that great people. We speculate not now as to the results; we fain would hope that they may be such as to aid the onward march of man, that Europe may not again weep the vulgar glories of the empire. The revolution may now be considered as ceased,—it has settled,—it has now passed into a memory,—it will soon form the subject-matter of the historian's pen. It will be analysed by the advocates of respective creeds, who will gather from it such arguments as they desire; for, like all human actions, it may be considered from two points of view. It had, as other revolutions, its leaders, more or less pure—its heroes, good or bad—its enemies, its friends, and its dupes. But the revolution has peacefully gone. One act in the drama has been played. We have been favoured with letters written by an eye-witness during the time of its existence, and have gladly transferred them to our pages. At the present time, they may be read with profit and pleasure, containing, as they do, sketches of men and manners during the whirlwind of a French Revolution. They are not its history, but they are part of the materials from which its history will eventually be evolved. No further introduction is needed. Our writer can speak for himself.]—EDITOR.

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Paris, 6th April, 1848.

* * * It seems to me that a considerable reaction is taking place in the state of public opinion in Paris. From the commencement it was evident that the Republic was not accepted, but crammed down the throats of the upper and middle classes, against the stomach of their sense. The working-class is now awaking from its dream, and begins to think that Mr. Louis Blanc is little better than an ass. He is currently known by the name of Louis Blague, as Lamartine is cut down to la Tartine, and Ledru-Rollin degraded into Legueux-Coquin. These soubriquets, if not very polished, are, nevertheless, exceedingly pointed jokes, and may inflict a deeper wound on the Provisional Government, than even the flagellations of Emile de Girardin, with all their unanswerable truth and logic. Against such weapons, power is without arms, offensive or defensive. It may withstand the artillery of reason, but cannot resist the archery of ridicule. The elections of officers for the National Guards have commenced, and the friends of order have been successful beyond the expectation of even the most sanguine. The great questions addressed to the candidates for the grade of Colonel yesterday, were: Are you for order? Are you for freedom of deliberation in the National Assembly? And to these the demand: Are you Republican (whether of the *Veille* or the *Lendemain*) was of quite secondary importance, In the departments, generally, the Republic is far from popular: indeed, the imposition of 45 *centimes additionels*, i. e. an increase of 45 per cent. on the direct taxation of the country, has given a motive to hostile opposition, which makes a direct appeal to every proprietor of even half an acre of land, and you know how numerous a class is this. The Provisionals, as I expected, have failed in their attempt to persuade any general officer to accept the war department on the terms they proposed. M. Arago, late Minister of Marine and *ad interim* Minister of War, has been obliged to have himself gazetted as Minister of War, and Minister of Marine, *ad interim*.

Mr. Smith O'Brien got rather a hard crust to masticate from *Citoyen de la Tartine*, on Monday; he, however, sweetened it a little by inviting the "tongue-tied and enchained slave" to dine with him on the following day. The slave O'Gorman, it is said, remains here to study the mode of constructing barricades, and the tactics of street-fighting, in Paris.

Paris, April 20th, 1848.

* * * We have now reached the end of the second act of this melodramatic revolution, and the grand military tableau, with which it concludes, is at this moment defiling through the mud of Paris, to the sound of trumpet and drum, with bands playing at intervals the "*Marsellaise*," "*Nourri par la Patrie*," the "*Chant du Départ*," etc., followed by shouts of *Vive la République*, and, thank goodness, *à bas les Communistes!* A considerable body of troops of

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the line have come into town to-day, to receive their new colours from the Provisionals, and ten thousand of them are to remain in garrison here, and take a part of the heavy and incessant duty which the National Guards have had to perform for the last two months. I have just returned from the Barrière de l'Etoile, where the colours are distributed, but will not describe the scene, as the newspapers will give you a full and detailed account of the members of the Provisional Government, and the Estrade on which they are seated, surrounded by general officers, councillors of state, judges of all the courts of law, and, in short, every kind of notability they can get together. The whole of Paris is to be illuminated this evening, and the festoons of lamps in the Avenue des Champs Elysées are arranged just as they formerly were on the King's Fête.

Poor old man I fear he has done what in him lay, to render monarchy contemptible, if not impossible, in France! I am told that, as he crossed the Tuileries Gardens, to escape to his *coucou* on the Place de la *Dis*corde, he did nothing but wring his hands, and sob out convulsively—*Comme Charles X! Comme Charles X!* But, how different was his flight from that king's journey to the coast, surrounded by his guards and *friends*, to embark for England in a vessel placed at his disposal by the state. He travelled like a king, though a dethroned one, not like an impudent charlatan escaping from the vengeance of his dupes, a vengeance only tempered by derision and contempt. Unfortunately, the evil he has done survives his fall, and there are months and years of misery in store for France, and, above all, for Paris. Paris, whose whole existence depended on the *luxe* against which the deluded people are now taught to inveigh, on the *riches*, whom every act of the government is calculated to impoverish, on the *étrangers*, whom these new democratic institutions and the insecurity of property, will effectually deter from settling in this country, or again investing money here. Many Frenchmen are in despair at the prospect before them. As I was walking with F——, yesterday, we met a friend of his—"*Eh bien! mon cher*," said F——, "*ou en sommes nous? Qu' est-ce-que nous allons dévenir? Mon ami, repondit il, le Français n'a plus rien à faire que de payer sa dernière dette envers la Patrie, en lui donnant dix francs pour un Passeport pour l'Etranger. Mais que faire à l'Etranger*," asked F——. "*Se mettre Professeur de Langues dans une Pension, ou, si celà ne réussissait pas, dresser des Chiens savans et les montrer dans la rue.*" I tell you this just as it occurred; it needs no comment! The country is surely unfortunate enough in being governed by such men as those now in power, even were they united and harmonious in their opinions. General Thiars, the new Minister at Berne, was lamenting their want of accord to Lamartine, who is the blindest of optimists. "*Mais, mon cher Général*," said he, "*je vous assure que nous sommes ouze têtes dans un bonnet. Hélas!*" said the General, who seems to be more of a soldier than of a courtier, *je vois bien onze bonnets, mais pas une téte.* I will not vouch that the dialogue occurred, but the fact is incontestable.

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Paris, April 30th, 1848.

* * * I have just returned from a visit to the new hall destined to receive the National Assembly. It is a large, oblong building, covering about two-thirds of the court of the old Chambre des Députés, exceedingly plain, not to say *mesquin*, and altogether of a most *provisoire* character. Dr. Lardner invited F—— and me to join a party which he had arranged for this little bit of sight-seeing, and, *for once*, I feel really glad to have been included in an expedition of the sort. F—— breakfasted with me, and after finishing our cutlets, which Joseph cooked to our perfect satisfaction, we adjourned at once to the chamber. Here we found Lardner, with Milnes, Sir Howard Elphinstone, and two or three other Englishmen, whom I did not know. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, we were admitted to the hall, the interior of which is not unlike an immense *omnibus à stalles, à neuf cents places*, with a high box at one end for the president, or driver. The seats are covered with green serge, and the whole concern what the republicans would call *sévère*, which, in any other language than theirs, means shabby. We had not been long there, when Lamartine walked in, with his wife. He is rather tall, and very thin. His face is colourless, unless a sallowness, almost amounting to a tinge of yellow, may be called colour. His eyes small and dim; and his whole countenance expressive rather of unrest and ill health, than of the fire and energy which he has displayed on several very trying occasions. Altogether, one would have passed him in a crowd, without supposing that he was the man to have imposed on an infuriated mob the tri-coloured flag, when, with knives and pistols at his breast, they clamoured for that symbol of blood and terror, the *drapeau rouge*.

F—— persuaded me, yesterday, to go with him to the Français, to hear Rachel sing, or rather chant, the "Marseillaise." I am glad I did so, for this performance of hers will be one of the historical pictures of the revolution. It is a horrible sight, and a worthy sequel to the part of *Phèdre*, which she had just played. There was in her voice, her face, and her gestures, such a concentration of hate, revenge, and thirst for blood, as she recited the words:—"*Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons*," that she looked like a murderess, a fury, a fiend,—like anything, indeed, rather than a woman. Ledru Rollin, her lover, as he is called (but what a profanation of the word!) was not there, which I regretted, for I wished to have a nearer view of him than I obtained at the *fête de la Fraternité*,—fraternity, with 300,000 bayonets for its emblem! He is now somewhat more chary of exhibiting himself and his vices in public, than he was before the publication of the "*Nouvelles de la Cour*," which you must have seen in the "Constitutionnel." These "*sales calomnies*," as he calls them, have made him very sore; and he protests that, since the 24th of February, he has daily devoted twenty hours out of the four and twenty, to the service of the republic. The "Constitutionnel," however, has him there again; and argues, that had he slept more, and

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worked less, the gain to the republic would have been great. He has just opened the wound afresh, by an article in the official paper, in which he modestly compares himself to the finest fruit on the tree, upon which, as such, the worm and wasp,—his detractors,—are certain to settle and prey the earliest! He will bring upon himself, either from Thiers or Lavallette, another and sharper sting. Their wit is pointed by politeness, and pierces all the deeper for the violence with which he meets it.

May 1st.

I had written so far, when I discovered that it was time to prepare for dinner, and, in consequence, deferred the conclusion of my letter until to-day.

The elections are nearly completed; the results being already published for fifty-nine departments. Lamartine is named for nine different places, and always at the head, or very nearly at the head, of the poll. Throughout France, the great majority of the electors have given their votes in favour of the Moderate party, and the Exaltados are, of course, in a phrensy of disappointment. As you will have seen by the papers, there have been very serious disturbances at Rouen, Limoges, Nimes, Castel-Sarrasin, and various other places; and although the advantage has generally remained with the partisans of law and order, it has not been gained without a considerable and lamentable amount of blood-shed. I greatly fear that we shall have a fresh outbreak in Paris, before long. Ledru Rollin's party are highly discontented with the elections, and with the political feeling of the majority of the country. Although far inferior in point of numbers to the party of Lamartine, their desperate, dare-devil determination of purpose, makes them very formidable. I, for one, should not be at all surprised to see the hall of the Assembly cleared by Ledru-Rollin, at the head of the Garde Républicaine and the rabble, as the hall at St. Cloud was by Napoléon and his grenadiers. Our chief hope is in the spirit which now animates the troops, who have vowed, should an opportunity arise, to wash out the stain which the cowardice and indecision of Louis Philippe brought upon their arms during the three days of February.

There was to have been a grand fête on Thursday,—civil, military, bucolic, idyllic, gastronomic, and æsthetic, in the Champ de Mars, but it has been postponed to the 10th of May, in consequence of the vast preparations required. One of the chief features of the programme, is a dinner of many thousand covers, at which will assist deputations of the National Guards, of the civil and military functionaries, and of all the corps d'état, or guilds of the various trades in Paris. Should I be still in France, I shall endeavour to see as much as much as possible of the fête, and will send you some account of it.

I see the d'H—— occasionally, and they are not so much cast down as might have been expected. His pension has been paid, up to the present time; but I greatly fear that, what with ex-

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travagance, improvidence, and mismanagement, the government will not long be in a condition to do honour to its engagements of any description. I was dining at Morel's the other day, and in the evening General and Mme. d'Au——— came to pay them a visit. Poor people! they are sad sufferers from the revolution. He has been placed on the retired list, and loses his peerage; and she, her situation as lady of honour to the queen. I met her, yesterday, as I came out of the Chamber of Deputies, driving in a "milor," with little Blanche d'A——, now a young lady of sixteen. Her two brothers (d'A——), each in command of a division, have likewise been shelved; and, altogether, the position of the family is very lamentable. Poor Madame de S——, I hear, is utterly penniless, and is endeavouring to procure pupils, in order to earn wherewithal to buy food for her *five* children. I will go no further in my catalogue of miseries, as I would rather raise your spirits than depress them.

Paris, May 3rd, 1848.

* * * The National Assembly is about to meet, and I am sorry to say that their debates are expected to give rise to serious disturbances and to bloodshed in the streets of Paris. There has already been a great deal of fighting at Rouen, at Elbeuf, and in several other places, and the ultra-demagogues in this city are highly disappointed and exasperated at the result of the elections, which have generally been favourable to the moderate party. We are in daily expectation of hearing the *rappel* beaten. The *gamins* of Paris have composed some words for the *rappel,* which run thus:—

"Prends ton sac
Sur ton dos,
Prends ton sac,
Soldat!"

If you try them, you will find that they are an excellent substitute for the old rub-dub-dub composition. We have had some little fisty-cuff quarrels in the streets, in consequence of the *bons citoyens* tearing down some socialist *affiches,* which certain *mauvais citoyens* had stuck upon the walls in every quarter of the town. These communist *gents* are of opinion that all property should be divided amongst the sovereign people, rich and poor taking share and share alike. They generously offer a full pardon to the rich, who have so long kept the poor out of their rights, if they give in their adhesion to the socialist doctrine; but threaten them with summary justice, if they obstinately refuse to become converts. There is also a manifesto pasted up by a socialist club, from the Dep^{t} des Bouches du Rhône, in which they invite all men to live with them as brothers, and express their intention to cut the throats of all such persons as are so ill-advised as to decline their polite invitation.

I went on Sunday afternoon to a private view of the hall, recently erected for the sittings of the National Assembly. It is a very

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shabby affair. The newspapers say that it is *d'un style sévère*, which in plain French means *mesquin*. It is not unlike the interior of a gigantic omnibus, *à stalles*, of nine hundred places, rising in tiers one above another, with a raised platform at one end for the conductor or president. Whilst I was there, Lamartine came in to engage his stall, and I had for the first time, a good look at him. He appears completely worn out, and desperately seedy. No wonder, poor man! for he has been very hard-worked the last two months, with the chance, every day, of having his throat cut, or of being strung up to the Lanterne. We are to be treated to a grand fête next Wednesday: one feature in the programme is a dinner of ten thousand covers, in the Champ de Mars. I have promised ——— an account of it, and I daresay she will send you all the particulars; besides, you will no doubt have a description of it in the papers.

Paris, May 9th, 1848.

* * * I have had no subject of particular interest on which to write, since my last letter reached you. The newspapers have given you a full account of the meeting of the National Assembly, and an analysis of the speeches delivered by the various members of the Provisional Government, on the occasion of the surrender of their dictatorship into the hands of the people's representatives. They are long, inflated, here apologetic, there self-laudatory, and with the single exception of Lamartine's *résumé* of the foreign relations of the country, utterly unsatisfactory, even in the few cases where they are not decidedly and manifestly false. The Chamber, however, consulting convenience rather than conscience, have solemnly pronounced, that the Provisional Government "have deserved well of their country:" and by this solemn fiction, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc are, by anticipation, made "white as wool," freed from all stains, past, present, and to come, were they "red as blood," or black as starvation, which may result from the senseless theories of the one, or the capricious despotism of the other.

Whilst matters are proceeding thus in the National Assembly, there are nightly meetings of other assemblies, where a very different judgment is passed. Amongst the chief of these is Blanqui's club, at which I assisted yesterday. Here, Blanqui, with the cold, scientific experience of a dissecting surgeon, unrolls all the bandages which cover the sores and gangrenes which are eating into the living flesh of the working classes, probes them to the very bone, and tells his audience that, in the present state of society, they are beyond cure, scarcely susceptible of mitigation. There, Barbès, assuming as his axiom the rights of man laid down by Robespierre, argues that they must be re-conquered at any cost; that civil war itself is not too dear a stake to risk for such a prize. Between the two there exists an unconscious sympathy, or, more probably, an explicit understanding. At any rate, they are connected by a

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train which the slightest spark may fire; and in the explosion which must ensue, all the misery and degradation of which Blanqui is the expositor, will find vent in the violence and revenge of which Barbès is the avowed organ. With what result?—God only knows; no man can tell! So much, however, is certain—that every additional day of stagnation in trade will bring fresh recruits to the standard of anarchy, and render the "*culbute générale*" more easy of completion. *Dieu protège la France!* when, in the coming winter, cold, hunger, and want of employment, will fill up its cup of misery to overflowing!

Perhaps you may be curious to hear some more particular account of Blanqui and his club. Their place of meeting is the concert-room of the Conservatoire, of which they took possession at the time of the revolution. The members of the club occupy the pit; the president and bureau are seated at a table near the front of the stage, and between this table and the place where the foot-lights should be, the orators take their stand to address the meeting. The gallery-stalls and boxes are open to the public on payment of a small entrance fee. I paid a franc for my ticket, which I am to exchange to-day for a card, which will entitle me to assist at the sittings during a month.

The proceedings opened with two speeches in allusion to some doctrine which had been mooted on the previous evening. The object of the orators was to impress upon the minds of the citizens in the pit, that the presentation of petitions to the National Assembly was in no way derogatory to the sovereignty of the people. Then followed two distinct reports of the day's sitting at the Assembly, by delegates who had been commissioned for that purpose. These were listened to with intense disgust and indignation. Next Blanqui rose, but he had hardly pronounced the word "*Citoyens!*" when a voice from the boxes shouted, "*Je démande la parole,*" and a *farceur* descended to the stage, amidst curiosity and laughter, accompanied by cries from the pit of "Take care he does not run away." This he had not the slightest intention of doing, and he gave us a humorous account, in the style of Hoffman or Hyacinthe, of the infamous treatment which industry is experiencing at the hands of capital in some of the western departments. The scene was evidently prepared beforehand, as this was exactly the text upon which Blanqui purposed to hold forth. When he had finished, and the general merriment had subsided, Blanqui resumed. I will endeavour to give you a slight summary of his address. He spoke for a full hour; but as he twisted and turned his arguments into every possible shape and position, I think I may give the substance-matter of his discourse in a shorter compass. He began thus: "Citizens! you have just listened to a very light-hearted account of a matter which makes all our hearts very heavy. It is sadly out of character to treat so ominous a subject with levity. And yet I can hardly blame the citizen who has done so, since he has, for a moment, cheated you into forgetfulness of the weight of wretchedness with which you are so

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overladen by social tyranny. You have also heard the report of this day's sitting in the National Assembly. It is still the same story, so often told by every government under which the people have groaned and suffered for centuries past. All their sounding phrases and long-winded paragraphs are to us but as the mountain-brook, swollen by rain and storms to the dimensions of a torrent. They obstruct our path for a moment; but the next, they shrink to their usual insignificant proportions, and we cross them dry-shod, to pursue our appointed course. The real subject of interest to us is the relation of labour to capital. This is the momentous problem upon which depends, not the welfare only, but the very existence of ourselves, our wives, our children, and of the generations yet unborn. What is our position in the present social crisis? We are deprived of the exercise of that industry on which our very animal subsistence hangs And why is this? Because capital keeps aloof, and refuses succour to industry and nourishment to labour. It keeps aloof from timidity, says one; from greediness and hope of greater gain, says another; from want of sympathy with the republic, and hatred of equality, says a third; from the hope of reducing labour to submission to its tyranny, says a fourth; and they all, in their several proportions, speak truly. Where, then, are we to find the remedy? I own, in sadness of heart, that I cannot point it out. There is but one, and that, from the nature of the case, will not be applied spontaneously. It is this: devotion on the part of capital. You are in the position of a beseiged army, from whom the enemy has cut off all communication, all means of subsistence. Capital has but to draw tight its purse strings, and you are forced, by starvation, to capitulate. You have no tangible enemy, and yet you must succumb to an invisible but invincible force. You are masters of the city; you may sally out and sweep the streets; yet, when you return home, there is no bread on your shelf, there is no work in your shop. You may give up the town to pillage, yet the relief would be but momentary; for pillage and waste go hand in hand. and 100,000 francs of plunder are not of equal value to 10,000 francs of the wages of honest labour. What, then, is to be done? This should be your thought by day, and your dream by night. For myself—I am at sea, without compass or pole-star, and the only prospect before me is misery, degradation, starvation, and shipwreck."

And so he dismissed them. He spoke throughout in a tone of sad conviction and heartfelt sympathy. He may be true or he may be false. No man can judge him; but his influence must be great, must every day become greater, and it cannot, I fear, turn to good.

Paris, May 13th, 1848.

* * * The course of affairs in Paris is taking a peaceable turn. The new ministry, le comble de l'absurdité, instead of causing an explosion of indignant reproof, has been received with

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peals of irrepressible merriment. As I said (in one of my former letters) of the Provisional Government, so I may now repeat of the Republic itself, that, impervious to the artillery of Reason, it will be stung to death by the archery of Ridicule. I heard a report yesterday, through the Countess M. A. G., that the Carlists, convinced of the impossibility of success for their party, have thrown up the cards, and are quite ready, if not to second, at any rate to acquiesce in, a reactionary movement in favour of the regency. There is a long list of names given, but which, for obvious reasons, I abstain from quoting, as the leaders and subalterns of the reactionary force. It embraces many of the most able men in France, and the most experienced, whether in the civil or military departments of government. And here we find the answer to the riddle which has puzzled so many of the (self-styled) logical heads in this country:—Why the Republic, which has succeeded so well in the United States, should be a failure in France? The reason is simply this, that in America all the moral force and all the talents were on the side of the republicans; whilst in France, the same influence and the same capacities are monopolised by the partisans of monarchy. They may be forced to bend to the storm as it rushes by, but their heads will rise to the same height as before, so soon as the hurricane is past.

May 14*th.*

I had written thus far, when I was interrupted by a tumult in the Boulevard, and loud and repeated shouts of *Vive la Pologne*. I threw aside my paper, and, putting on my coat, rushed out to see what was going on. It was a demonstration in favour of Polish nationality, and all the clubs had furnished their quota, to swell the crowd which was to march in procession to the Chamber of Deputies, and demand that some decisive steps should be taken in aid of their brothers in Poland. They went no further than the Place de la Concorde in a body, but their delegates proceeded to the hall of the Assembly, where they were received by Mons. Vavin, to whom they delivered their petition on behalf of the suffering patriots in Poland. Mons. Vavin having communicated all the circumstances connected with the manifestation to the Assembly, went out, accompanied by the delegates, to address the multitude. After informing them that their petition had been received, he told them that the sentiments it expressed had been his own for many years, and invited the crowd to disperse quietly, which they accordingly did. There was a strong party of National Guards on the bridge, with a company under arms in the president's garden; on the esplanade of the Invalides there were considerable numbers of the Garde Mobile, as also in each of the streets leading to the Chamber.

To-morrow, M. Wolowsky, according to notice given, is to demand explanations from the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of Poland; and M. de Montalambert has also given notice to the same effect. It will be a critical moment for France, and for

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all Europe. The question is, above all others, popular; perhaps the only one in which all shades of opinion are united. There are, however, two parties upon the mode in which it should be carried out. The one desirous to secure the development of French ideas, both at home and abroad, by peace, moderation, and the example of good government in the republican form; the other, burning to carry everything before them at the point of the bayonet. The former, comprising all the moderate men, appeals to the reason of France; the latter, recruited from amongst all the reckless and discontented classes, founds its hopes upon her passions and her vanity. Unfortunately, the personal interests of the present government are enlisted on this side. Hear what Girardin says on this subject.

"The government at its wits' end, not knowing by what means to re-animate credit by confidence, or trade by credit, would stifle in war the secret of its criminal incapacity."

"Would change the character of the revolution of February; —would make it warlike and political, instead of social and pacific."

"People! what did they tell you? They told you that the working man's lot was hard, and must be ameliorated; that mortality spared the rich, to fatten on the poor. They were indignant at the hard life you led."

"What are they doing? What is their plan?"

"Their plan is to have you killed."

"Do not believe that it is for the sake of Poland, or of Italy, two names with which they abuse your generosity."

"It is to get rid of you—you are an embarrassment to them. It is to escape from the responsibility of their incapacity; it is to efface all traces of their wasteful expenditure; it is to find a pretext for suspending all public rights, beginning with the most important, the liberty of the press:—In a word, it is to have a responsible editor on whom to throw the onus of all the disasters which they have not known how to parry, and which they have aggravated."

"They will charge everything to the account of war."

"And the unreflecting multitude will repeat: Yes, it is all the fault of war."

"They know this, and they reckon upon it."

Paris, May 16*th*, 1848.

* * * Yesterday, as I anticipated, was a day of fearful crisis for France, and for the whole world. At 11 o'clock, detachments from the Ateliers Nationaux, and from all the Paris clubs, accompanied by the delegates of the discontented and factious parties in the departments, commenced their march from the Place de la Bastille, to impose the law of their will upon the National Assembly. Each section was preceded by its banner, and so many of the bands carried branches of trees in their hands, that one was forcibly impressed with the ill-omened idea, that the Birnam wood of the Faubourg St.

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Antoine was marching on the doomed Dunsinane of the Palais Bourbon At about a quarter past twelve, just as the President of the Assembly took the chair, the head of the column poured, like a torrent, into the Place du Palais Bourbon. I had made my way along the quay, to the corner of the Chamber, and had some difficulty in crossing the Pont de la Concorde, encumbered as it was by the procession, with a double line of the Garde Mobile on either foot-path. The mob extended as far as the Place de la Madeleine, and there could not have been less than from twenty-five to thirty thousand men on foot. Thus matters continued until about three o'clock, when the gates of the Hall of Representatives were forced open, the guard overpowered, and the crowd, rushing in, invaded the lobbies, the committee-rooms, the tribunes, and, finally, the centre of the hall itself. The scene of confusion which ensued is beyond description. The occupants of the ladies' tribunes screaming and fainting; the President ringing his bell incessantly; honourable members fighting hand to hand for their seats with unwashed artisans; others disputing *the* tribune with the leaders of the clubs, with a running accompaniment of oaths, imprecations, and general hubbub. The action of the National Guards within the precincts of the Palais is paralysed by the treachery of their commandant, General Courtais, and those almost within hail, on the Quais and in the Tuilleries, are kept in ignorance of what is passing in the Chamber. At half-past four the mob are undisputed masters of the field of battle, and the representatives quit the Hall in a body.

Barbès, Albert, Blanqui, Huber, and the other chiefs of the conspiracy, after a few speeches of the most violent description, march off at the head of their faction, to the Hôtel de Ville, there to instal themselves as a new Provisional Government. But now the tables are turned. The *intelligent bayonets* in the vicinity of the Chamber are made aware of what has occurred. The *rappel*, which through the weakness of Buchez (unworthy successor of Baissy d'Anglas), and the treachery of Courtais (how unlike he to the noble Lafayette) had been countermanded, is again beaten through every quarter of Paris. In half-an-hour, a hundred thousand National Guards are under arms, the Hall of the Assembly is cleared at the point of the bayonet, the representatives are again in their places, and General Courtais' epaulettes are torn from his shoulders, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour from his breast, by the citizen soldiers whom he had betrayed. (For my own part I need no further proof of his treason, beyond the disposition of the Garde Mobile on the bridge, which I mentioned above. Instead of being in position at the head of the bridge, where they might have defended the chief approach to the Chamber, formed in line as they were on the *trottoirs*, pressed upon by the mob, and without space to make use of their guns, they could serve no earthly purpose, unless it were to furnish three or four hundred stand of arms to the factions.) And now Lamartine, having once more a theatrical part to play, mounts his horse, accompanied by Ledru-Rollin, and a large body of representatives,

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and, at the head of the National Guard, marches upon the Hôtel de Ville. Arrived at the place, he encourages the citizens to attack the Hôtel, and raising himself in his stirrups, vows that for him there is no tribune like the saddle, and that he exposes his breast with joy to the first fire of the anarchists, in defence of order in the Republic. He is once more the Lamartine of the 24th of February—the hero of his own romance. The Hôtel is taken without the discharge of a single shot, and the self-constituted Provisional Government are arrested, and placed under strict guard, to be conveyed, during the night, to the Chateau de Vincennes. Lamartine and his friends return to the Chamber, the thanks of the country are voted to the National Guards, and Clément Thomas (appointed their commander-in-chief) is charged to watch over the peace and security of the capital.

17th May.

During the whole night of the 15th, a strong force was under arms. The pale moonlight, and the red glare of torches, was reflected in every direction from gun-barrel and bayonet. I was out until past twelve o'clock. Strong patrolling parties were everywhere on the move, and here and there one encountered an entire battalion of the Mobile, with bugles, playing the *Chant des Girondins*, and drums beating in cadence. At every bivouack they passed they were challenged by the sentinels thrown out in advance. The officers exchanged the word, and the batallion passed on, with shouts interchanged of *Vive la Mobile! Vive la Garde Nationale!* It was an imposing spectacle, and a death blow to the hopes of the anarchists and terrorists. The National Assembly met yesterday at half-past ten. When the *procés-verbal* had been read, M. Buchez made a feeble attempt to excuse his worse than feeble conduct on the previous day. He was listened to first with silent contempt, then with ill-suppressed murmurs, and, at last, with a burst of indignation. The members of the Government were severely taken to task, and explanations demanded upon numerous points; particularly upon the conduct of the *Préfet de Police* (*Caussidière*), and their long toleration of the existence of bodies of armed men, acknowledging no government control. The house in the Rue de Rivoli, occupied by Sobrier, had been forced on the previous night, seventy-five Montagnards made prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition seized. Several of the most violent clubs had likewise been expelled from their places of meeting; but there still remained the garrisons of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the Préfecture de Police, which refused to lay down their arms, and deliver up their posts to the legal force. I went down to the Préfecture at about four o'clock, and found the whole of the Quais, and every approach to it, bristling with bayonets. I was told that the Montagnards, or Garde Republicaine, had surrendered at discretion. At this moment, M. M. Perrée, and Lacrosse, followed by their orderlies, rode up, and the Grille was opened at once; they remained about a quarter of an hour, and then returned to give an account of the state of affairs to the Chamber of Representatives. M. Perrée

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spoke of the garrison fraternising with the National Guards, and protesting their devotion to the representatives of the nation. He said nothing, however, of their having either capitulated, or surrendered at discretion. This is unsatisfactory. Such a state of things cannot be allowed to continue. All posts illegally held, must and will be forced, if not delivered up at the summons of the national authorities. The Chamber cannot allow the ministers to persevere in their weak, not to say criminal, policy. I begin to fear greatly that they are false to themselves, to one another, and to the country. Scandal is already at work with Lamartine's character. It is whispered that there are other reasons besides his fear of civil war, for the coalition between him and Ledru-Rollin. It is well known that they are both *criblés de dettes*, and many people surmise that both have put their hands freely into the public purse. I sincerely trust that this may not be true in Lamartine's case. Ledru-Rollin is strongly suspected of being the false ally of both parties—anarchists and friends of order—of being double-faced, double-tongued, double-hearted. Could the men in power be but true to their duty, the events of Monday would make them stronger than ever for the public good. But, alas! I fear that this is not what they have most at heart.

Paris, May 18*th*, 1848.

* * * The latter part of my yesterday's letter is, no doubt, confused, unintelligible, even contradictory, in certain particulars. This very confusion, however, may serve to picture to you the troubled and turbid course of political events in Paris. There are a thousand conflicting rumours afloat during every hour of the day. Verification, in these cases, with all the advantages of official authority, seems difficult, if not impossible. For instance, on the 16th, there were three distinct reports, each differing from the others in many important particulars, made to the Representative Assembly on the state of affairs at the Prefecture de Police, by three members of the Chamber, who had gone thither to see with their own eyes, and, on their return, to inform the legislative body how matters stood in that quarter. No wonder, then, that the public should be confused, bewildered, *désorienté*. The stream now begins to run more clear, and a few drops of fact may be filtered from the muddy waters. In the first place, all the irregular and unconstitutional corps, Garde Républicaine, Garde de l'Hôtel de Ville, Montaguards, Lyonnais, have been disbanded: secondly, the clubs have been closed: thirdly, Caussidière has resigned his office as Préfet de Police, and M. Trouvé-Chavel is appointed in his stead: fourthly, General Cavaignac has accepted the portfolio of the war department.

The Minister of the Interior has demanded the organization of a new Garde Municipale, under the title of Garde Républicaine Parisienne.

The same minister has also proposed, for immediate discussion,—

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First, A bill for the prevention of armed meetings and associations.

Secondly, A bill, to make the decree of banishment, promulgated against the elder branch of the Bourbons, applicable to Louis Phillippe and his family.

The latter measure naturally seems of primary importance to the men at present in power; who, if asked,—"What have you done to deserve hanging, if the monarchy were restored?" could not but answer,—"Much—every thing."

The former is urgently demanded by every man of common sense in France, who desires order or dreads anarchy. There is a remarkable passage from a speech of Lamartine's in the Chamber of Deputies (13th March, 1834,) quoted by the "Assemblée Nationale" newspaper, on this subject:—

"France has a horror of clubs; the memory of nations is deep and tenacious. France cannot forget that the moral, generous, national Revolution of '89, was swallowed up by the clubs, which vomited forth, in its stead, the brutal, demagogic, sanguinary Revolution of '93. She does not stop to examine whether the times are the same, whether the spirit of the age, which then breathed destruction and death, breathes now reconstruction and life. Those hideous reminiscences arise all bloody before her; they pre-occupy her judgment, and fill her with affright: this should be enough for us. We are not called to make laws for an imaginary people, but for France such as she is. We must respect her pre-occupations, and guard against the anarchy which she abhors; these saturnalia of patriotism, these parodies of republican turbulence, are deeply repugnant to the vast majority of the nation. Such terrors and such repugnances are easily understood, in men whose families have been the wholesale victims of clubs, in children whose memories are steeped in their fathers' blood. Any government, be it monarchical or be it republican, which shall allow clubs to be re-established, will be for ever unpopular in this country; and, I hesitate not to say, that liberty itself will be thought to cost too dear, if it must be purchased at the price of the permanence of political clubs."

Such is the record of Lamartine's sentiments, (I will not call them opinions) in '34; and what is the record of his conduct in '48? Read the report of Caussidière's explanations in the chamber (explanations, every word of which bears the impress of truth and rugged honesty, according to the principles he professes), and it appears, that Lamartine has winked at republican saturnalia, and truckled to demagogues of the most dangerous description; that he has *given orders* for the distribution of arms and ammunition to anarchists, whose show of patriotism was a mere mask to turbulence and sedition; that he has made common cause with a man who is the very incarnation of malversation and misrule. It was well said by one of the club delegates on the 15th, for the devil sometimes speaks truth: "Citizen Lamartine, we all admire you as a poet, but we cannot accept you as an approved statesman." He has no fixed principles, or rule of

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guidance. On many occasions, particularly where a theatrical effect was to be produced, he has been striking and successful; but his efforts have always more resembled the convulsions of *one possessed*, than the well-regulated energy of a statesman calmly *possessing himself*,—the short-lived intensity of fever-heat, than the continued glow of health.

I have been looking in vain through the papers for the "*Nouvelles de la Cour*," about which you are all so curious. It is merely a short imitation of our Court News, somewhat to the following effect:—

"There was a breakfast at Trianon, yesterday. Several *ladies* were present. M. Ledru Rollin did the honours.

"The buck-hounds pulled down a fine stag at Apremont, after a fine run.

"In the afternoon there was a *battue* in the woods of Chantilly."

Mr. Lovett left Paris some time since. All the orphans went with him to England, and he has found a temporary asylum for them at least, in various charitable institutions in London and the neighbourhood.

Paris, May 21*st*, 1848.

* * * The third act of our republican melodrame, which, on Monday last, threatened to terminate tragically, with pillage for action, and six guillotines *en permanence* for decoration, was brought to a close yesterday in the Feast of Concord. The *rappel* was beaten at five o'clock, and all Paris was astir before seven. We had storm and rain continually during the three or four previous days, but the morning broke clear and bright, with scarcely more wind than was agreeable to temper the heat of the sun. At ten o'clock, the government council of five, and the national representatives, were at their post, on an immense estrade in front of the Ecole Militaire, with other tribunes on the right and left for ladies, official personages, and delegates from the departments. The greatest good humour seemed to pervade the crowds of spectators and those who formed the procession. As I passed over the Pont d'Jena, which was encumbered with a legion of National Guards, some blackish clouds were rising from the West. *Eh! l'ami*, cried a gentleman on the trottoir, *vous allez recevoir de l'eau. Non, non*, answered the sergeant to whom he spoke, *nous ne la recevrons pas; nous nous mettrons à l'abri de la gaîté.* The only exception to the general appearance of light-hearted enjoyment that I witnessed, was in the ninth (St. Antoine) legion. They were halted as I passed them, and in the front rank of the leading company, were several soldiers of the disbanded Garde Republicaine. They had *entonné* the *Marsellaise*, and the whole company, carried away by their enthusiasm, joined in the chorus. One of the crimson-breasted gentry, in the centre of the line, sang with an unction that might almost rival Rachel's notorious performance. However, there are good and bad, men of order, and men of anarchy, even in this band; for a little further on, in the

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1849.

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same legion, I saw a double line of the same Gardes Républicains marching arm-in-arm, without either muskets or sabres, like respectable citizens, uttering no factious cry, screaming no bloody war-song, worthy assistants at a Feast of Concord. The procession, consisting of strong detachments of all the legions of the National Guards, of the troops in garrison at Paris, and of the guilds, or trade-corporations, with cars, containing their *chef d'œuvres*, marched slowly, and in good order, round the Champ de Mars, and past the legislative body, with shouts of *Vive la Assemblée Nationale! Vive la République!* to which, a few isolated voices would fain have added, *Démocratique!* but found no echo in the general feeling of the people.

Some lancers of the Horse National Guard had ladies seated before them, that they might have a clear view of the procession as it passed,—*tableaux vivans* of the celebrated Group of *Esmeralda*, and *Phœbus de Chateaupers*, in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Amongst the cars belonging to the different trades, the two prettiest were those of the Luthiers, and of the Armuriers. The former was covered with an awning, under which were seated a score of young girls, dressed in white, each bearing a banner, inscribed with the name of some artist, eminent in music, in poetry, in eloquence, or in declamation. Behind them, heaped in artistic confusion, were piled musical instruments of every description; the whole surmounted by a beautiful little rosewood organ. The platform of the Armourers' car was covered with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace. At each corner was a complete suit of armour, with a lance, and in the centre, a trophy of arms in every variety, surmounted by a sun, composed of the crimson triangle of *Egalité*, framed in gold, with rays formed by glittering sword-blades. In the evening we had fireworks and illuminations of the most beautiful and fanciful description. The whole face of the Ecole Militaire glittered with light to the very roof. At intervals, round the Champ de Mars, were *poteaux* fifty feet high, with long, streaming banners; strings of paper lanterns, red, white, and blue, trailed from one to another; and, at their base, groups of flags formed by lamps of the same colours; between every two was a tricoloured *oriflamme*, in lamps also, and in an inner circle, round the colossal statue of the Republic, were some four and twenty raised altars, on which were burning lights of the most dazzling brightness. The Place de la Concorde was almost as light as at noon-day. The whole of the terrace of the Tuilleries Garden was illuminated by lamps covering the railings; and on the side of the Champs Elysees, was a battlemented scaffolding, extending the whole length,—one blaze of light. Four enormous obelisks marked the entrance of the avenue, over which were hung, at short intervals, chandeliers of lamps and paper lanterns, which had a most beautiful effect. This was continued as far as the Rond Point, where the obelisks were repeated; and the rest of the avenue was illuminated with pyramids of lampions. The day, as far as I can learn, passed off most satisfactorily, without a single accident of any sort. I have no time to entertain you with politics to-day, beyond telling

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you that Lamartine has struck another blow at his own reputation, by giving Louis Blanc an order to have access to the prisoners at Vincennes, contrary to all established rule and precedent. Fortunately, the *juges d'instruction* were there before him, and prevented this interference with the course of justice from taking effect. Lord Gray is kind enough to encumber himself with your small music portfolio, which I thought you would be glad to receive.

Paris, May 26th, 1848.

* * * Here we go tinkering on in the way of government, with an executive commission encamped, in gipsy idleness, and gipsy pilfering, at the Luxembourg, with a dozen ministers, still dazzled with the brightness of their new portfolios, and the unexpected splendours of their official hotels, doing nothing, or doing mischief; with a National Assembly of nine hundred members, who have as yet hardly learned to know one another by sight, and from whom, of course, neither fixed purpose nor united action can be expected. In short, we are in a state of organised anarchy; the anarchy being the result of legislative and executive incompetence; the organisation depending upon the zeal and intelligence of the 200,000 bayonets, which the *rappel* can, at any moment, bring together, when pillage and violence, emerging from the depths below, threaten to raise their heads above the surface of the troubled waters. Thus, the National Guard holds in its hand the balance of power between mis-rule and mob-rule, between peculation and plunder, between the so-called *organisation du travail,* and the fearful reality of the *guillotine en permanence.*

Unfortunately, the prerogative of this force is limited to a veto upon the proceedings of the *forçats,* and *coquins,* who, like noxious weeds, in consequence of filthy farming, have overrun the whole Departement de la Seine, since the Revolution of February. It cannot, for the moment, assume the 'initiative' in any direction; from its heterogeneous composition, embracing all parties, from the legitimist to the ultra-demagogue, such a thing would be impossible. All it has to do is to remain at its post, to demand and enforce *l'arrestation des voleurs et des terroristes.* Were it to attempt more, it would split up into parties and factions, mutually hostile, and mutually destructive; and the last barrier, behind which the rights of family and the rights of property are entrenched, would be swept away.

We sadly want a head. *Egalité* is a captivating principle to every kind of vulgarity, and every shade of mediocrity; but, even were it possible, it implies a *low level,* with a rapid decline and fall of arts and sciences, of prosperity and civilization. We want a head, and, what is worse, I fear we want the capacity and self-knowledge to recognise and to reverence it, even though Providence should furnish us with one at the approaching elections.

May 27th.

The chief feature in the order of the day, at the *Assemblée Nationale*

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yesterday, was the project of a decree for the perpetual banishment of Louis Philippe and his descendants. When M. Vézin, the reporter of the committee to which the question had been referred, ascended the tribune, there was not a member of the executive council, nor a single minister present. It was not until M. Vézin had gone through a considerable portion of his report, that M. Flocon swaggered into the hall, and took his seat on the ministers' bench. One hardly knows whether to laugh or to weep at the insolent airs of these vulgar fellows, and at the resignation with which the representatives of the nation are forced, by policy, to submit to them for a time. The debate was short, and but slightly enlivened by a personal altercation between a M. Vignerte, and Napoléon Buonaparte, who shewed a spirit fit to cope with a more respectable adversary. On the division, the decree was voted by 632 ayes, against 63 nos. This result was universally expected. The extreme left, who are frightened out of their wits at the idea of reaction to come, which casts its shadow before, would of course vote as one man. The extreme right, again, were delighted at a law which lays the *branche cadette* under the same ban with the *branche aînée des Bourbons.* And the centres, aware that the vessel of the Republic, although labouring heavily, and opening at every seam, is not yet completely water-logged, will not take to their boats, and desert the ship, until the weather moderates, and the tide turns; and so they continue working at the pumps, and biding their time. Thus has the Chamber laid the Orleans family under an interdict, *à perpétuité,* and the only appeal from their decision is to the will of the nation. The decree will only be reversed in case the lower class of shopkeepers and the better class of workmen rally themselves to the *haute bourgeoisie.* The smaller shopkeepers have suffered considerably under the Republic, from the invasion of their trade by unlicensed hawkers, and stall-keepers, and the superior artisans are almost to a man without wages or work. I have just been reading a pamphlet by Achille Fould, (who evidently looks to being Finance Minister, at no distant date) in which he states that five-sixths of the products of Parisian manufacture consist of articles of luxury, vanity, or superfluity. As, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of what *was* the wealthy class, aggravated by the new system of taxation proposed, luxury, vanity, and superfluity are no longer the order of the day, it follows that the present stock in trade will be fully equal to the demand for a long time to come, and that the producers of what are called *articles de Paris* must either starve, or seek employment in the *ateliers nationaux.* One can readily imagine the regret with which carriage-trimmers, carvers, and gilders, perfumers, feather-dressers, artificial flower-makers, and the like, will look back to the good old times of the monarchy, as they strain their unaccustomed backs over pick and shovel, at the rate of thirty sous a-day. If we are to have a restoration these are the men who must raise the standard, and I firmly believe that nineteen-twentieths of the whole nation would rally round it joyfully. In the meanwhile, we rub on, living on the *au jour le jour* principle, without a head or anything worthy of the name of government; the National Guard

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even, in most cases, acting upon its own instincts, and its own responsibility, for the preservation of life and property.

May 28th.

All Paris was thrown into a state of alarm, yesterday afternoon, by a report that Emile Thomas, the director of the *ateliers nationaux*, was arrested, that the workmen were in open insurrection, and were marching upon the Assembly, and that M. Trélat, Minister of Public Works, who had gone in person to Monceaux, in hopes of calming the effervescence, had been detained by the rebels as a hostage, until Emile Thomas should be set at liberty. Bodies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were sent to re-inforce the guard at the Chamber, and the National Guard were called out in large numbers. In the evening it was announced that Trélat had been set at liberty, and that Thomas had been dispatched on a *mission to Bordeaux!* when the troops of all arms were dismissed to their quarters. As I returned home, at about 11 o'clock, I fell in with groups on the Boulevard, at every fifty yards, who were discussing the events of the day, and talking rank Blancism. I do not myself anticipate any violent outbreak, as the anarchists know that they will have a hot reception, and that there are no hopes of fraternisation for them on any hand.

The police, as you will have seen, have at last arrested Blanqui, and sent him to share Barbès' captivity at Vincennes. This is all very well; but there is another Blanqui and another Barbès, in high places, who will, I am convinced, be put upon their trial, if Emile de Girardin be elected a National Representative next week. He will bring them before the bar of public opinion, to a certainty, and the government are, in consequence, doing everything in their power to impede his nomination. I begin to suspect that, although Ledru-Rollin is the greater ruffian, Lamartine is the more dangerous politician of the two. He, unfortunately, has his *bons momens*, which the other never has had, and these, bright and dazzling, have blinded the eyes of the public to too many of his *mauvais quarts d'heure*.

To give you an idea of the extravagance of the men who seized upon the government at the time of the revolution, I will instance Louis Blanc, whose *service de bouche*, during the nine or ten weeks of his residence at the Luxembourg, cost the treasury upwards of three hundred thousand francs. I heard this yesterday from an old friend of ours, the father of the Countess M. A. G. So true is the old proverb, that, if you "set a beggar on horseback, he will ride to —" you know where.

Paris, May 29th, 1848.

* * * M. de Gasparin, who writes from Jerusalem, has addressed to De Girardin a letter, so full of good sense and right feeling, that I cannot but think that you and all our friends in England, who are kind enough to express an interest in my Paris correspondence, will thank me even for an inadequate English version of his excellent French text.

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"Sir, my late colleague,

* * * * * *

"It is, perhaps, more especially the province of a man whom the fallen government had rejected, as too sincere, sincerely to avow the regrets which the fall of that government has caused him.

"Such a sentiment will not fail to find an echo in certain hearts, whose sympathy and esteem are dear to me. As for those who expected and desired (in the name of man's dignity, no doubt !) that all the Constitutionalists of the 27th February, should have shown themselves Republicans on the 28th, I have only this to say to them :—All consciences are not equally easy of conversion. There are men who analyse events, instead of worshipping them, and whose bias inclines them to pay court to misfortune rather than to success.

"The revolution is very powerful, but it cannot turn good into evil, nor the seventeen years which elapsed between 1830 and 1848, into seventeen years of misery and servitude.

"My opinions remain unchanged; and as I would fain believe that our reign of liberty consecrates the freedom of thought and of speech to the profit of all citizens, I have made use of my right in addressing the expression of my condolence to H. M. Louis Philippe, and to Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans.

* * * * * *

"The same packet carries home to the Minister of Justice my resignation of the modest and honorary functions which length of service had earned for me in the Council of State.

"I speak without reserve, for I have nothing to conceal. My late colleagues know me. The members of the Provisional Government have seen me at the Chamber. They are aware that my conduct and my intentions will not exceed the limits of the language I employ. They know that I have upheld no sort of abuse, and withheld my support from no sort of liberty.

"In truth, it is probable that I am far too liberal to be either a revolutionist or a socialist. I desire the liberty of the whites and that of the blacks: liberty for associations and liberty for individuals; liberty for home industry and for foreign commerce. I desire that the nation should be free to have a will of its own, even though it should be distasteful to a part of the population of Paris.

"I desire that the National Assembly should be free to express the opinion of the majority, however irritating it may be to the minority.

"I desire that the tribune should be free, in spite of the galleries, which may wish it otherwise. I desire that the government should be free, in spite of those place-hunters who may be incensed at their inability to domineer over it, and employ it for their selfish advantage."

* * * * * *

Were this *profession de foi* addressed to me as a French elector, I, for one, should give a plumper for M. de Gasparin on Sunday next. When will the French people awake from the magnetic sleep into which the heroes of the barricades have cast them? Poor France!

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She is like Titania, doting on the hairy snout of a vulgar ruffian, and toying with the long ears of a need-and-greedy poet. How will she blush for herself, when the spell is removed from her eyes!

The following little trait will give you a just idea of the moral courage and strength of conviction evidenced by public men in this country, at the present day.

The order of the day is the discussion of the decree relative to the banishment of Louis Philippe and his family. M. Vézin is in possession of the house; he ascends the tribune.

M. le President. "*Parlez-vous pour ou contre?*"

M. Vézin. "*Je parle sur.*" (*on rit.*)

On rit! An empty phrase, implying the basest cowardice, excites a vacant smile, followed by the silliest chuckle!

"The laughter of the fool," says the preacher, "is as the crackling of thorns under a pot." The pot may boil over one day, and what will then become of the fool and his laughter? They will be extinguished; made "an astonishment, an hissing, and perpetual desolation."

May 30th.

The debate in the National Assembly yesterday was hot and noisy, on the subject of the *Atéliers Nationaux*, and the arrest of Emile Thomas. M. Trélat, Minister of Public Works, prevaricated most shamefully, in his endeavour to persuade the Chamber that Thomas had voluntarily resigned his office, and accepted a mission to Bordeaux. M. Taschereau, who had demanded explanations on the subject from the minister, was goaded on by the clamorous interruptions of the Assembly, to make the following protest:—

M. Taschereau. "In the name of personal liberty, I demand" (the orator's voice is inaudible, from the general hubbub) * * * "When charges are brought against a public functionary, it is not for a Turkish cadi and two mutes" (noisy exclamations) * * * "For my part, I do not understand upon what principle a citizen is arrested, if he is not to be brought to trial."

Numerous voices. "The order of the day!"

The order of the day is voted.

Whilst this scene was going on in the Chamber, the intelligent bayonets were in requisition throughout Paris. In every direction they were piled, like sheaves of corn at reaping-time, encumbering half the *trottoirs;* whilst the "Blue Nationals," at their tables in front of the *cafés,* smoking and drinking, monopolised the remainder of the thoroughfare. This continued all day; and at about eight o'clock, an attempt was made to smash the drums, which were calling in the stragglers to their ranks. The perpetrators of this outrage were immediately seized, and marched off to the nearest post. The exasperation of the National Guard against the anarchists, who keep them constantly on the alert, away from their business, their families, and their comfortable beds, is extreme. The officers had great difficulty in restraining their men from thrusting their

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bayonets through the bodies of the scoundrels whose knives had let daylight into their drums. Should they once come into collision with the mob, I am convinced the massacre will be fearful; the streets will literally run with blood. We are all looking forward, with much anxiety, to the remodelling of the *atéliers nationaux*, and to the Barbés-Blanqui trial. Each of these events will be a trying crisis; but we shall get over both, if, as I hope and expect, the yield of bayonets, at the sound of the *rappel*, be as abundant as heretofore. Should the yield of rye, at harvest time, be as fruitful, brown bread will be cheap next winter. This would be some "consolation to mankind."

De Girardin, in the "Presse" of this morning, clearly announces his intention to demand a strict account from the Provisional Government of the use they have made of the public time and the public money.

"Everywhere we hear it said,—the revolution is to begin again; for it was not to pay the debts, or tickle the vanity of a score or two of incapable or self-sufficient men, that the last revolution was effected. * * *

"Everywhere we hear it repeated,—the new ministers are more difficult of access than the old ministers of the constitutional monarchy,—their business is at a stand-still. Rights which are not, and titles which cannot be disputed, are invoked in vain. We are ruined, without being governed! Things cannot remain in this state."

And again: "Certain republicans of the eve are strangely deluded if they suppose that their integrity is above all suspicion. Not a day passes but we receive from the provinces letters, expressing the most urgent desire to be informed what the members of the Provisional Government, who have been at the head of ministerial departments, have done with all the money they found in the different public chests on the 24th February; and with all the money that has been collected since. It is the duty of the representatives of the people to bring this question before the House, in a resolute and straightforward manner."

You will, I am sure, be glad to hear the following little bit of court news:

"His excellency, M. Flocon, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, has just taken up his residence at the Pavillon de Breteuil, one of the dependencies of St. Cloud."

Madame Flocon will, of course, have the enjoyment of the royal gardens, and be enabled to cultivate her old taste for flowers. It is said that her excellency, before her marriage, followed the honourable calling of a *bouquetière*, in the neighbourhood of Tortoni's and the Café de Paris.

May 31*st*, 1848.

I remained at home so long, waiting in expectation that the weather would clear, that my letter was too late for the post. This gives me

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the opportunity of correcting my statement from the "Presse," that his excellency, M. Flocon, had taken up his residence at the royal Pavillon de Breteuil. It appears that, after all the necessary preparation for his excellency's reception had been executed, an offer was made to the Minister of Finance, to rent the place, at 1,500 francs a month, which Maitre Duclerc did not dare to refuse. It is not stated who the tenant is, but I have little doubt M. de M———— is the man. One can easily conceive that he would see with regret the house, in which he has so often received the king, and the élite of French society, desecrated by the presence of Flocon, *consorte, et consorts.*

We have a long description of the arrangement and furnishing of the Luxembourg, for the installation of the Executive Council. It would appear that neither the ex-chancellor nor the ex-*grand référendaire* had any taste for billiards; and that, in consequence, the *Grand* as well as the *Petit* Luxembourg is unprovided with a table. What was the astonishment of the Lords of the Executive! Good heavens! no billiard-table in a palace like the Luxembourg! M. le Duc de Montpensier had two very handsome ones in his apartments at Vincennes; let orders be immediately given for their transportation to the Luxembourg, one to be placed in the apartments of M. Ledru-Rollin, the other, it is said, in those of M. Pagnerre, the chief secretary!* It would be interesting enough to see a double match, played by La Tartine and Le Gueux Coquin, against Arrogant and Garnier pas de Caisse, with the staid Marie for umpire, and Panier de Chiffons as marker. M. Grandin ventured yesterday, in the Chamber, to speak openly what I had written privately to A——, a fortnight or three weeks ago. There are intriguing leaders, who speculate upon disorder and agitation. There is a government occupying the neutral ground between order and insurrection, which says to the friends of order, Rely upon me; and to the anarchists, Be of good cheer, I am on your side! Culpable hopes are kept up; hopes, the more culpable, that they compromise the class into whose minds they are instilled. As for the intriguing leaders, their tactics are simple and well known. They are aware that they cannot destroy by force the old form of society, which they detest; so they endeavour, by fanning agitation, to prolong the crisis which is ruining trade. They hope, by these means, to weaken and compromise everybody; to bring about a general overturn, through which, the persons to whom I allude think they have a chance of rising to the positions to which their ambition points. At the same time, the government, individually as well as collectively, wants that devotion, that strength, that energy, that love of order, which would sacrifice life itself, if necessary, to its preservation. M. Grandin's speech created a great sensation, and elicited loud tokens of approval.

* Let us hope that Ledru-Rollin, instead of working, will play billiards for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Just the sort of life suited to a man whose commissaries settled the affairs of a province, "*entre un verre d'absinthe et une bouffée de fumée de cigare.*"

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Paris, June 2nd, 1848.

* * * Although I do not intend to fill my paper and send off my letter until Sunday, I cannot resist the temptation to indulge in a little *causerie* with you this rainy morning. Yesterday being the *fête de l'ascension*, and a close holiday at all the public offices, I was glad to accompany F——, H——, and their two eldest boys, on a trip to Montmorency. You cannot conceive the relief we all experienced in being, for a few hours, beyond the reach of drums, and of organs grinding patriotic airs. We called at the De Bertheux', where we found Monsieur with two friends, enjoying their morning rubber of dummy-whist, and Madame with an amusing M. Vander Hoven, watching young de Bertheux and a *camarade de collége*, who was spending the holiday with him, at their game of billiards. They all seemed so happy in themselves, and the park and gardens around them looked so peaceful and orderly, that one might have fancied himself a hundred miles away from Paris, and a hundred years away from a revolution. And yet they, in common with all society in France, are on the very brink of an abyss, into which the slightest accident may precipitate them. As you will have seen by the papers, the Procureur-Général has demanded permission of the Assembly to take proceedings against Louis Blanc, whom he has strong reasons to suspect of being implicated in the plot of the 15th May. The matter has been referred to a committee of eighteen members, who are so much annoyed and alarmed at being charged with a responsibility which ought to have been shared by the whole Chamber, that they have, it is said, agreed to keep secret the name of their reporter. I shall, probably, have more to tell you on this subject before I close my letter. I dined in the Rue Roquépine, on Wednesday, with Capt. Devereux, Chamier (the clergyman), M. le citoyen-vicomte d'Arlincourt, and a very agreeable Mr. Clive. M. d'Arlincourt was, as usual, full of narrative; but as society is in too restless and feverish a state, just now, to listen to a *roman improvisé* of three volumes, he was reduced to let off the steam by the safety-valves of anecdotes and *canards*, of which the following is a specimen. After the National Assembly had proclaimed the republic, at the Théâtre des Folies Législatives, they were repeatedly called for by the public, to be greeted with shouts of applause, to receive a shower of bouquets, and to undergo a torture of hand-shaking, almost as agonising as the vice or the thumb-screw. As they made their appearance for the seventeenth time, Béranger, the *chansonnier*, found himself side by side with Lacordaire, the *dominicain*. "*Cher Collègue*, said the friar, pointing to the Tree of Liberty in the centre of the Place du Palais-Bourbon, "*les Parisiens sont très naifs, de choisir pour symbole de la Liberté le peuple lié* (*peuplier*)." "*Mon père*," replied the poet, "*le mot est bon; en voici le change:*

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Il aurait fallu que le chêne
Fut l'arbre de la Liberté;
Avec le fruit qu'il eut porté
On aurait pu nourrir, sans peine,
Les animaux qui l'ont planté.

The story got wind, and the epigrams were so keen and true, that the knight of the lyre and the holy friar both wisely resolved to resign their seats. There are strange tales afloat with regard to some of M. de Lamartine's diplomatic appointments. His late tailor, M. Santis, now consul at Valence, figured in quite another part of the gazette, some fifteen months ago. M. Suau de Varennes, again, named consul-general at Smyrna, was a *chevalier d'industrie*, condemned by the *police correctionelle* to five years imprisonment, for swindling. His appointment, however, was cancelled, in consequence of the police refusing him a passport. And lastly, M. Guillemot, sent to Athens as Minister Plenipotentiary, has twice failed in his engagements as a jobber in the Coulisse of the Bourse. He is a duck, no doubt, like all La Tartine's *protégés*, but unfortunately, lame of both legs. How convenient it is to butter the bread on both sides; above, for one's own profit; below, for the advantage of one's friends; and all at the expense of the public! Whilst the Foreign Office thus ennobles itself, the Home Office vies with it in claims to well-earned distinction. There is a melodrame in rehearsal, for the courts of justice, the hero of which is a certain Riancourt, sous-commissaire at Havre, who is said to have filled up a long career of crime with the crowning act of assassination. The police are in pursuit of this ruffian, who has for weeks exercised unlimited power in one of the first commercial towns in France.

In case my letter should be opened at the post-office, I think it is but fair to state, that although M. d'Arlincourt was guilty of the calembourg *du peuple lié*, and recited the verses attributed to Béranger, all the rest of the story is a *broderie* of my own, for the faulty design of which, if faulty it be, the citoyen-vicomte is in no way answerable. Moreover, it may be interesting to the Cabinet-noir to be informed, that all I have said is the soft echo of what is daily and loudly proclaimed in every *salon* in Paris.

June 3rd.

M. Portalis made out so strong a case against Louis Blanc, that the committee decided, by a majority of fifteen against three, that the authorisation to prosecute should be granted. Jules Favre, undersecretary of state at the Home Office, with Ledru-Rollin, and one of the most violent amongst the republican party, was named reporter. The question is to be debated in the house to-day, and it is expected that, in the course of the discussion, and at the trial of the conspirators, strange revelations will be made, involving the complicity of persons, holding the highest official rank, in many scandalous and illegal transactions. There is now no doubt about Lamartine having given instructions for the supply of arms and ammunition to

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Sobrier. Caussidière showed his written order to that effect, the other night, at a club, where he met a body of the electors of the Dep^t. de la Seine, whose votes he solicits at the approaching election. Madame B—— told me, yesterday, that she had the best authority for stating, that Lamartine not only kept up communications with him, but actually received the scoundrel at his private dinner-table.

June 4th.

The debate on the Procureur Général's application to be allowed to prosecute Louis Blanc, is over, and the recommendation of the committee has been set aside by a majority of thirty-two votes. So dastardly is the Chamber, that at the commencement of the sitting it was suggested that the conclusions of the committee should be adopted *without discussion*; in order to fix the whole responsibility of the matter on the shoulders of the luckless committee-men. This proposition was, however, rejected, and after a stormy debate, the Chamber proceeded to vote *par assis et levé*. At the first trial, Flocon and Crémieux were the only members on the ministerial bench who stood up to oppose the motion; Crémieux, Minister of Justice, voting against the demand of the law-officers of the Republic. The result was declared to be doubtful. At the second trial, three or four ministers, who had before remained seated, followed the example of Flocon and Crémieux; the Minister for Foreign Affairs, leaving his late colleague (Jules Favre) in the lurch;—the result still doubtful. At the third trial, this time by division, according to the English system, the remainder of the ministerial flock followed their bell-wether, and the Assembly, cowardly and demoralised, left their astonished committee in a minority of thirty-two. M. Portalis resigned his functions as Procureur Général last night, and M Lacrosse, indignant at the partiality of the President Buchèz, has likewise thrown up his office as one of the secretaries of the Chamber. There is so evident a desire on the part of the government, to involve all the circumstances connected with the outrage of the 15th May, in doubt and obscurity, that suspicions, attaching to the Provisional Cabinet, are growing into strong presumptions, which will probably ripen into convictions, if the Barbès-Blanqui trial be not ultimately quashed. There is an universal feeling of disgust and abhorrence, in Paris, at the manner in which the affairs of the country are administered. In three different houses, yesterday, I heard such cries of lamentation, and self-accusal, as would have appeared impossible six months ago. *Que nous sommes de vilaines gens! Quel malheur d'être né Français! Oh! que j'ai honte de mon pays!* In the provinces, I am told, the same feeling is equally strong; and should the Republic continue much longer under the same system of misrule, or no rule, I am convinced that the result will be the dismemberment of France. Normandy, Brittany and Guienne, Languedoc, Provence, and Lorraine, Alsace, Flanders, and Picardy, will not long endure a state of things which leaves their

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trade, their industry, and their tranquillity, at the mercy of a few thousand ruffians in Paris and Lyons.

Paris, June 6th, 1848.

* * * I hasten to correct an error in my last letter, to the effect, that the Minister for Foreign Affairs voted against the conclusions of the Committee, on the demand for Louis Blanc's impeachment. I was led into this error by the report of the matter, as given in the "Presse," which paper now makes the *amende honorable* to M. Bastide, the only member of the Ministry, or of the Executive Council, who acted in a loyal and upright spirit. The *Assemblée Nationale* is alternately the *Théatre des Folies Législatives*, and the *Salle des Scandales Ministériels*. A piece which had been, for many days, under rehearsal at the Council and in the Committee-rooms, was yesterday performed with such heat and violence, as beggars all description; and which can only find a parallel in the very worst days of the Convention. The debate is thus summed up in the "Presse:"

"What a degrading spectacle! That which is the most holy and respected in the world,—Justice,—represented, alas! in the person of M. Crémieux,—exposed, during two whole hours, in the pillory of the tribune, before the gaze of an Assembly, more humiliated, if possible, than indignant. Two phrases will suffice to give the pith of this discussion,—what say we?—of this parliamentary prize-fight. M. M. Portalis and Laudrin say to M. Crémieux: "You are a liar!" and M. Crémieux replies, "It is you who lie!" M. Jules Favre, in support of the assertion of M. M. Landrin and Portalis, and in reply to M. Crémieux, who desires that his testimony should be received in preference to that of his adversaries, hints broadly enough, that in such a case, testimony is not counted only, but weighed also." He goes on to say,—

"As regards the Ministry, I cannot in honour continue to form part of it; and as for the Executive Council, I blush for them, when I see that their whole policy consists in never saying either yes or no. They are in this dilemma,—either they considered the prosecution inopportune, in which case it was their duty to accept the Procureur Général's resignation; or else they approved it, and then they could not but be aware that in authorising the demand they set their seal to it."

The whole Government is a mere rope of sand, and the vessel of the State has no real moorings, but merely the deceptive semblance of such. Fortunately, the whole nation, forwarned, are at hand to lend assistance, in case it should be stranded. She will be got off again, I have no doubt, and, with another crew in charge, float securely for many years.

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June 7th.

On Saturday last, I went with M——, and a party of his friends, to see a curious collection of portraits, busts, letters, and various other documents connected with the first French Revolution. They are the property of M. de St. Albin, who has a fine old-fashioned hotel in the Rue Vieille du Temple. Amongst the portraits are those of Mirabeau; of Danton, with his mastiff-like countenance; of Robespierre; of St. Just, well described by Carlile; his hair is brown, cut short across the forehead, and at the sides falling long upon his shoulders; his expression that of a stupid and somewhat full-blown Jesuit. Then there is Boissy d'Anglas; Couthon, who looks like a jolly, well-to-do farmer; respectable Pétion; and the infamous Marat, with poor Charlotte Corday by his side. There is a miniature of Madame Roland, not so beautiful as "my fancy painted her;" irregular features, bad complexion, coarse, untidy hair, in short, the "astonishing woman" Barbaroux describes, does not fascinate by the spells of her loveliness. Then there is a coarse, water-colour drawing of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, taken at the Conciergerie, in a close cap, short, grey curls, a livid yellow complexion, and with a haggard, care-worn, desperate expression of countenance. Oh! how unlike the noble, gracious, courtly portrait in the Versailles Gallery! It is a sad sight. In another room are the whole *dramatis personæ* of "the Diamond Necklace;" Cagliostro, de la Motte, husband and wife, and the vulgar, red-nosed cardinal-archbishop, De Rohan. Amongst the papers are the Proclamation to the Section des Piques, to which Robespierre had just affixed the two first letters of his name, when his jaw was shattered by a pistol-bullet,—the stains of his blood are still on the paper; and the notes of the last *plaidoirie* of Camille Desmoulins, once *Procureur de la Lanterne*, now, himself arraigned at the bar of Fouquier-Tinville, *Procureur de la Guillotine*. It is altogether an exhibition *de circonstance*, which no one, I should think, can view without sad and serious emotion. And yet, one cannot but be amused also. One of the numerous letters of the Buonaparte family, is from Jerôme to his mother, begging her to remove him from his school, where he is so bullied by the bigger boys that he vows he will run away, if he is not taken away. Then, at the end of one of Napoleon's Milan despatches, there is written, in his own hand: "*Ma femme ne vient pas; elle a des amants à Paris qui la rétiennent. Je donne toutes les femmes au diable, et n'ai de cœur que pour mes bons amis.*" And at the bottom of another: "*Tâchez de trouver une place dans la diplomatie pour mon frere, ou un consulat quelque part en Italie.*" Strange, is it not?

June 8th.

The government has at last given some token of life and vigour, in the law which it has proposed for the suppression of mob-meetings in the public thoroughfares of the metropolis. And this was not done until it was absolutely required, in the interest and for the protection of the well-disposed majority of the population. Ever since the

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breaking up of the more violent amongst the clubs, there have been crowds collected, night after night, in the vicinity of the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, and the spirit which animates them has been manifested, significantly enough, by such cries as, "*Vive Barbès! A bas l'Assemblée Nationale!*" The law (being seriously repressive, and the penalties consequent on its infringement unaccommodatingly severe) has, of course, been violently opposed by the extreme left of the Chamber. M. Marie, on the part of the Executive Commission, in a sharp, decided speech, insisted on the urgent necessity for the Bill, and on the Chamber voting it without delay. Whilst he was speaking, M. Flocon quietly left the house, fearing, probably, lest he should be called upon, in the course of the debate, to choose between the renunciation of the red portfolio which he carries under his arm, so coaxingly and so unexpectedly, and the adoption of a line of policy decidedly at variance with his known and expressed opinions. Perhaps, too, he may have been shamed and conscience-stricken by the apostrophe which M. Lepelletier, one of the roughest members of the unshorn *Montagne*, threw in the face of the Ministry.

M. Lepelletier: "Miserable men! See you not that it is proposed to assassinate the Republic, and that you, her spoiled children, are whetting the murderous knife?" (Groans and laughter.)

A voice: "*Allons donc.*"

M. Lepelletier: "There is no '*allons donc*' in the matter." (Renewed laughter.)

No wonder that Flocon, the republic's spoiled child, *par excellence*, feeling abashed and uncomfortable at his filial ingratitude, should be glad to "take his absence," as dear Harry used to say.

Notwithstanding the undecided posture of the ministry, and the bombast of the demagogues of the opposition, the Bill, with a few trifling amendments, was passed by a large majority. And now there is some hope that the streets may become orderly, and thoroughfares once more. I do not know what effect it will have upon the people's banquet, which had been announced for Sunday next. It was to have taken place at St. Mandé, and 100,000 persons were expected to meet there. It is shrewdly suspected that their real object was to make an attempt on the fortress at Vincennes, and that they hoped, by an unexpected *coup de main*, to make themselves masters of the place, and release Barbès, Blanqui, Raspail, and the rest. The placard of invitation is couched in the same sad and insidious language, of which I sent you a specimen, out of the mouth of Blanqui. It runs thus:

"Children of the Republic!

"Our mother is poor. She can make no superfluous expenditure. She invites you to a banquet, at twenty-five centimes a head.

"The meal of a workman must cost no more. The sweat of his brow, and the produce of his labour, has gone to swell the importance of kings and their lackeys," etc., etc.

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One can readily imagine the effect which language of this description must produce upon a class of people who are suffering great privations, and who cannot but remember that, on the 25th of February, the fate of Paris and its inhabitants was in their hands: that they were undisputed masters of life and property.

The result of the Paris elections will be known this afternoon. You will, of course, have it in Friday's paper.

Paris, June 13th, 1848.

* * * As I anticipated, yesterday's political barometer marked "very stormy" in Paris. Violent discussion in the Chamber, and turbulent sedition in the streets. The popular cry was "*Vive Napoléon!*" and the popular manifestation was got up with a view to frighten the National Assembly into the recognition of Louis Napoléon's qualification to take his seat in the Chamber. The attitude of the populace was considered so menacing, that at 2 o'clock the *rappel* was beaten in every quarter of Paris.

I went down immediately to the Place de la Concorde, where I found a troop of Dragoons at the head of the bridge, and a batallion of Infantry of the Line, massed upon the bridge itself. All the other approaches to the Chamber were equally guarded by Cavalry, Infantry of the Line, National Guards, Mobiles et Sédentaires, and the Artillery was ready to check, at a moment's warning, any hostile movement, with a discharge of grape and canister. National Guards continued pouring into the Champs Elyseés, the Place de la Concorde, and the Tuileries, until 5 o'clock, at about which time several of their drums were knocked in, and three shots fired at Clément Thomas, at an Infantry Officer, and at a National Guardsman, who, it is said, was killed.* The troops, who displayed admirable moderation, did not return the fire. General Cavaignac, the Minister at War, was at their head, and immediately gave orders to clear the place, which manœuvre was executed in less than five minutes, by the troops of all arms, *au pas de charge.*

A General Officer, surrounded by his staff, and followed by a troop of Dragoons, galloped up the Rue Royale, through the Place, and down the Rue de la Madeleine, and the Rue des Champs Elyseés, back to the Place de la Concorde. A few people were knocked down; and as I was returning home, I had to take refuge in the new passages under Mrs. Maberly's house. As soon as the troop had swept by, I continued my walk, and had hardly got within our own gate, before they cantered up again, scouring along the Boulevards, on footpath and carriage-way, with the mob flying before them like a flock of scared sheep. In the midst of all this hubbub and confusion,

* This account is a gross exaggeration. It appears now, that but one shot was fired, by which a National Guard was slightly wounded in the hand, and that even this shot was accidental.

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the question of young Buonaparte's admission was adjourned to this day, and under cover of the general alarm, the vote of confidence implied in the grant of 100,000 francs a month to the Executive Council, for *frais de bureau et de sûreté générale*, was passed by a large majority. Only one member, M. d'Adelsward, ventured to make any serious opposition; he told the Government and the Chamber some hard truths, but the blows he struck fell upon *cold* iron, and even a sledge hammer, wielded by the strongest arm, can produce but little effect upon metal at that temperature. My opinion of the men at the head of affairs in France is so unfavourable, that I strongly suspect that the demonstration was got up with their connivance, in order to obtain from the Chamber, under the influence of excitement and alarm, the vote of confidence, which they had made a cabinet question. As I came home at night, there were numerous groups on the Boulevards, discussing the Napoléon question. In one of them I stopped the dispute for a moment, by asking a workman, *Est ce que vous portez Louis Napoléon à la Chambre comme Republicain et ami du peuple? Oui, citoyen,* said he, angrily. *Mais savez vous que deux fois ila voulu se faire proclamer Empereur, et qu'il démanda le bâton de connétable à Londres pour frapper les Chartistes?* He did not know what answer to make to this, and there was a general laugh, in which he could not help joining.

June 14*th.*

Monday night passed over without any serious disturbances, and all the mobs collected yesterday were dispersed without bloodshed. In the Chamber, the discussion upon the admission of Louis Buonaparte was, by turns, violent, sarcastic, and acrimonious. Jules Favre, the election committee's reporter, pleaded eloquently, and logically, in defence of his right to take his seat; whilst lightning-conductor Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin, of the thunder-circulars, made but a feeble feint of attack, upon a point which public opinion had surrounded with such bulwarks as rendered it almost impregnable. In fact, I am more and more convinced that the whole affair was one of those underhand, Jesuitical plots, in which Lamartine is so cunning an adept, to surprise the Chamber into a vote of confidence, which his conscience must tell him he neither merits, nor can hope to obtain by fair and legitimate means. However this may be, the Chamber decided, by a large majority, that the election was valid, and that Louis Buonaparte should take his seat, on the production of the necessary documents in proof of his age, and French citizenship. B[illegible] in the meantime, those five-fingered Jacks, La Tartine and Le[illegible]ux-Coquin have managed to thrust their hands still deeper than before into the public purse. How gladly will the nation witness *l'arrestade ce lâche et de ce Coquin!* The time is not yet mature, apparently, in the opinion of those statesmen of old date, who, from their sagacity and experience, are best able to judge. No men of this class would accept office provisionally, and it is generally supposed that the

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Chamber only waits until the Constitution is voted, to send the whole of the present gang about their business.

You must have been much amused by the account of the blockade to which the tumultuous assemblages about the Porte St. Denis were subjected on Saturday night. National representatives, magistrates, officers, forçats, pickpockets, and badauds, all denied egress, until one o'clock in the morning, when they were marched off, under strong escort, to the Préfecture de Police, and then thrust, pell-mell, without distinction of classes, into all available lock-up houses, to await their examination on the following morning. Some of the papers say that there were two attachés of the British Embassy amongst the number. It must have been curious packing. Members of the National Assembly cheek by jowl with members of the National Ratéliers; magistrates lying down with felons; officers of the army fraternising with the méneurs de la canaille; and the nobility of superfine attachés soiled by vulgar contact with the great unwashed! This humourous and instructive lesson was much required, and will not be thrown away upon the 'curieux,' who form so large a portion of open-air meetings in general. For my own part, as I have no desire to be locked up for the night in suspicious company, I shall abstain from mingling in mobs hereafter, so that you need expect no more of my personal experience in such matters, in future letters.

Paris, June 23*rd,* 1848.

* * * *Les évènemens que j'avais prévus dans ma dernière lettre ne se sont pas fait attendre long-tems.* The *rappel* is now beating in Paris; the weather fine, and the temperature at *émeute*-heat. Everything seems to tend towards a collision between the two parties, which divide the population; between the right-thinking, and the wrong-doing, the actual possessors and their would-be spoliators. Forewarned, however, is fore-armed, and it is possible that a display of force, and a firm attitude on the part of the Chamber, may change the song of the *ateliers nationaux*, from the *nous rest'rons! nous rest'rons!* which they chanted yesterday before the Luxembourg, to *nous rentr'rons! nous rentr'rons!* if they find themselves pricked in the hinder parts by the bayonets of the infantry, or trampled under the hoofs of the cavalry, who are called out to maintain order and protect property.

We have had some interesting debates in the National Assembly, since I wrote last; on Tuesday, in particular, and again yesterday. On the latter occasion, when the railway question was under discussion, M. de Montalembert was the lion of the day, and made a most admirable speech in defence of the great principles of private honesty and public faith. On the former, M. Caussidière came out very strong on the subject of material order, and encouragement to commerce and industry. There is one part of his speech which was much applauded, and which is worthy of the earnest attention of all distressed operatives on our side of the channel. He says that now

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is the time to strike a blow at the heart of England, by means of a high premium on the exportation of every sort of goods from France. Our industrial and commercial supremacy is to him, as it is to all Frenchmen, an intolerable grievance, and they would think no sacrifice too great, in order to involve our country in the same distress and ruin, to which, by turbulence and want of principle, they have reduced their own. Such are the first-fruits of their false pretensions to universal liberty, and universal brotherhood, and I think our own people would do well to ponder the consequences, before they allow their minds to be perverted by the hollow phrases, and false professions of such propagandists as these. Victor Hugo says, "on every side misery is on the increase; and what aggravates our misery, is that others are profiting by our calamities. Whilst Paris suffers, London is in raptures. In London, commerce is increasing threefold, whilst in Paris it is at the last gasp." Such phrases as these may excite evil passions in France, but if with us they are received as an appeal to prudent patience, and a stimulus to renewed exertion, all that is false in them, as regards the present, may become true and prophetic with respect to the future, and a new era of prosperity open before us, such as we have not enjoyed nor dared even to hope for, during a long series of years.

There are troops of all arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in motion along the Boulevard. I can sit still no longer: and must put by my letter until to-morrow.

24th. 10 *o'Clock.*

During the whole of yesterday, the National Guards and regulars were hotly engaged. The loss of life has been fearful, and the battle was quite undecided when night closed in. This morning, at break of day, we were awakened by loud, and incessant discharges of musketry and artillery. These have continued up to the present moment with unabated fury. The struggle rages with the greatest obstinacy, in the *cité*, and in the twelfth *arrondissement*. Troops and rebels are fighting with the courage of despair, and the whole of the social system in France depends upon the issue of the battle. Should the *émeute* prevail, property exists no longer, and, under the *régime* of the *guillotine en permanence*, no man's life is worth a month's purchase. How thankful I feel that you are out of harm's way! Whichever way the battle may end, our state of suspense is fearful, and this once gay and happy town is now no place for women.

11 *o'Clock.*

The Provisional Government have resigned, and Cavaignac is appointed Dictator of the Republic, *(pro tem.)* It is reported that in case the rebels do not submit in one hour, he will declare Paris *en état de siège*, and bombard all the quarters in which they are barricaded. Troops and National Guards are arriving from the provinces, and it seems to be generally expected that force will remain on the side of the law. U—— J—— is off to Havre, to await there the turn

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events may take. Now that we have one responsible head, unfettered by the intrigues of false colleagues, I have better hopes for the general safety.

Half-past 12.

I have just made an attempt to go out as far as the Rue Lepelletier, but had got no further than a couple of hundred yards along the Boulevard, when I was turned back by a group of representatives, National Guards, and other official persons, who announced that martial law was proclaimed, and that no citizens could circulate in the streets, except such as were armed for the maintenance of order.

5 o'Clock.

After much hesitation, I ventured out again, and succeeded in reaching the F——'s house, by passing through the back streets. They are all tolerably well, and he in better spirits than I could have expected. The fact is, that the troops have *donné* with right good-will, and although the insurrection is not yet put down, still we are confident that it soon will be, and it is only by passing through our present state (which has long been foreseen) that we can hope to arrive at a settled state of order and tranquillity. I hear that poor General Bédeau was badly wounded yesterday. The loss of his services, for the time, will be much felt, as he bears the character of an excellent officer, both for courage and head. The cuirassiers were stationed on our Boulevard last night, the horses picketed round the trees, which they have completely stripped of their bark, and the men lying on the bare flag-stones, with their breast-plates for pillows Poor fellows! they are sadly harrassed, as indeed are all the troops. The Republic is becoming very unpopular, and I am half afraid lest it should be kicked overboard. I sincerely trust that the re-actionary party will not be rash, for, should a split take place in the National Guard, all the blood that has been shed will have been spilled in vain. It is very sad to see the litters passing constantly, on which dead or wounded men are carried by their comrades, to the hospitals, or to their desolate homes. How will Lamartine and his accomplices answer for the misery which their greediness and ambition have brought about? *A eux de l'or aux autres du plomb.* By the way, talking of bullets, I am assured that the wretches who fight behind the barricades, and cry out against the National Guards as assassins, load their muskets with jagged bullets, and that a man, once hit by them, rarely recovers from his wound. What tyranny is perpetrated in the name of Liberty, and what devilish cruelty is concealed under the mask of Equality and Fraternity! God grant that our own country may take warning from what is passing in Germany and in France.

The battle still continues; but the universal opinion is, that the cause of order will prevail. On the other side of the river the insurrection is nearly got under. A large number of prisoners have been taken, and are shut up in the cellars of the Hôtel de Ville, the

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Préfecture, and the Tuileries. The fighting is now chiefly confined to the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the insurgents are protected by barricades of the most formidable description. The exasperation o the troops and National Guards, at the cruelties practised by these wretches, is extreme. It is said that having made prisoners a party of the Mobile, they beheaded the officers, and cut off the right hands of their men. Amongst other atrocities, it is reported that they have hanged several officers whom they captured at the Panthéon.

The announcement, yesterday, of the resignation of the Executive Commission, and the proclamation of Martial Law, were received with enthusiastic cheers, as the most welcome boons that could be conferred on the '*vrai peuple*' of Paris. To such straits have 120 days of Government, at the hands of men at once treacherous and incapable, reduced this fine country. And thus the curtain falls on the fourth act of the Revolution. The throne and sceptre of a constitutional monarch are replaced by the regulation saddle and sabre of a military dictator, and all civil rights cheerfully and thankfully exchanged for Martial Law. What will be the *dénoûement* of the fifth act, Providence only can foresee.

Paris, June 29th, 1848.

* * * You will scarcely be satisfied by the receipt of a bulletin, announcing, according to the Emperor of Russia's formula, that "order reigns in Paris;" so I sit down, *head-achey*, restless, and feverish from the excitement of the past week, to give you a few particulars of the crisis through which we have passed.

The insurrection has been put down; but it was a touch-and-go business. The public, and the Chamber also, I am told, were grossly deceived with regard to the number of troops in Paris and its neighbourhood, available for the repression of disorder. It was currently reported, and believed, that their effective force was 45,000 men. Now, I learn, upon good authority, that, when the revolt broke out, there were no more than 6,500 regular troops in Paris; and that, up to Saturday night, the reinforcements which arrived from the environs did not exceed 4,000 men. This was a very insufficient force to put down an *army* of insurgents, variously estimated at from sixty to a hundred and twenty thousand, well armed, and regularly officered; occupying a line of defence which extended from the Clos St. Lazare to the Pantheon, and so strongly and scientifically fortified, as to be impregnable, without the aid of a numerous and well-served train of artillery. The troops fought with the cool professional bravery of veterans, and were manfully seconded by the National Guards; whilst the Garde Mobile, with all the reckless gallantry of the genuine *gamins de Paris*, were foremost in every attack, and, utterly regardless of the balls that fell amongst them like a storm of hail, climbed the barricades like cats, and fought like tigers. The preservation of the capital from pillage and murder is, in great part, their work. The

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devoted loyalty which they displayed, was a complete surprise to the insurgents. I have myself frequently heard the *meneurs* of revolt assure the groups of workmen whom they harangue, that the mobile, the *enfans du peuple*, would never fire upon the people. The disappointment caused by their unexpected and gallant ardour in attack, led to most barbarous acts of cruelty towards such of them as were made prisoners. These atrocities, however, only added fuel to the fire, and they fought to the last with unflinching bravery, and unremitting impetuosity. What a contrast does the conduct of one of these children present to that of Lamartine! To the one, France, confiding in his noble and patriotic sentiments, entrusts the reins of government, and he drives his country to ruin and civil war; to the other, to keep him out of mischief, she gives a pair of worsted epaulettes, with thirty sous a day; and, in the hour of his country's need, he storms the barricade, tears down the red flag of democracy run mad, and bears it in triumph to the Assembly of the Nation's Representatives. Poor boys! they have been dreadfully cut up. M. de Triqueti (who is himself wounded, and had a narrow escape, for he received four balls at a single volley,) told me that, of a battalion which marched out six hundred strong, from a *caserne* near his house, in the Rue de Clichy, only seventy came back. There are, probably, many wounded, and a considerable number of stragglers, but the "killed," I fear, cannot be estimated at less than one half of the whole number.

The officers of all ranks have exposed themselves unsparingly and have suffered severely. General Négrier, killed before a barricade, is said to be an almost irreparable loss to the army. General Bréa murdered in cold blood, with his aide-de-camp. Generals Bedeau, Duvivier, Damesme, and others wounded, more or less severely. Poor General Damesme obliged to undergo amputation at the thigh. Then, there is a loss of colonels and other officers,—too long to enumerate. The total of killed is estimated at 3,500, and of wounded at 7,000; but I fear these numbers fall far short of the reality.

In the midst of all this carnage, the martyrdom of the Archbishop of Paris forms a sad, but noble and heroic episode. He went upon his mission of peace, accompanied by his two vicars, good and devoted men like himself, without any of the pomp or ceremony of the church of which he is the head; his courage sustained by the words of his Saviour: "the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." With words of charity and conciliation on his lips, he fell, struck by a shot, a chance shot, I would fain hope; and after lingering for several hours in great pain, resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker, his last prayer being, that, by the sacrifice of his life, the dissensions of his country might be healed. He died like a good and christian prelate. May God receive his soul and grant his prayer!

During several days there was considerable difficulty in getting from one part of Paris to another. At the corner of each street was a picket of National Guards who searched every one who passed, and in many places refused the passage altogether. At night there were

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sentinels posted at intervals of about fifty paces, all over the town. Every five minutes there was a cry of "*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*" which rolled along the Boulevard, until the echo was lost in the extreme distance. The effect was very sad and solemn. At ten o'clock the word was passed: "*Eteignez vos lumières!*" and all the lights disappeared from the front rooms as if by magic.

These restrictions have now ceased, and free circulation is re-established. I went yesterday as far as the Place de la Bastille. The Boulevard between the Porte St. Martin and Chateau d'Eau, is like a camp. A regiment of Lancers is stationed at the Porte St. Martin. The horses are picketed in the roadway, the lances, with their little flags fluttering in the breeze, are piled round the trees, and the men are lying about the foot-paths, on beds of straw, sleeping heavily after the fatiguing duties of the last five days. Further on is a batallion of the Mobile, tumbling upon the straw, like true *gamins*, and playing all sorts of tricks upon one another. Then a body of Infantry of the Line, prudently enjoying their rest whilst the opportunity is afforded them. In front of the Ambigu is a regiment of Dragoons, lying like their comrades of the Lancers, in groups of eight or ten, upon trusses of straw, with saddles, helmets, sabres and carabines scattered round them in picturesque confusion. And at the Chateau d'Eau is a strong force of Infantry of the Line, and Garde Mobile, on one side of the way, and a long train of artillery, and ammunition waggons on the other.

On the Place de la Bastille, I found an immense crowd, curious to see the effects of the cannonade upon the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine. There are one or two houses in the corner of the place reduced to a heap of smoking ruins. The first few houses in the Faubourg have suffered greatly: one, in particular, is laid almost completely open by the shot.

You will have seen by the papers the composition of Cavaignac's new ministry. Lamoricière, I am glad to see, is *in*, and my favourite aversion, Flocon, *out*. The worst features of the case are, that they have retained Bastide, the incapable, at the Foreign Office, and Récurt at the Ministry of Commerce. I am told that he has all his life been one of the Faubourg St. Antoine conspirators, and that he is married to the widow of Pépin, of the Fieschi plot. I do not understand how Cavaignac could retain such a man, nor how Lamoricière could be persuaded to join a ministry of which he is a member. I can write no more, or I shall miss this day's post.

Paris, July 3rd, 1848.

I greatly fear that the sanguine people on your side of the Channel see things far too much *couleur de rose*. To us, the future is painted *couleur de sang*. We have had a most bloody battle, and the victory has remained with *les honnêtes gens*, but the snake, though scotched, is not dead, and the warfare between possessors of property and fathers

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of families, and that perverted class which considers property as usurpation, and family ties as a straight-waistcoat upon rational freedom, can scarcely end otherwise than in the extermination of one party or the other. The revolution in France has now revealed itself in all its naked deformity, and the real republicans have avowed that their mission is not to redress *wrongs*, but to overthrow what all the world, up to the present day, has, by common consent, upheld and consecrated as *rights*. Thus, the Rights of Persons, and the Rights of Things, which you treated legally some years back, will no longer, as with us, be secured by acts of parliament, and judicial decisions, but must be hedged round by bayonets, and enforced by artillery, for henceforth, in this country,

> "Those will take who have the power,
> And those will keep who can."

This being the case, we are thankful to be under martial law, and to have what is called a ministry *de circonstance*. With Cavaignac, Bédeau, Lamoriciére, and Changarnier for our real governors, and a camp of 30,000 men within call, in addition to the troops in barracks, to support their authority, we may hope that the rascaldom of the outlying faubourgs of this distracted capital will be kept down, for some months at least. But it must be ruled with a rod of iron; the fire has been got under, yet it is still smouldering, and, should they for a single moment relax their vigilance, it would find vent again, and burst out into general conflagration.

Paris, July 6th, 1848.

* * * A decided improvement has taken place in the outward appearance of Paris, since the establishment of a military government. The streets are no longer encumbered with groups of turbulent and seditious idlers, and the number of unemployed blouses has been very considerably reduced, notwithstanding the dissolution of the *atéliers nationaux*. I am inclined to believe, that the more violent class of *émeutiers* have either perished at the barricades, or are now confined in the prisons and in the detached forts. The common herd of scoundrelism, their leaders being killed, arrested, or dispersed, have slunk back to their dens, where they will probably remain, brooding over their defeat, and chewing the cud of bitter thoughts, until a new conspiracy shall re-organise their strength, and open to them a prospect of revenge. The large number of prisoners taken with arms in their hands, coupled with the decree of banishment passed upon them by the National Assembly, is a great embarrassment to the executive power. The selection of a penal settlement for such a band of desperadoes, the means of conveyance to their destination, and the necessary measures for maintaining any sort of order amongst them when there, present difficulties of no ordinary description. Difficulties so great, indeed, that I much fear

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lest the law, salutary and necessary as by universal consent it is, be very imperfectly carried into execution. The old leaven of yesterday is so mixed with the ministerial batch of to-day, and Cavaignac himself, one of the very few republicans *de la veille* who are not utterly destructive and worthless, seems to find such obstacles to a complete separation from that clique, that I should not be surprised if the decree were modified, and a considerable portion of the insurgents let loose again upon that society against which they have declared a war of extermination.

France is, in fact, in a very anomalous state, and political parties are in so false a position, that all men are puzzled to discover how the government is to be carried on. It is clear that the insurgents now under examination before a military commission, are the real original republicans. They it was who pleaded for the republic on the eve, who fought for the republic on the day, and who proclaimed the republic on the morrow of the barricades. The republic for which they pleaded and fought, the republic which they proclaimed, was a republic of socialists and democrats. The Provisional Government, appointed by their acclamation, so understood the matter; all the acts of all the members of that government (with the single exception of the stand made by Lamartine against the raising of the *drapeau rouge*), are there to prove it. The countenance afforded to the clubs, where doctrines, subversive of all rights hitherto held to be indisputable, were boldly mooted, and constantly justified; the distribution of arms and ammunition to the fiercest demagogues; the complete organisation of an army of anarchy in the *ateliers nationaux*; such were the foundations on which the structure of their power was based. The great mass of good and honest citizens were completely paralysed in face of this formidable coalition; the National Guard was totally disorganized by the new distribution of companies, and the incorporation of a new class of men into its ranks. No one knew or could trust his comrade; and in order to fill up the measure of their discouragement, the government appointed to the command-in-chief, M. de Courtais, a man distrusted by all parties, and justly so, as the event has shown; whilst, by infamous jugglery at the elections, it managed to secure the nomination to the more important grades in the various legions to creatures of its own. Under these disheartening circumstances, the National Guard bowed its head to the storm, and its neck to the yoke of the republic. The provinces, too, had sunk under the same incubus, and thus matters remained until the middle of April. At this period, the socialists, finding that events did not march as rapidly as they desired towards the end they had in view, determined to take the matter into their own hands, by making themselves masters of the Hôtel de Ville. The government, seriously alarmed at last, not only for their tenure of office, but for their personal safety also, threw themselves upon the National Guard for defence and protection. The *générale* was beaten, and in the course of an hour, a force was collected around the seat of government, amply sufficient to shield it from invasion and outrage. And

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now, for the first time since the revolution, the *bourgeoisie* began to feel confidence in their strength and in one another. This sentiment gained ground immensely, when, a few days later, on occasion of the distribution of new colours by the Provisional Government, at least 300,000 bayonets were mustered on the great thoroughfares between Bercy and the Barrière de l'Etoile. The momentary success of Barbès' plot against the National Assembly, a mere *coup de main*, rather surprised than alarmed them, whilst the ease with which the faction was put down, and the assured sympathy of the provinces, gave incalculable force to their spirit of resistance to illegal and anarchical conspiracies.

The better and more rational part of the Chamber being now insured of a *point d'appui*, began to take courage, and made gradual but sure encroachments upon the power and influence of the Executive Commission. The advent of Thiers, elected by six different departments, the Lamartine of June, was hailed as that of a most useful and powerful auxiliary by the moderate party, who now determined seriously, but cautiously, to attempt the reduction of the *atéliers nationaux*, the great stronghold of the democratic faction. The place was invested on all sides; and the supplies being gradually cut off, the garrison were soon reduced either to capitulate, or, by a bold *sortie*, to force the lines, and carry the war into the enemy's country. They chose the latter course, and erasing from their banner the antiquated legend, "Liberty, equality, and brotherhood," substituted for it their new shibboleth, "Pillage, rape, and murder." This animating war-cry attracted to their side all the dissolute and discontented classes in Paris—the Montagnards, the castmen of the Republican Guard, and above all, the liberated convicts, who rallied around so congenial a standard with the utmost enthusiasm. The collision took place immediately, and during three days, the battle raged with doubtful success. On the morning of the fourth day, victory declared itself on the side of order and civilization, and the hordes of anarchists and barbarians, who threatened France with a new and universal *jacquerie*, either fled, and dispersed themselves, or laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion.

But now, the social question being set at rest for a time, the political difficulty, and a serious one it is, begins to be felt. The men, by whom and for whom the Republic was proclaimed, are fugitives and outlaws; those taken with arms in their hands threatened with military execution; and a decree of transportation suspended over the heads of the remainder. Yet the Republic still subsists, in name at least, repugnant though it be to the sentiments of the majority, even in Paris, and almost universally execrated in the provinces. The violent and outrageous policy of the Provisional Government, their total subversion of the established order of things, and the barrenness of the Revolution itself, which has not produced, or brought to light, a single man of eminence or talent, greatly increase the embarrassments of the situation. The government of the country must revert, and that at no distant period, into the hands of the old dynastic op-

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position. It is impossible that the Goudchaux, the Récurts, the Bastides, the Carnots, &c. ignorant in administration, and unskilled in debate, should make head, or hold their ground against the Thiers', the Dupins, the Passys, the Dufaures, with a host of other talented and experienced men, belonging to the *gauche* and *centre gauche* of the late Chamber of Deputies. Sooner or later, singly or in mass, statesmen of this class must be called to the head of affairs, or the finances and general administration of the country will fall into irretrievable ruin and confusion. When these changes occur, and occur they must, France will exhibit the unexampled phenomenon of a nation republican against its will, under a government republican against its convictions. Were it not that France was the land of paradox, one might safely predict that such a state of things cannot long endure; that when a house is thus built upon the sand, speedy, as well as great will be the fall thereof. I have much confidence in the wisdom of our ancestors, as exemplified in old proverbs, and hold that, not only a man, but

> A nation, convinced against its will,
> Is of the same opinion still.

And that opinion, if over compressed, will, according to M. Caussidière's elegant phraseology, burst like a bladder.

The work of re-construction in France will be a task of great difficulty, requiring infinite judgment and the nicest tact. God grant that it may not issue, like the building of the Tower of Babel, in a confusion of tongues and general dispersion. How much has Louis Philippe to answer for in the face of France, and of all Europe! Philippe Egalite's verdict—*La mort, sans phrase*—on the trial of Louis XVI., was not so heavy a blow to monarchy, as Louis Philippe's reiterated answer, *Rien, rien*, to every demand for moderate, and much-needed reform. Talleyrand's appreciation of his character fell far short of the truth, when he styled him, *une nullité incomprise*.

Paris, August 26.

* * * The debate upon the *Enquête*, that bone of contention which has for so long a time kept expectation on tiptoe, and apprehension on tenter-hooks, was the great question on yesterday's order of the day. Every precaution had been taken by Government for the maintenance of order. The Tuileries and the Portes St. Dennis and St. Martin were severally occupied by battalions of the Mobile; the guard at the Palais Bourbon was doubled, and the entire garrison of Paris, in barracks and in camp, were consigned to their quarters, and ready to act at a moment's warning. In the interior of the Chamber, the tribunes usually allotted to the public were reserved for the wives of the national representatives, in the hope, probably, that the presence of ladies might impose some restraint upon the violence of the discussion. The sitting was not terminated until six o'clock this morning, when the Chamber, at the

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demand of the Procureur General, gave its sanction to the prosecution of Louis Blanc and Caussidière, as accomplices in the insurrection of the 15th May.

The debate was too long for me to attempt to give you even a sketch of the speeches delivered; you will read them at length in the English papers, and if not convinced by the sophistries of Ledru Rollin, nor greatly edified by the doctrines of Louis Blanc, you will at least be diverted by Caussidière's eccentricities. The personalities were so pointed, and terms of denial employed so broad, especially whilst M. Bac was in the tribune, that, at one moment, there appeared to be a chance that the representatives of the Republic (to make use of a proverb as old as the times of Henri II.)—"*Se confesseraient comme les Cordéliers de Metz.*" You will find the anecdote which gave rise to this saying in Vincent Carloix's "Memoirs of the Maréchal de Vieilleville." I give it you in an abridged form:—

"In 1555, the Marshal, who held Metz for the king, discovered a plot laid by the Queen of Hungary, for the betrayal of the place to the imperial troops, under the Count de Mesgue. The superior of the Cordeliers' Convent, with the assistance of thirty tried soldiers, entering the town, two by two, disguised in the habit of his order, undertook to fire a hundred or six score of houses, in different quarters, and whilst the inhabitants and garrison were employed in extinguishing the flames, to take possession of a bastion on the St. Yffroy side, where the wall being low, might easily be scaled by the Count de Mesgue's storming party. The conspiracy was rendered abortive by the Marshal's vigilance, and the superior and his twenty monks were condemned to death. One Wednesday, in the afternoon, the Provost announced to them, that at the same time next day not one of them would be left alive, and releasing each from his separate cell, left them pell-mell together, with a recommendation to unburden their consciences by confessing their sins one to another. But instead of this, when the Provost had retired, they began to rail against the superior and four of the elder monks, at whose instigation they had joined in the plot, and each of whom was to be rewarded with an abbey. After upbraiding them with their wicked and damnable ambition to become bishops and abbots, by which they were lost and ruined, to the great scandal of their order and profession, they got from high words to heavy blows, and the sixteen beat the superior and his four elders, until the first died, and the others were maltreated to that degree, that they had to be carried to execution in a cart. This style of confession caused such laughter, that it became a by-word at court; for, when they saw pages or lackeys at fisticuffs, the common saying was, that they were shriving each other like the Metz Cordeliers."

There is a remarkable similarity between the case of the Cordeliers and that of the French republicans, and, however inconclusive analogy may be as *argument*, as *illustration* it is striking enough. Like their prototypes, the friars, these pure patriots have ruined their

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cause by greediness of place, and power, and filthy lucre; whilst at every council for the division of their ill-gotten booty, the discussion degenerated into a challenge to go down into the street, and settle the matter *à coups de fusil.* The *ultima ratio* of kings is the *first* argument of demagogues. Well might Cavaignac say, that the Republic could never be firmly established until the unworthy persons whom the revolutionary wave had thrown upon the shore were sucked back to their proper place by the receding tide.

That sweeping changes should take place in the various departments of administration, both in Paris and in the provinces, was a necessary consequence of the revolution; for, as Carloix says elsewhere, "*A muance de Seigneurs changement de loix; principalement quand celà advient par la force et par les armes, qui extirpent de tout en tout la mémoire des prédécesseurs, pour y enraciner celle de leur nom:*" but the ill-omened commissaries and "birds of prey," let loose upon the departments by Ledru Rollin and the clubs, were more likely to endear the memory of their predecessors than to impress their own image on the hearts of the population, unless it were as objects of universal execration. As I told you months ago, poor France was, for a while, like Titania, caressing the hairy snout of a vulgar ruffian, and toying with the long ears of a needy and greedy poet. But the spell is now removed from her eyes; and made at last aware of the real character of the Provisional Government, from Lamartine down to Caussidière, she is ashamed and profoundly humiliated at the degradation and moral prostitution to which she had abandoned herself.

The fact is, that the nation are thoroughly sick of the revolutionary melodrames in which the populace of the Parisian faubourgs play so conspicuous a part. Nineteen-twentieths of the people, *le vrai peuple,* would be but too thankful to be well rid of revolutions, republics, whether red or parti-coloured, and even of barricade monarchies. Cavaignac is evidently of opinion that the Legitimists are gaining ground. His suppression of the "Gazette de France" is an evidence of his apprehensions. It was an impolitic measure, and as unjust as it was impolitic. The "Gazette" deserved different treatment from that meted out to the scurrilous and indecent publications that were so long hawked about the streets. It advocated an eternal principle, whilst they appealed to an ephemeral accident; its circulation was amongst the chateaux of France—theirs amongst the cabarets of Paris; it addressed itself to the reason and conscience of the nation—they, to the passions and prejudices of an obscure, though violent faction. Altogether, it was an ill-advised step, which will add nothing either to his power or his popularity.

The Duc de Bordeaux, it is said, has written to his adherents in France, distinctly disavowing participation of any sort in whatever plots, machinations, or conspiracies may be undertaken in his name. He will not assume the crown, unless offered to him as his, *de jure,* and by the general voice of France as a nation. The publication of this letter, coupled with the suppression of the chief Legitimist

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journals, is calculated to produce a great revulsion in his favour throughout the provinces, and the measure by which Cavaignac thought to crush his cause, may be the means of furthering it to no inconsiderable degree.

Paris, Sept. 5th, 1848.

* * * Saturn of old, having devoured his children, proceeded, in his impiety, to mutilate his father Uranus, fearing lest from his loins might arise some competitor for his usurped dominion; the modern French Republic, with the same fears and the same distrust, after devouring its offspring, the *Lampion* and the *Aimable Faubourien*, proceeds, in like manner, to emasculate its parent—journalism. Such is the classical metaphor applicable to events in progress, and the trivial is no less apposite and true. The Republican faction having achieved fortune by a species of political gambling, refuse their adversaries the *revanche* to which they are entitled, and proscribe all such play as unsafe and demoralising. They win the game by the common trick, *faire sauter le roi*, and then throw the cards into the fire, like *mauvais joueurs* as they are; the Revolution, eating its own words as its daily bread, and propped upon its crutches —bad faith and arbitrary rule—totters on, in premature decrepitude, to that bourne from which, let us devoutly pray, that no republic will ever return. You have seen, in the French papers, the false colouring given to the *échauffourrée* at Montpelier. The Government organ, and the democratic press in general, represented it as a Legitimist rising, when, in fact, it had its origin in the aggression of the ultra-Radicals, whose ill humour burst through all restraints of prudence and legality, when they found themselves out-voted at the municipal elections, by the respectable portion of the population. Again, with regard to the contemplated suppression of the "Constitutionnel," even General Cavaignac would appear to have wanted frankness, when he told the committee that the question had never been debated in Council. The fact, I am credibly informed, is as follows:—About a hundred Members of the Extreme Left presented a memorial to the General, demanding the suppression of the above-named journal, on account of its reactionary tendencies. The Council was summoned, and the matter referred to the Minister of Justice, who was instructed to examine the file of the "Constitutionnel" for a month back, and report whether it contained any articles that would justify its suppression. After examination, M. Marie declined the responsibility of advising such a measure, and the matter was allowed to drop. If this be the real state of the case, General Cavaignac's statement, though true in the letter, is hardly candid in spirit. The jesuit's doctrine is, that a man with his hand full of truth may, if it please him, open no more than his little finger; but, I should have thought, from the General's reputation for frankness, that he would, according to the Spanish saying, have carried *su*

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alma en su palma. However, it is not for me to judge of the propriety of his Excellency's policy, and there *may* be some mistake in the particulars as I have heard them.

In spite of the interdict which he has laid upon the freedom of the press, the three leading journals, the "Débats," the "Constitutionnel," and the "Presse," ventured yesterday to remonstrate against the new *régime*. The first, covertly; the second, by implication; the last, with its habitual fearlessness of thought and expression.

"The commission," says the "Débats," charged to draw up the project of Constitution, was desirous of explaining why France had constituted herself a Republic. Having once proposed to itself this question, the commission had the choice between two solutions. The one, that France had constituted herself a Republic, because her habits and manners are Republican, and the aim and end of society is to model its government to its own image. The commission of the Constitution was not satisfied with this reply. The other, that the Republican form of government tends more than any other to the advancement of civilisation. The first answer was subject to the appreciation of France, the second falls under the domain of European controversy. Perhaps neither the one nor the other is the true solution. But, once more, why was the question mooted? Why say with what intention and for what purpose France constituted herself a Republic on the 24th of February? Why, in a word, divulge a secret about which no one feels the slightest curiosity?"

"The public," says the "Constitutionnel," "have some interest in knowing how M. Ledru Rollin's agents understood and fulfilled their electoral mission, and what was the style of the reports they made to the Minister of the Interior, in return for the 170,000f. which they cost the country. We make a few extracts from these reports, the originals of which are deposited in the archives of the National Assembly. We have preserved the *orthography* of several of these documents, and give them, without comment, as curiosities of history."

Here follow various letters from three persons named—Garnier, Bultez, and Duval, so utterly ignoble, that I will not sully my paper by transcribing them.

Thavenet Belleville, a man of letters, writes thus:—"The new circular of Citizen Ledru Rollin arrived yesterday very opportunely, to intimidate the Reactionaries. Fleury, the Commissary, is lamentably soft. He wants boldness to act with vigour. We have in vain asked him to dismiss the Mayor. He has, however, made up his mind to get rid of P——, the inspector of schools. This last wrote in the two journals against our ideas."

Langlois, advocate, follows:—"At Buzançais I find, to my great regret and surprise, that no gaol delivery has, as yet, taken place.

"Moreau, a staff officer, would be the better of a little primary instruction in spelling."

Guy d'Amour, dentist, makes the following report:—"We have

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here a man who is the finest orator and tribune I know (Citizen ———), and yet he has no chance of election. They say that he is always ready to tipple with the first comer. It is true that he is sometimes drunk, but his profession is generally the cause of it. An ardent and devoted Republican, this man is remarkably powerful in discussion; he understands and goes to the bottom of all questions, be they what they may. He is perfect. His success would be stunning in the Paris clubs, but he cannot present himself there, for want of money. Would you be disposed to expend a hundred crowns on such a recruit?"

Pointepoix Blay, painter, closes the list. He reports:—"I have left Chateaudun, and several country places which I have visited, well disposed, but have had difficulties enough to surmount. I know not what evil genius had whispered in their ears that the Citizen Minister of the Interior was a mischievous man, that he wanted the Republic in order to gain his own ends, that he was over head and ears in debt—in a word, a thousand rumours derogatory to the honour of Citizen Ledru Rollin. At Bonneval I rather made a mess of it, as you will presently hear. On my arrival at the club, I was received with enthusiastic shouts of 'Vive Blay!—Vive Pointepoix!' But when I began to argue with Citizen Morin Travers, who enjoys a certain influence in the town, I was abused by some citizens, who called me a spy, and cried '*A bas* Blay!' apostrophising me, and threatening to throw me out of window, and kill me." He finishes off his letter with a little blasphemy, which you will excuse my repeating.

In the leading article of yesterday's "Presse" we read—"The National Assembly yesterday maintained the state of siege—maintained it for an indefinite period—before, during, and after the discussion of the Constitution: no one can now say when it will be raised, or if it ever will be raised at all. Yesterday's vote, therefore, is a new argument in favour of M. Crespel de Latouche's motion. The National Assembly declares that the courts of law alone are competent, even during the state of siege, to punish offences committed by the press. As the matter now stands, if a newspaper be of opinion that General Cavaignac is straying from the right path—if it say, for instance, that the Executive Chief yesterday committed an irreparable fault in the tribune—the mere fact that the journal gave utterance to its opinion, and was not suppressed in consequence, lays it under an obligation to General Cavaignac. To exist thus is neither more nor less than to exist under favour, and during the good pleasure of one who can, at will, confiscate your property, ruin widows and orphans, reduce hundreds of working men to a state of destitution, by depriving them of the exercise of their trade. It is to accept liberty as an alms. Rather than thus hold the pen, none but a dastard would hesitate to throw it from him. To beg one's bread is no disgrace—to beg one's freedom is slavish ignominy. It is impossible that M. Armand Marrast, once chief editor of the 'Tribune,' now President of the National Assembly, should not be heartily on

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our side—he who wrote these words, inspired by the independence to which he owes both the triumph of his opinions and his own elevation to power—'Shame upon the timid publicist who deserts his duties because there is peril in their fulfilment.' It is impossible that M. Armand Marrast, that child of the press, to which he owes everything, should fail to come down to-morrow from his *fauteuil* to succour and defend it—in a word, to support, with his voice and vote the adoption of M. de Latouche's proposition. For ourselves, we hold with the 'National,' which, on the 17th of October, 1835, thus expressed itself:—'We prefer a government which arms itself with the scissors, and boldly censures you, to one which condemns you to daily suicide."

General Cavaignac has given the challenge, and the gage of battle has been taken up. The lions' cage is opened, and one, at least, of its tenants will not fail to meet him. If he is destined to earn the title of the *Caballero de los Leones*, it must be after a real struggle. A bold front will do much in ordinary cases, but here his adversary is as fearless as himself, and one or the other must succumb.

There is at last a movement among the provincial press. A circular has been addressed by the proprietors of several journals in the northern departments, to their contemporaries throughout the whole of France, inviting them to a congress at the central city of Tours. The object of this meeting is to put an end to that state of isolation which causes the weakness of the departmental press, and leaves it without that influence to which it is justly entitled.

"United," says the manifesto, "we shall be strong, nay, we shall be the strongest, and it will be our own fault if the rights of the majority shall hereafter, as heretofore, be real in law, but illusory in fact. But, to this end, we must understand each other, and to understand each other it is not enough that we exchange letters and newspaper articles, we must, above all, see, enlighten, and convince one another by discussion."

We have seen the lamentable effects of the Reform banquets on this noble country, and here is a lever as powerful for good as they have been for evil. If every man now does his duty, the constitutional, social, and financial condition of France may one day be retrieved. The resources of the country are unbounded, and very few years would suffice to heal the sores which the last six months have opened. That journalism was the rock upon which the Republic would go to pieces, has long been evident to the most careless observer. A dominant faction, armed with unlimited powers, may for a time gag and silence the voice of public opinion. But the moment the pressure is removed, the torrent will burst forth again with redoubled force; just as a twitch will reduce a violent and unmanageable horse to temporary submission, but take it off, and the animal will bite, kick, and plunge as before; you may paralyse his limbs, but you cannot change his nature.

A curious episode occurred the other day at the opening ceremony of the Calais Railway. The Prefect thought it incumbent on him

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to address the guests at the banquet in a *chaleureuse allocution* in favour of the present form of government, winding up with "*Vive la Republique!*" to which the guests responded with a shout, "*Vive la France!*" Seeing this, the Minister of Public Works took up the cudgels, concluding his oration, also, with a wave of the hand, and "*Vive la Republique!*" Again the same response, "*Vive la France!*" Once more he rose to say that, in the hearts of all good Frenchmen, France and the Republic were inseparably united. "*Vive le France Républicaine!*" But the shout was still—"*Vive la France!*" And so, the patient being refractory, the doctor could only give him over and leave him to his fate. This incident may, perhaps, account for General Cavaignac's unwonted *heat* in the Chamber yesterday—"There is in France one voice, perhaps one only, raised in favour of Monarchy; there is my enemy, I challenge him to the lists!" That voice is the voice of public opinion, which will not fear to meet him, though the choice of arms rest with the General.

Montmorency, Sept. 12, 1848.

* * * The *esprit* of the French is like Oliver Goldsmith's philosophy, "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on the road." It cannot get over the first stage of its journey, but it falls lame, or casts a fore shoe, or has a surfeit or inflammation, and wants bleeding and physicking; in short, it is always in "dealer's condition," and never fit for immediate work. And it is on such a sorry charger as this that France has ridden forth in search of adventure, to redress wrongs, and bring in a new age of gold.

I was at the National Assembly on Saturday, when the Twelve Hours (Work) Bill was under discussion; one half of the House was making *de l'esprit* with pen and ink, in the shape of amendments, whilst the other half was making *du tapage*, beating the *générale* on their desks with their paper-cutters. Honourable representatives were swarming up the steps of the bureau like ants, and forcing slips of paper into the President's unwilling hands, until poor M. Lacrosse was almost driven distracted. Some of these candidates for notoriety attempted to develop their amendments, which raised a perfect hurricane of remonstrance, and my neighbour in the Rédacteurs Gallery muttered audibly enough:—"*A bas les bavards!*" "*A la guillotine les bavards!*" But when one more obstinate than the rest insisted on having his say in the tribune, my friend threw himself back, in utter disgust, exclaiming:—"*Pardi! voila un mulet, j'espère!*" I could not resist saying to him—"*Monsieur, la France se dit être dans la voie de la civilisation; si cela ast, on dirait qu'elle rebrousse chemin, car l'Assemblée Nationale me parait un peu moins civilisée que la Chambre des deputés.*" He looked rather grave at this, but, as I had smiled at his jokes, it would have been hardly fair in him to have frowned at mine.

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Tout le monde fait de l'esprit. M. de Cormenin, not satisfied with making it in his draft of the Constitution, no sooner has that job out of hand than he begins again in a pamphlet (under the pseudonym of "Timon") to criticise his own work, to blow cold where he blew hot, and to prove that black is white. What a saving of time and wages would be effected, if General Cavaignac were to take the infection, and *octroyer* some such constitution as this to his faithful subjects :—

NOM DE DIEU! AU NEZ DU PEUPLE FRANCAIS,
L'ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE DECRETE :
La France est un Despotisme Militaire.
LOIS ORGANIQUES.

1. L'état de siège en permanence.
2. La suppression de toutes les Libertés, et surtout de celle de la Presse.

ARTICLE SUPPLEMENTAIRE.

Tels chapîtres du Code Napoléon que le Général Cavaignac jugera à propos et de circonstance, resteront en vigueur jusqu'à nouvel ordre.

General, to hear is to obey! The decree would be voted by acclamation; nothing more would be required, and matters might go on smoothly and satisfactorily until the moment arrived for a new revolution.

In the old Republic, Liberty was worshipped as a goddess in petticoats; in the new, it is anathematised as a devil in a straight-waistcoat!

But what is passing in France is genteel comedy, compared with the low farce of the German buffoons. Hear what news the latest journals from that country brings us.

Sept. 13.

I was forced to break off here yesterday, and resume my pen in Paris.

To revert to my German news :—On the 4th September, MM. Liz, Metternich, Ilstein, Simon, Peterson, and a few other Republican notabilities, assembled at Bâle, at a farewell dinner given to M. Hecker, one of the Republican chiefs, who makes a pretence of emigrating to America, but secretly hopes that the German Republic will recall him before he has time to embark. The principal toast, proposed by M. Metternich, was as follows :—"To the new blood baptism of Germany, whose future welfare is to be found in anarchy."

If this be true, Germany is in the way of salvation, for anarchy is everywhere the order of the day.

In the first place, there is anarchy, in the fullest sense of the word, at Frankfort. The Assembly, after rejecting the armistice and forcing the Ministry to resign, wished to force that same Ministry to notify to Prussia the suspension of the armistice. If this be not anarchy, we should like to know what it is! The Ministry, as was to be expected, declared that it had given in its resignation precisely

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because it did not choose to condemn the armistice. Upon this, the great politicians of Frankfort proposed to compel the Archduke to form a provisional Ministry, were it only for an hour, for the sole purpose of notifying to the King of Prussia that the Assembly would have nothing to do with his armistice.

It was a toss up of a *zwanziger* whether this famous Assembly should not require the Archduke himself to start off by a special train to tell the King of Prussia—"Sire, Messrs. Wessondonk, Venedey, and Reden, the trinity in unity of the German unity in trinity, have instructed me to warn you that they will not countenance the armistice."

Very fortunately, the Assembly learned that the Archduke hmelf was on the point of resigning, after the example of his Ministry. Such a menace as this forced them to reflect for a moment.

All this would be very amusing if it were a little less sad. M. Dahlmann cannot succeed in forming a Ministry. A man must be possessed with all the vanity of mediocrity to accept a post in the German Cabinet. The members of their national assemblies, having never been persons of any sort of importance, occupy themselves day and night in overthrowing ministry after ministry, by way of showing their omnipotence.

Some amongst them, as we have seen, speak of nothing less than oversetting all government, and seeking the salvation of the Fatherland in anarchy.

In Austria, again, one section of the Ministry has been forced to retire. Never has the emperor been so fiercely attacked as since the Assembly declared him inviolable.

At Berlin, the Ministry has resigned *en masse*, overturned by the recklessness of a single Chamber, which declares itself sovereign and absolute, and will never hear reason either from king or minister.

Monarchy no longer exists, and the Republic has not yet come into being. Is this state of things, then, the boasted German unity? Nothing of the sort; for this same Berlin Assembly is as far as possible from adopting the resolutions of that of Frankfort. Nay, we should not be surprised to see it vote in favour of the armistice, and against the central parliament at Frankfort, were it only to show its independence.

And now, in order to complicate difficulties more and more, General Cavaignac is about to send M. Pascal Duprat as ambassador to Vienna. Madame de Sevigné says in one of her letters that diplomacy is the *art de faire trois pas dans un boisseau*. The General, unfortunately, cannot even lie still in a buck-basket. Poor M. Bastide, whom no one suspects of being a Solomon, had at least the good taste to be *suavis in re*, when he announced to the Chamber that Austria had accepted the mediation of France and England; but General Cavaignac, determined to be *fortis in modo*, thought it dignified to boast, at his late reception of the National Guards, that Austria had not accepted the mediation, but that he had imposed it upon her.

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The "Journal des Débats" fears that France, judged by the samples she sends abroad, will be considered a very droll nation by foreigners. She has now Pascal Duprat, a quasi-socialist, at Vienna; Emanuel Arago a debauched *roué*, at Berlin; Savoie, a kind of physical force Chartist, at Frankfort; Guillemot, a lame duck, at Athens; Suan de Varennes, a convicted swindler, at Smyrna; and Sainti, a tailor and bankrupt, at Valentia. Under a King, France was a great workshop; under a Dictator she is a den of thieves. Monarchical, she was a hive of bees; Republican, she is a nest of wasps.

Montmorency, September 16*th*, 1848.

* * * Poor M. Bastide's foreign policy seems destined in every quarter to encounter the checks it so richly merits. The "National" of yesterday, after a Jeremiad on recent events in Sicily, makes the following luminous remarks on the probable occupation of Venice by the Austrians:—

"The Sardinian fleet, it is said, after taking on board the Piedmontese troops, has left the Venetian waters; and the Austrians, it is added, in the absence of any obstacle to their projects, are about to occupy the city.

"We attach no credit to the second part of this intelligence, for the following reason:—The armistice concluded between Austria and Charles Albert, stipulates (Art. 4) that "the Sardinian troops shall evacuate Venice." But nowhere is there any mention of its occupation by the Austrians. Now, in respect of treaties, no extension whatever of the text is admissible, beyond the limits of what is formally stipulated. It is not stipulated that the Austrians shall occupy the city; in virtue of the rights of nations, their occupation of it is forbidden.

"Again, we attach no importance to the interpretations which may be given to the armistice with Sardinia. That armistice, in fact, has never been recognized by France. The Convention which she proposed, and which Austria has implicitly accepted, with the mediation of which it is the starting point, established the *statu quo*. It follows that no change can take place in the positions of the belligerent parties between the day when the mediation was accepted and the completion of the negociations which have been undertaken. That the Sardinians should evacuate Venice, if they think fit, is a measure to which we offer no opposition; but we cannot permit Austria to take advantage of their retreat to violate the engagements which she has signed with us.

"It is impossible, then, to admit the occupation of Venice by the Austrian troops. There is a double reason against it. Before venturing on such an extreme measure, Austria will, no doubt, reflect; and she will immediately perceive that she is putting herself in contradiction with her own policy. In accepting the mediation, she wished to give a serious pledge to the pacific intentions of Europe;

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such, at least, was our impression. How can she pretend to reconcile this desire, publicly manifested, with an act of direct aggression, not only against her Italian opponents, but withal, and above all, against the two powers who have intervened between the belligerent parties ?"

To analyse or to criticise such a document as the above would only weaken the force of its absurdity. But, apart from the want of logic and common sense which these paragraphs exhibit, they are open to a far heavier charge, viz., a want of candour and common honesty. For, as Art. 4 stipulates that "the Sardinian troops shall evacuate Venice" (amongst other places), so Art. 5 adds, "Persons and property in the places enumerated above shall be placed under the protection of the Imperial Government." The meaning of this article, if it mean anything at all, is this—the Imperial Government shall occupy those places which have been evacuated by the Sardinians; for, how are persons and property to be protected without the actual occupation of the points where such persons and property exist ?

I should not have thought it worth while to call your attention to this document had it appeared in any other paper than the "National." But the "National" office is the *pépinière* from which M. Bastide was transplanted to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in which saplings are being reared to fill the gaps in the diplomatic line caused by the thinning out of the old trees; and it is generally supposed that this journal receives its inspirations from the Foreign Office, and that many of its articles are communications from M. Bastide's own goose quill.

Upon this subject, yesterday's "Presse" contained the following information :—

"The diplomacy of the Republic is not happy. This may be attributed, in part, to the selection of its *personnel*, but more, perhaps, to the choice of persons made by the Courts of Europe to treat with the novices accredited to them. In the tangled difficulties of the Italian question, for instance, Austria has taken care to entrust the negotiations to Prince Felix de Schwartzemberg, well known for his piercing intelligence, his exquisite tact, and his perfect knowledge of the French character.

"It is with him that the trial of skill is to be made by the anonymous envoys whom the Government despatches one after another, and whose position is, according to all accounts, a very awkward one at Vienna, at Milan—in a word, wherever they have been sent.

"Our official agents have lost all influence; and the missions should be remodelled throughout the whole of Germany, beginning with Berlin, where the grotesque errors which have been committed, are beyond belief.

"It would be cruel to throw the *mea culpâ* of M. Bastide into such high relief, and attempts are made to screen him by sending out confidential sub-ambassadors. Unfortunately, this plan succeeds no better than the original one, and, by dint of successive drafts, the national di-

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plomatic nursery is nearly exhausted. The names that have recently transpired, sufficiently indicate that it is reduced to its last reserve."

By the way, it is a curious feature in the *prepotente* character of the French Republicans, that they cannot be brought to see the distinction between mediation and intervention. Having announced that Austria had accepted the Anglo-French *mediation*, they immediately proceed to lay down their system of *intervention*. No doubt, in their soreness at seeing their expedition from Marseilles, for obtaining a footing at Venice, forestalled by the Austrian squadron from Trieste, the next term employed will be *arbitration*, and then they will either have to eat their words, or go to war.

The former course would be undignified, the latter would be inconvenient. The sinews of war are wanting, for who would lend their money for such a purpose? and the resources of the Treasury are at so low an ebb, that M. Goudchaux is at his wits' end for means to pay the *semestre* on the Five per Cents. How should it be otherwise? They have a proverb in Navarre:—

"Arga, Ega, y Aragon
Hacen Ebro varon;"

and, as it is with the Ebro, so it is with the public purse. Credit, manufacture, and trade make a man of the Finance Minister; but cut off these tributaries, and the Hotel in the Rue de Rivoli will soon be a world too wide for his shrunk resources.

Whilst the diplomacy and the finances of the country are thus going to the dogs or to the devil, the National Assembly begins to make some progress with the Constitution. Thiers, Dufaure, de Tocqueville, and Duvergier de Hauranne have succeeded in setting aside the much-debated *droit au travail*. In vain Lamartine, mounting his long-eared Pegasus, soared far beyond the ken of common sense, into the regions of a dreamy Utopia, or Fools' Paradise, and raved about sentimental humanity, and the *perfectibility of property;* but in vain

Ledru-Rollin hurled foul abuse
At this bevy, at this bevy;
Oh! he's the real tailor's goose,
Hot and heavy, hot and heavy!

The Assembly, by a majority of 596 against 187, decided that Paris should not yet be transformed into what Jules Janin calls a Proudhon-Greppo-Polis.

The elections, which commence to-morrow, are a subject of great anxiety to the Moderate Party in the capital. The friends of order are, unfortunately, much divided in their selection of candidates, whilst the red-hot Republicans are expected to vote as one man. The former, however, are so much the more numerous, that, in spite of their divisions, the votes for the best and the worst men will, it is expected, be very nearly balanced. The suffrage of the army will, in all probability, turn the scale, and the representation of

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Paris will be either socialist or *r'actionnaire*, as it is called in the *cabarets*, according as General Cavaignac gives the word of command, "Eyes right," or "Eyes left."

Godefroi Cavaignac thought it a very hard case that the political freedom of Paris, under a constitutional Monarchy, should be handed over to the tender mercies of *sergens d'infanterie*; what would he think now, under a nominal Republic, could he return and see the exercise of the most important political right, the nomination of the representatives of the capital in the National Assembly, waiting to receive the sanction of the fifty thousand rank and file, whose bayonets enable his brother to maintain the *état de siégé?* The plain good sense of the provinces will not fail to perceive the monstrous anomaly of such a situation. It is a new blow struck at the *prestige* which has so long upheld the supremacy of Paris. The revolution, which has done so much evil, will, in the end, be productive of one benefit. It must bring about the abolition of that system of centralisation which has made Paris the centre of all intrigue and corruption, whilst it kept the departments in a state of vassalage, depriving them of that freedom and independent action in the administration of their local affairs and interests, without which a people can never be great, prosperous, or true.

Paris, Sept. 23.

* * * We have had a stormy and eventful week since the date of my last letter. At the moment when I was writing, remonstrances were in course of address to the government, on the subject of General Cavaignac's proposed revival of Ledru Rollin's tactics in sending missionaries into the departments, for the purpose of completing their republican education, and of winning them over to love, honour, and succour those *soi-disant* patriots whom the *escamotage* of revolution has set in authority over them. M. de Falloux' *mot*—that these peripatetic lecturers were "*la circulaire faite homme*"—was a death-blow to the project, and the apology of the Minister of the Interior reminded one of a ludicrous dialogue in Molière's *Festin de Pierre* (Act II. scene 1):—

Pierrot. "*Morgué! quen mal te fais-je? Je ne te demande qu'un peu d'amiquié.*"

Charlotte. "*Hé bien! laisse faire aussi, et ne me presse point tant. Peut être que ça viendra tout d'un coup, sans y songer.*"

Pierrot. "*Promets moi donc que tu tâcheras de m'aimer davantage.*"

Charlotte. "*Je ferai tout ce que je pourrai, mais il faut que ça vienne de lui-méme.*"

The next incident was the debate on the grant of 50,000,000f. for colonisation in Algeria, and here General Lamoricière's honest frankness went far to do away with the distrust and aversion which the tortuous policy of the Executive Chief had excited in the minds of the National Assembly.

An attempt was made to pervert the interchange of neighbourly assistance and mutual good offices into a communist system of associa-

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tion, but the Minister of War, whose straightforward honesty and good sense are not easily taken at disadvantage, saw through the shallow device, and resolutely opposed its destructive tendencies.

"It has been affirmed (said the General) that all the workmen who intend to emigrate desire this sort of community; but I am bound to state that such is not the case. I have had long conferences with the delegates—I have passed many hours with them—and my conviction is, that if some of them wish to be associated, the great majority wish nothing of the sort. And now, would you know who are the persons that are anxious to be associated? They are those who hope to be the directors of the association (laughter)—they are those who wish to be in a position to wear a black coat and round hat (renewed laughter)—they are those, in short, who intend forming themselves into an agricultural staff (just so—just so.) Well, the profits of agriculture are not sufficient to bear the expense of such a staff. The government is quite decided on this point; it will give no countenance to this new species of aristocracy, applied to agricultural schemes. If, then, gentlemen, you wish that it should be created, I have to beg that you will explain yourselves categorically, and it shall be done; if not, I repeat, we will have neither act nor part in it."

Were all the Ministers of the Republic like M. de Lamoricière, there would be some hope that Charlotte France might, in time, be induced to bestow *un peu plus d'amiquié* on Pierrot Paris; but Flocon, who was to have been one of Cavaignac's go-betweens, would be a sad Marplot in such a courtship.

In the course of his speech, the Minister of War took occasion to remark, that the credit he demanded for this year (five millions), was as small as could in any way be made compatible with the exigencies of the case. He had made it so, inasmuch as he foresaw that a new chapter must be added to the annual estimates, and that that chapter was the budget of misery. There have already, during the last three months, been voted 6,000,000f. for the relief of the necessitous classes in Paris. They amount to almost a quarter of the entire population. What will be the case next winter, when destitution of every kind is at its height?

God grant that this state of things may be a warning to our own people. May their eyes be opened to perceive, that the demagogues who would pervert their minds, and excite discontent and rebellion amongst them, do this, not from any love they bear to their country, but for the attainment of their own selfish aims and purposes! They would care little how ill their simple dupes were clothed or fed, so long as they could "wear a black coat and round hat," and enjoy in lazy idleness the good things that are earned by the sweat of the poor man's brow. There is no tyrant like a successful demagogue, as poor France knows to her cost. "He reaps where he has not sown, and gathers where he has not strawed;" nor is this all, for what his greediness would spare, is brought to ruin by his ignorance and folly.

M. de Montalembert was not felicitous in his speech upon the *liberté d'enseigner*, which he proposed to introduce into the constitution. It was too fanatical to engage the sympathies of a political assembly, and he was only saved from complete discomfiture by the absurdity of his

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opponent, M. Vaulabelle. The Minister of Public Instruction, in answer to the reproach, that education had made little or no progress in France since 1789, demonstrated that during twenty-five years France had made head against all Europe on the field of battle, and that in the last eighteen years, she had overturned two thrones.

At this knock-down argument, the Assembly was seized with a fit of laughter, under cover of which M. Vaulabelle finished the reading of his manuscript; for, in order to insure its being worthy of the subject, the orator, and the Minister, his speech was a written one.

There is a long article in the "Constitutionnel" of Wednesday, on the state of the French fleet. It recapitulates the principal acts of naval administration during the last six months.

One of the first was the remodelling and pretended reformation of the Admiralty Offices. Our fleet has gained nothing by it, and abuses are as rife as ever.

The next measure was the decree for the abolition of slavery, which, crude and ill-digested as it was, has completed the ruin of our colonies, and deprived France of a trade which was an excellent school for sailors. It cannot, in consequence, be pretended that the Emancipation Act has favoured the development of our naval power.

Corporal punishment has been abolished on board vessels belonging to the State; the seamen's diet has been improved, and, for that purpose, an additional grant is taken, on the national estimates for 1848, to the amount of 1,900,000f. But this measure of humanity, and, it may be, of justice, has not given one additional ship or sailor to the Republic.

The decree which limited the day's work to ten hours, has been applied to the dockyards. What will this add to our naval strength? Again, arms have been distributed to the workmen of the ports. Has this measure ensured the good and prompt execution of the works ordered? The disturbances at Toulon prove the contrary.

We are far from wishing to make M. Verninhac responsible for a state of things in which he has little or no part. The Minister of Marine is one of our best naval officers; honest, skilful, and brave. No one is more capable than he of working his ship, or taking her into action. But it is one thing to command a ship at sea, and another to be at the head of the naval administration, in the midst of an intricate labyrinth of inveterate abuses, and at a period of financial penury. Let us hope that the Minister of Marine may succeed in drawing off the shoals upon which M. Goudchaux is leading him.

Poor M. Verninhac! his is no easy task—to do great things with little money—to maintain a fleet that, as M. Thiers said, jocularly, shall be *magnifique et pas cher*.

Every man, says Nash, can thresh corn out of full sheaves, and fetch water out of the Thames; but out of dry stubble to make an after-harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, and wring juice out of a flint, that is the right trick of a workman.

The great and crowning event of the week, is the result of the elections. In Paris, all the world is crying *peccavi*. Now that it is too late, now that regret is fruitless, the electors, friends of order and good go-

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vernment, recognise the incalculable value of discipline and unity of purpose. Yet, were the same circumstances to present themselves anew, there is but too much reason to apprehend that the result would be in no way changed.

"L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour le mensonge."

All the zeal, all the intelligence, all the abnegation of self, which should characterise the policy of those who really desire the good of their country, is to be found, not amongst them, but in the ranks of those whose aim and end it is to disorganise society, to remove the ancient landmarks, to confiscate property, and break the holy ties of family; whilst the majority, who would fain stand *super antiquas vias*, are divided by petty intrigue, by personal vanity, by antiquated party spirit; and hundreds of thousands of electors, seduced by the pleasures of the *villeggiatura*, or yielding to an irrational feeling of discontent and ill-humour, remain out of town or hold aloof, thus neglecting their duty to themselves, by failing in the duties they owe to their country.

The elections in the provinces are decidedly more satisfactory than those in the capital. With the exception of M. Gent and M. Louis Bonaparte, to whose ridiculous pretensions a factitious importance has been given by the foolish alarms and consequent intolerance of the legislative and executive bodies, the members returned are conservative to the highest degree; and, what is very singular, the government, with all the influence of its patronage, has not succeeded in obtaining the nomination of a single one of the candidates put forward by the "National."

General Cavaignac was so much annoyed at this, that he got up a little theatrical piece in the Chamber yesterday, the *dénoûement* of which was a vote of confidence in the government. He asks for these votes so often, that no one attaches the least importance to them, except as a *regimen* necessary for a consumptive cabinet, to enable it to live through the discussion of the constitution, and arrive, without any new change, at the election of a president. An attempt will be made to proceed to this election, *by the Assembly*, so soon as Articles 41, 42, and 43 of the constitution are voted. But the Rue de Poitiers Club decided yesterday that it would oppose, by every means in its power, any such attempt at jugglery with the principles of universal suffrage.

There are three pretenders to the presidency of the republic—Lamartine, Cavaignac, and Louis Bonaparte.

The first is like old Ross of Pollern, who lived till all the world was weary of him: all the world has forgotten him now.

The second is following in the steps of Bully Dawson, who lived three weeks on the credit of a brass shilling, because nobody would take it of him.

The last, who aspires to the presidency *and something more*, may meet with the fate of old Cole's dog, who was so proud, that he took the wall of a dung cart, and got squeezed to death by the wheel.

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THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I COME a friend among ye; open wide
Your arms, your heart, a mother to receive.
Ah! look not coldly on the trustful bride,
Your father promises no more shall grieve.
I've had my sorrow's portion; I have known
To plumb the deepest depths of human woe:
But in my hemisphere a star hath shone,
To light the brighter path I now must go,—
A star of Bethlehem, like that which led
The good, the sage, to Him, the Fount of Light.
Oh! if it hath but a false radiance shed,
Then will, for me, be universal night.
Why should I doubt your tenderness? why fear?
My heart is now intent in the design
To hold *his* orphan children all as dear,
As if kind heav'n had made them really mine.
Think, then, when folded to my shelt'ring breast,
Your mother looks, (by gratitude inspired,
To see her callow brood safe in the nest
Her anxious love for them so long desired,)
With eyes of fond approval and delight,
The while she prays her God *us* all to bless,
Calling on angels to behold a sight
Than happiness celestial scarcely less.
There is a gloom upon the hearth,—the home
My wonted presence now no longer cheers;
I shall need *much* affection when I come,
To chase regret, awak'ning saddest tears.
Oh! let me never feel the love I've lost!
Supply the place of all for ye I leave;
Or, when too late, such sacrifice's cost
The heart may break, that cannot choose but grieve!

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THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

TRANSLATED BY

REV. JAMES BANKS, M.A.

Late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

ARGUMENT.

Apollo desired that the Fates would allow Admetus, who was about to die, to find a substitute to die for him, so that he might live for a term equal to his former life: and Alcestis, his wife, gave herself up, while neither of the parents were willing to die for their son. Not long after this calamity, Hercules, having arrived, and learned from a servant the fate of Alcestis, goes to her tomb, and having made Death retire, covers the lady with a robe. He then requests Admetus to receive her, and keep her for him; saying, that he has carried her off as a prize, in wrestling. Upon his refusal to do so, Hercules unveils her, and discovers to her husband the wife whom he is lamenting.

Dramatis Personæ.

APOLLO.
DEATH.
CHORUS OF PHERÆANS.
ATTENDANTS.
ALCESTIS.
ADMETUS.
EUMELUS.
HERCULES.
PHERES.

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ALCESTIS.

APOLLO. Hail! Halls that saw in me the God abased
By menial service at a mortal board.
Jove will'd it so! for thee, my noble son,
When thou wast breast-struck by his lightning flash,
I slew in wrath the bolt's artificers,
The Cyclops fell for Æsculapius.
Hence came my service: hence my sire's constraint
Bound me to toil, in penance for my sin,
For earthly wages, and for sons of men.
This land receiv'd me; here I first found rest,
And for mine host a herdman's part fulfill'd:
And I have watch'd his household till this day.—
In truth, being Holy, I had chanc'd it seems,
On one of holy life, good Pheres' son.
Whom, cheating thus the Fates, I saved from death.
Stern Goddesses, forsooth they gave consent,
Admetus might escape his present doom,
Should one replace him in the shades below.
He tried his friends: not one was left unasked:
His sire, and she that bare him! none was found
Save his dear spouse: she only proved her love,
And gladly gave up life and light for him.
Hark! even now they bear her in their hands
Within the palace: fastly ebbs her breath:
To day 'tis fated, she must quit this earth,
To day from life she passes to the tomb.
I must away! e'en in this blest abode
I may not see corruption face to face.
But soft! I mark the near approach of Death;
He comes, the priest of shades, to bear her hence
To her last home, in Pluto's gloomy realm.
Well hath he kept his time! the hour is nigh;
The destin'd hour. Death waits her latest sigh.

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(*Enter Death.*)

DEATH. Why at the palace, say? what is thy mission here?
Phœbus, again thou dost injure me grievously:
Seeking mine attributes, to the Infernals dear,
Bringing to nought my prerogative recklessly.
Stay'd was the death of Admetus! to cheat the Fates
Was it a little thing? master of subtleness!
Now, with thy bow in hand, here at the palace gates,
Stand'st thou to rescue his spouse from the bonds of Dis?
Freely she promised her breath to redeem his life,
She whom Admetus of Pelias took to wife!
APOLLO. Fear not! just dealing and fair speech are mine.
DEATH. Thy bow, methinks, belies such equal terms.
AP. Nay: 'tis my wont to carry this of old—
DEATH. Ay: and though right forbid, befriend these Halls.
AP. True! suffering friends demand our sympathy.
DEATH. Then wilt thou rob me of this second prize?
AP. Not so! thou didst not lose the first perforce.
DEATH. Why lives he then? no grave his steps confines.
AP. The wife thou seekest, dies in place of him—
DEATH. And to the nether world returns with me.
AP. Take her! I fear thine heart will not be moved—
DEATH. To slay my destin'd prey? mine office this.
AP. Nay: tis to scatter deaths, where death is due.
DEATH. So! I perceive thy drift, and guess thine aim.
AP. Alcestis? may she nowise come to age?
DEATH. It may not be! I too my rights enjoy.
AP. Yet 'tis but one life thou canst claim and take.
DEATH. True! But then youth adds glory to my spoil.
AP. If she die old, a nobler pomp attends.
DEATH. The rich stand debtors, Phœbus, to thy rule.
AP. What! dost thou deal out wisdom unawares?
DEATH. Those, that have wealth, would purchase to die old.
AP. Thou wilt not then accord the boon I ask?
DEATH. I tell thee, no! methinks thou know'st my ways.
AP. Yes! harsh to men, and by the gods abhorred.
DEATH. Thou canst not have such things as right denies.
AP. Brag on! Perchance thy fire may yet be quench'd:
A hero wendeth unto Pheres' halls,
On errand of Eurystheus sent to bring
The steeds and chariot from tempestuous Thrace.
Soon shall he find a welcome with the king,
And in return shall yield him back his spouse,

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Taken perforce from thee. I owe thee nought
In gratitude: but thou shalt be constrained
To waive thy rights, yet still endure my hate.
DEATH. Much hast thou said, yet is thy purpose vain.
To her last home this lady must descend,
In quest of whom I march; my sword is drawn,
That I therewith may now the rites begin.
For sacred to the Gods beneath are they,
Whose foremost lock this brand doth consecrate.
1 CHORUS. Why is there ever this silence within the halls?
Why art thou voiceless, O house of Admetus?
2 CHORUS. Doth there no ready sound answer our eager calls?
Is there no friend who might mournfully greet us?
None to bid our work of sorrow
For the queen in death begin:
Or to say if yonder morrow
Lets the light of Heaven in?
Question there is none that she
Stands a model all should see,
Who, like her, would strive to prove
Matchless duty, faith, and love.
1 CHOR. Hear ye aught of lamentation?
Or the dint of frequent blows?
Doth no dirge give intimation
That the deed hath met its close?
Surely there is no retainer
Posted at the palace gate;
Oh that, Healer, thou couldst gain her
Rest between the waves of fate.
2 CHOR. Death would raise a host of voices.
No, the queen is yet within!
1 CHOR. How? thine heart in hope rejoices,
Mine in vain aspires to win!
2 CHOR. Thinkest thou no crowd would follow
(If the mournful train were seen:)
Her whom earth would gladly swallow,
Worthy wife, and noble queen.
1 AND 2 CHOR. Neither see I lustral water,
Which from dewy founts they pour,
Oft as each Pheræan daughter
Yields her life, before the door.
In the vestibule no token,
As of shorn locks, have we found;
Nor have female hands bespoken
That the marks of grief abound,
For the bride so soon divided

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From her lord.
1 CHOR. Yet 'tis to day—
Which—
2 CHOR. Speak on!
1 CHOR. The fates decided——
For her passage to decay.
2 CHOR. Thou dost wound my heart with sorrow!
Men of proven worth must grieve;
Grief a deeper tint may borrow,
When the worthy cease to live.
CHOR. Bid all thy crews the Ocean rove:
Equip thy fleet: yet where ye steer,
In vain ye seek the thirsting grove
Of Ammon: and to Lycian shrine
Betake you with a wild design,
To gain Apollo aid to bear:
For destiny no powers can move:
The precipice of fate is near
For her, whom price can ne'er redeem
From death's embrace. Methinks I seem
Debarred from hope; yet idly dream
Of fond recourse to priest or seer.

Yet one there was; oh could but he,
Apollo's gifted son, return
To realms of day: this light but see;
Perchance Alcestis yet might find
Recovery from a leech so kind:
And cheat the shades and darksome bourne,
Which else her endless lot must be:
And we might cease again to mourn.
For he was wise to raise the dead,
Till riven was his noble head;
And Jove-directed lightnings sped
His soul, resistless agency.

But now what hope of life is left?
Soon shall he dwell alone on earth.
All efforts vain—our king bereft—
While every sacrificial hearth
Is reeking with the victim blood:
And through the temples all around,
To stay the tide of misery's flood,
In vain the slaughter'd beasts abound.

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(*Enter Female attendant.*)

But lo! a maiden from the house draws nigh:
In tears, methinks; what new mischance is here?
Yet small the blame, if, when our monarchs fail,
One melt in grief. In sooth I fain would learn,
Lives our good queen? or is her spirit fled?
ATT. You still may call her living, though as dead.
CHOR. How can she then yet live, if hush'd in death?
ATT. Just on the verge—and breathing life away.
CHOR. O worthy lord, of worthy spouse bereft!
ATT. Trial and time have not yet proved his loss.
CHOR. Is there no hope she still her life may save?
ATT. No: for the day of fate doth force its way.
CHOR. Do none prepare such pomp then, as is meet?
ATT. Yes; fair array, which our good king provides.
CHOR. Well, she may rest, and know she dies renown'd,
And far outshines all women else on earth.
ATT. How can she fail? who dares contend with her?
What must she be, that hath surpassed her worth?
And who can better prove her woman's love!
Or pay her lord devotion more than this,
To die for him? as all this city knows.
Yet greater marvel were her acts at home.
Soon as she knew her destined hour was come,
In limpid water her fair skin she bathed:
Then from her cedar press drew forth a robe
Of broidered richness. Clad in such attire,
She stood before the altars, thus to pray—
"O mistress, ere the earth enshroud my form,
"Hear my last prayer, the homage of my heart:
"Do thou protect mine orphans: Grant my son
"A loving wife: my girl a noble spouse.
"And oh! may theirs be other lot than mine:
"Forefend untimely death. Oh let their days
"Be full and joyous in their father-land."
Then every shrine in yonder halls she sought,
And many a garland offered, many a prayer,
Whilst from the myrtle shoots she stript the leaves:
She wept not, moaned not; nor could coming ills
Rob her soft skin of wonted loveliness.
Then, hasting to her chamber, there she paused
And with fresh tears addressed her bridal bed:
"O couch, first witness of my wedded love,

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"And union with my lord, for whom I die,
"Farewell! farewell! I hate thee not, though death
"Is thy sad issue: nor would I betray
"My liege and thee. What then? Some other mate
"Ere long must share thee: haply she may be
"More blessed by fortune, but oh! not more pure!"
With lavish kisses then she falls thereon,
And bathes it o'er with floods of bitter tears:
Then, when much weeping found at last its end,
She leaves her couch: and hurries forth in haste—
Yet ofttimes thither she would backward turn,
And prostrate fall upon its folds again.
Meanwhile fast clinging to their mother's robe
Her children wept. That mother in her arms
Clasped, as if doomed to death, each darling pledge.
Nay: each domestic through the mansion mourned
In pity for their mistress; she to each
Stretched forth her hand; and there was none so mean,
But she addressed him, and allowed reply.
Such are our woes within the Palace gates:
Oh! blest Admetus, had he died at once!
For there had been an end. But now he lives
And pays such grief, as time can ne'er efface.

CHOR. Great is the burden of his grief, I ween,
If he must needs be robbed of such a wife.

ATT. Ay! much he weeps, and clasps her with his hands,
And spends his hours, beseeching her to stay:
All vain! She wastes and withers with disease;
Yet sinking thus, poor burden to his arms,
She still, albeit with fastly ebbing breath,
Desires to taste once more the Sun's warm ray.
For ne'er again, she deems, this hour elapsed,
Will she behold his beams, and circling orb.
But I must hence, thy presence to announce:
For all are not so loyal to their kings,
As to come kindly to them in their woe:
But thy true duty hath been proved of old.

CHORUS. O Jove, what rescue may we find,
Or freedom from the lot unkind,
Which destiny hath sought to bind
Around our honoured king?
Approach some friend, or must my hair
Be shorn? or must I signs of care,
The dark-robed garbs that mourners wear,
About my body fling?

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Alas, my friends, tis all too plain;
Yet let us seek the Gods again,
Perchance our prayer may not be vain.
For potent is their might.
And chiefly, Healer, grant relief;
Thou once didst banish death and grief,
And drovest back Hell's blood stained chief
To realms of darkest night.

Alas! alas! Tis thine to know,
O Son of Pheres, human woe,
The worst that mortals undergo,
When she thou lov'st is lost:
Excuse for suicidal death,
For greater loss than that of breath
By fatal noose, my judgment saith,
Thy hard earned life hath cost.

Behold! before the close of day,
She whom thou lov'st shall pass away:
Belov'd! oh more than words can say—
But hush! for forth they come!
O weep and wail, Pheræan land,
The noblest wife cannot withstand
Disease, but yields to death's cold hand,
And seeks the infernal home.

* * *

Never more will I declare
That men wed for longer share
Of joy than grief: and in this view
I fix me by things old and new.
Mark the fortunes of our king:
His delights have taken wing;
Soon as he shall lose his wife,
Life to him is no more life.

Alcestis. Admetus. Eumelus. Chorus.

Alc. Hail thou Sun and light of earth:
And ye eddies in mid air,
Of the clouds that race so fleet!

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ADM. Two wretched sufferers they behold in us,
Free from all crime, for which thy death is due.
ALC. Hail thou dear land of my birth,
Where my bridal honours were,
I thy land, Iolcos, greet!
ADM. Upraise thee, lost one! live: desert me not;
Ask pity of the Gods, with whom is strength.
ALC. Lo: the two-oared skiff I see;
Charon stands at deadman ferry:
Pole in hand, he calls for me,
"It is time! then wherefore tarry?
"Haste thee! haste thee! come along!"
Such is all his angry song.
ADM. Ah! me, thou speakest of a voyage of woe,
Unhappy wife: we fare indeed most ill.
ALC. Lo! he bears me, (dost thou see?)
To the halls which shadows tread,
With his dark-browed eyes on me,
Wingèd Pluto, king of dead!
Off! what wilt thou? must I go
Forward on this course of woe?
ADM. Sad to thy friends: and chiefly sad to me,
And these young partners in our common grief.
ALC. Loose me! leave me! lay me down!
Strength deserts my weary feet!
Death is near: thy darkling frown,
Night, steals o'er me fast and fleet:
Children we must part: adieu!
Long may ye this daylight view.
ADM. Wretched words are these I hear,
Worse than any death to bear:
By the Gods, forbear to leave
Those whom thou wilt thus bereave.
Rise, look up! when thou art dead,
Life, all joy of life, is fled.
Life or death depends on thee:
In thy love my God I see.
ALC. The posture of my fortunes thou dost know,
And I would fain, Admetus, ere I die,
Confide my wishes to thy faithful love.
My fond devotion prompted me to place
My life in ransom, that thou mightest live.
And so I die! though, had I willed it, death
Had passed me by. The chief Thessalian lord
I might have wedded, and in regal state
Have dwelt in princely halls. I could not live,

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Bereft of thee, with orphan babes. No thought
For beauty's charms, which once I prized, had weight.
Yet failed thy sire to save thee in thy need;
Thy mother too: albeit their tale of years
Was wellnigh told: and cheaply had they earned
A glorious death, in saving thus their son:
(Thou wast their only son: no hope remained,
If thou shouldest die, of late posterity;)
And we might live together life's full term.
Thou wouldst not then have mourned a buried wife,
Nor reared thy children orphans. Yet some God
Disposed this juncture, that it thus should fall.
Well! let me crave of thee one slight return:
(An equal boon I ask not: for can ought
Compensate life, of gifts most highly prized?)
And thou shalt own it fair: for thou dost love
These twain, thine heart being right, not less than I.
I pray thee rear them chief in all thine house,
Nor bring thy children home thy second bride,
A step-dame, who, unlike myself, shall raise
Her vengeful hand against these proofs of love.
Oh! do not so! give ear to this my prayer.
For, viper-like in fierceness, second mates
Bear hard on former offspring: tis their wont.
True, to my boy thou art a tower of strength;
But who shall fitly rear my daughter's youth?
What consort of her sire? ah! much I fear
Lest one should mar her prime by ill report,
And blast her marriage by a slanderous tongue.
Thy wedding, girl, a mother's care must lack;
A mother's presence ne'er shall soothe thy throes;
Yet where is mother's aid more richly prized.
No hope! I die. Nor is to-morrow's dawn,
No! nor the month's third sun, my term of life:*
This day enrolls me with the names that were.
Farewell! Be happy! Husband, thou mayest boast
That thou didst link thee to no common wife:
No worthless mother brought ye, children, forth.

CHOR. Take heart: I boldly pledge my faith for him:
My lord will grant thy wish, if reason lasts.

ADM. I will: I will! oh, trust me, I have known
Through life no other mate, my bride in death,
My only bride! none other wife shall call

* Neither to-morrow, nor the day after, but this very day. A month had perhaps been given to Admetus, to find a substitute: and accordingly the death of Alcestis was on the 1st of the next month.

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The name of husband in thy place o'er me,
In broad Thessalia, though her sire in rank,
Herself in beauty, bear the palm from all.
Enough for me these children. Grant the Gods
These for my joys, when thou, chief joy, art fled.
And deem not mine shall be a twelvemonth's grief;
But long as life, dear lady, shall endure,
In sorrow I shall hate my parents' forms,
Those warm lip-friends, who were so cold in act.
'Twas thou didst save me, pawning for my life
Thy dearest hopes! have I not cause to grieve,
When such a partner fails by stroke of death.
Cease revels; cease ye, troops of banqueters;
Garlands and songs, ye dwell with me no more.
Farewell, my lyre; henceforth I touch thee not,
Nor lift my heart in song to Libyan flute,
For life's chief joys are fled from me with thee.
Thine image wrought by artist's cunning hand,
Shall mimic soon thy presence in my couch;
And I will bend me and enclasp my arms
Around thy much-loved neck, and call thy name,
And seem to hold thee, though I hold thee not;
A chill delight, I ween: yet haply thus
I lighten my heart's burden: and in dreams
Thy visits may delight me. Friends are sweet
To view, though brief their stay, in stilly night.
Oh! for the strains that flowed from Orphean tongue,
That so thy daughter, Ceres, and her Lord
I might have won by song, to spare my wife.
Descending then, nor Pluto's dog should stay
My haste; nor Charon slaving at his oar,
Boatman of shades; till I had brought her back.
Yet, wife, whene'er I die, expect me there;
Prepare a chamber: we will meet below:
For I will bid my children lay my corpse
In these same cedar casings, side by side
With thee, my loved one. From thy faithful heart
I would not be divided, e'en in death.

CHOR. I too, will join thee in this grief of griefs,
As friend with friend: right worthy is our queen.

ALC. Children, yourselves have heard your sire declare
His love shall centre in no other wife,
To rule o'er you, or to detract from me.

ADM. Again I swear it, and will make it good.

ALC. Upon this pledge I these to thee consign.

ADM. I hail a precious gift from precious hands.

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ALC. Be in my stead as mother to these twain!
ADM. Much need I should: since they must lack thy care.
ALC. Children, I die, when most I ought to live.
ADM. Oh! whither shall I turn, depriv'd of thee?
ALC. Time soothes all grief. The dead claim no account.
ADM. Yet take me hence. O Gods, lead on below.
ALC. I shall suffice, who go in room of thee.
ADM. Oh fate! of what a wife I stand bereft.
ALC. Mine eye grows heavy. Lo! 'tis dark around.
ADM. If thou dost leave, I am indeed undone;
ALC. Speak of me as undone, as nothing now.
ADM. Nay; raise thine eyes: nor leave thy children thus.
ALC. In sooth I would not, children—but—farewell—
ADM. Look on them: look.
ALC. Alcestis is no more.
ADM. How! dost thou leave us?
ALC. Ay—farewell.
ADM. Woe's me.
ATT. It is too true. Our queen is now no more.
EUMELUS. Bitter fate! my gentle mother
From this earth is gone below!
After this day of no other
Shall she feel the sunny glow.
Sad she left us. Sadly she
Left an orphan lot to me.

See her eyelids. See! behold her
Rest her cold hands by her side:
Hear me, mother! colder, colder,
Say, dost thou my prayer deride.
Mother, I thy nestling call,
As on thy dear lips I fall.
ADM. She hears not: sees not. O remorseless blow!
Thou smitest me, and these my little ones!
EUMELUS. Young, my father, and forsaken,
By my mother am I left:
I my fill of woes have taken,
Of her tender care bereft.
Bitter cup! for thee and me,
Sister, to drink equally.

Vainly, vainly didst thou marry,
Father! till your term of age
Sweet enjoyment would not tarry:
Death would seize her for his rage.
She is perished: she is flown:
And our house is all undone.

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CHOR. Admetus! thou must bear this stroke of fate:
For, trust me, thou hast lost a much-lov'd wife,
Like many else, at first or last. Be sure
That all must some time pay their debt to death.
ADM. I know it well. Not sudden is this grief
In its appearing. It hath torn me long.
But since I now prepare her obsequies,
Abide ye here: and waiting chaunt a hymn
To the dark God, whom no libations reach.
And let Thessalians all, where'er I rule,
Join as I bid, in grief for this dear corpse,
With close shorn hair, and robes of sable hue.
Yoke teams to ev'ry chariot: clip their manes
From off the neck of ev'ry single steed!
Throughout the city, twelve succeeding months,
Let sound of pipe, and pleasing lyre be hushed:
For ne'er shall I consign a form more kind
Or dear to me to earth. Well hath she earn'd
Each honour I can pay. She died for me!
CHORUS. Fare thee well! where thou abidest
In the home of sunless shade:
And thy form in darkness hidest,
Which the king of death hath made.
God, whose locks of raven blackness
Robe thy pallid visage o'er;
And thou, Charon, spurning slackness,
Eager for the other shore;
As with hands on oar and rudder
Thou dost wait thy freight of dead,
Old man, causing all to shudder,
Know that never hast thou sped
Nobler burden o'er the waters
Of the dark lake Acheron,
Than the pride of Colchic daughters
Whom thy dull eye rests upon.
Oft shall minstrels sing thy praises
On the seven string'd mountain lute:
Nor, while bard his voice upraises,
Shall the lyreless hymns be mute.
Both in Sparta, when, returning,
Comes the glad month every year,
When the silver moon is burning
All the live-long night so clear;
In the glad Carneian season:—
And where Athens lifts her head,
Athens o'er whose dwellings reason,
Wealth, and joy, their blessings shed.

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Yea! in death a deathless story
Thou, Alcestis, dost bequeathe
To the hearts that thirst for glory,
And would earn the minstrel wreath,
Would 'twere mine, sweet shade, to waft thee
From those gloomy cells to light!
Cheating so the boatman crafty,
O'er the lake I'd aid thy flight.
Wife, of all the best, and peerless,
Thou thy lord didst give to day
From the realms so dark and cheerless,
And thine own in barter pay.
On thee may the earth fall lightly!
Should thy lord take other wife,
Hateful to his children, rightly,
Trust me, he shall end his life.
When his mother shrank unwilling
In the grave to hide her head,
And his sire averse to filling,
Ere his time, an earthly bed—
When the twain refused to render
Feeble lives to save their son,
Thou, Alcestis, thine didst tender
Freely, ere its bloom was gone.
If it be my lot to marry,
May I chance on such a bride;
Many lifetimes one might tarry
Never finding one so tried.
Rare in life is such a blessing;
Happy 'twere such fate to gain:
Life with her were worth possessing,
Endless life unmixt with pain.

Hercules. Chorus.

Herc. Strangers who dwell in this Pheræan land,
Say, can I find Admetus here within?
Cho. The son of Pheres keeps his palace, Sir.
But say, why coms't thou to Thessalian land,
And seek'st the halls Pheræan monarchs own?

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HERC. Eurystheus claims the service I perform.
CHO. Bound to what labour, whither dost thou roam?
HERC. I seek the steeds of Thracian Diomed.
CHO. How hard thy task! Thou knowst not then thine host?
HERC. No! nor have trodden yet Bistonian ground.
CHO. By combat only canst thou gain the steeds—
HERC. Yet from the task imposed I must not blench.
CHO. Slaying thou wilt return, or slain lie there.
HERC. Not the first contest this that I shall run.
CHO. What profit hast thou, if their lord is slain?
HERC. The king of Tiryns shall receive the spoils.
CHO. First bridle them! no easy task, I ween.
HERC. No hard one; if their nostrils breathe not fire.
CHOR. They tear men piecemeal with devouring jaws.
HERC. Meet food for mountain beasts, not horses, this!
CHO. Their blood-stain'd mangers prove the truth I speak.
HERC. Sonship to whom boasts he, that owns these steeds?
CHOR. To Mars; He rules o'er golden-buckler'd Thrace,
HERC. Tis ever thus—you speak my constant fate.
(Hard is my path: and leads by many a steep:)
Since I must ever battle with the sons,
Whom Mars begat: Lycaon first, and then
Cycnus: and now this third encounter comes,
Which with the steeds and their proud lord I join.
Yet, howsoe'er it be, Alcmena's son
Shall ne'er be seen to dread the foeman's hand.
CHOR. Lo! from the palace comes Admetus forth:
Our country's monarch: he, for whom you seek.

(*Enter Admetus.*)

ADM. Hail son of Jove: of Perseus' lineage sprung:
HERC. Health to Admetus, lord of Thessaly!
ADM. Would it might be! yet thanks for thy goodwill.
HERC. Wherefore these shorn locks, signs of grief so plain?
ADM. This day a corpse I bury from mine house.
HERC. Thy children! heaven forefend mischance from them.
ADM. Safe in the palace both my children bide.
HERC. If 'tis thy sire, his age is due to death.
ADM. Yet lives he with my mother, good my lord.
HERC. Surely thy queen—Alcestis—is not dead?
ADM. A twofold tale of her 'tis mine to tell.
HERC. Lives she? or dost thou speak of her, as dead?
ADM. She is, yet is no more. It grieves my heart.

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HERC. I still know naught. Thy teaching is not clear.
ADM. Know'st not the fate, with which she needs must meet?
HERC. I know she undertook to die for thee,
ADM. How can she live then, if she promised this?
HERC. Hold—mourn not for her till her end is come.
ADM. Death and the point of death are all the same.
HERC. Not so are deemed "to be" and "not to be."
ADM. Thy judgment differs, Hercules, from mine.
HERC. Why then dost weep? who of thy friends is dead?
ADM. A lady: we did speak of one but now.
HERC. Was she allied by birth? or strange to thee?
ADM. Strange, and yet bound by many ties to us.
HERC. How was it then, that in thy halls she died?
ADM. Her father died. She lived an orphan here.
HERC. Alas! that I should find thee thus in grief.
ADM. With what intent, I pray, dost frame thy speech?
HERC. Some other host and hearth I fain would seek.
ADM. Not so, good sir! such evil, Gods, avert!
HERC. Guests add but trouble to a mourning home.
ADM. The dead are dead. I bid thee to our halls.
HERC. 'Twere surely base to feast with weeping friends.
ADM. A chamber parts our guests from scenes of death.
HERC. Nay! let me go, ten thousand thanks are thine.
ADM. No other hearth of mortal shalt thou seek.
Lead on. Throw wide the palace guest-chamber:
It stands apart: and let my stewards see
That there be store of meats. Take care they close
The mid-hall doors, I would not feasting friends
Should hear our wailing, and be sad perforce.
CHOR. What dost thou? hast thou heart to welcome guests
When sorrow clings thee? art thou mad, my liege?
ADM. How! had I closed my palace, and our walls
On this my guest, say, hadst thou praised me more?
Not so! the act would prove a sorry host,
And have no power to make my sorrow less.
Yea, to my woes this other men would join,
And brand my dwellings as the "guest-hating."
Besides: I find this guest a noble friend,
When I to thirsting Argos bend my steps.
CHOR. How didst conceal, I pray, thy present fate,
When, as thou sayest, an ancient friend arrived?
ADM. Had he but known the least of these my woes,
He ne'er had crossed the threshold of my house.
To some, no doubt, I seem herein to err,
And they will blame: yet still my palace gates
Know not the art to spurn, or frown on, guests.

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CHORUS. Ye halls of one so far renowned
For hospitality:
Where erst a rest Apollo found,
And deigned a serf to be:
Apollo, master of the lyre,
Was fain near you to feed
The bleating flocks, and ne'er would tire
O'er sloping hills to lead
His fleecy charge: with frequent song
Whiling his toilsome road along,
And piping shepherd's strain;
Whilst spotted lynxes to his lay
Would throng: and oft with lambkins play,
Nor gentler mood disdain.

Thy forest, Othrys, saw the troop
Of savage lions roam,
To mingle with the various group
Far from their silvan home.
Around thy cithern, Phœbus, then
The dappled fawn would sport,
With light foot leave the tall pine glen,
And seek the glad resort;
Delighting in the tuneful sound,
Which echoes all the greenwood round;—
Hence doth the God bestow
Upon my lord a home which teems
With rich flocks, where thy gentle streams,
O lake of Bœbe, flow.

And therefore the Molossian clime
A limit sets and bound,
Where stalled at darksome even-time
Sol's thirsting steeds are found,
Unto our monarchs wide domain,
The tillage of his fields,
And wheresoe'er the utmost plain
Its grassy produce yields.—
But on the east he holds his sway
As far as to the watery way,
And e'en the portless shore,
On which the heights of Pelion look,
And scarce the blue Ægean brook,
They frown so darkly o'er.

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And now his halls are open thrown,
To welcome here his guest;
Yet eyelid moist, and mournful tone,
Betoken heart opprest.
For lo! he weeps his darling queen,
As dead within she lies;
The high-born nature tends, I ween,
To wide-spread sympathies.
And ever dwell there in the good
True wisdom's dictates understood,
My soul is void of fear;
Sure trust is seated at my heart,
That prosperous shall be his part,
Who doth the gods revere.

(To be concluded next month.)

CUPID'S BOW.

'Twas in the vernal month of May,
When Phœbus ushers in the day,
Amid the violet, and the rose,
Young Cupid found a sweet repose.

His quiver with his bow unstrung
Behind his back was careless flung;
And Zephyr, with his beauteous hair,
Played wantonly, whilst sleeping there.

His flowing tresses spread the ground:
Whilst thus reposing he was found;
Three lovely nymphs unconscious strayed
Close to the spot where he was laid:

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A dart from out his quiver drew
Each maid, then back the quiver threw;
A lock from off his golden hair
Sufficed each, though plenty there.

The maidens laughed aloud for joy;
The noise awoke the sleeping boy—
Swift he regained his bow and dart,
And lodged a shaft in either heart.

And thus I point my simple tale,—
If you would over love prevail,
Young maidens, just this warning take,
Secure the bow (beau?) ere Love awake!

G. W.

THE HOLLOW OF THE THREE HILLS.

BY N. HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

In those strange old times, when fantastic dreams and madmen's reveries were realized among the actual circumstances of life, two persons met together at an appointed hour and place. One was a lady, graceful in form and fair of feature, though pale and troubled, and smitten with an untimely blight in what should have been the fullest bloom of her years: the other was an ancient and meanly dressed woman, of ill-favored aspect, and so withered, shrunken and decrepit, that even the space since she began to decay must have exceeded the ordinary term

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of human existence. In the spot where they encountered, no mortal could observe them. Three little hills stood near each other, and down in the midst of them sunk a hollow basin, almost mathematically circular, two or three hundred feet in breadth, and of such depth that a stately cedar might but just be visible above the sides. Dwarf pines were numerous upon the hills, and partly fringed the outer verge of the intermediate hollow; within which there was nothing but the brown grass of October, and here and there a tree-trunk, that had fallen long ago, and lay mouldering with no green successor from its roots. One of these masses of decaying wood, formerly a majestic oak, rested close beside a pool of green and sluggish water at the bottom of the basin. Such scenes as this (so gray tradition tells) were once the resort of a Power of Evil and his plighted subjects; and here, at midnight or on the dim verge of evening, they were said to stand round the mantling pool, disturbing its putrid waters in the performance of an impious baptismal rite. The chill beauty of an autumnal sunset was now gilding the three hilltops, whence a paler tint stole down their sides into the hollow.

"Here is our pleasant meeting come to pass," said the aged crone, "according as thou hast desired. Say quickly what thou would'st have of me, for there is but a short hour that we may tarry here."

As the old withered woman spoke, a smile glimmered on her countenance, like lamplight on the wall of a sepulchre. The lady trembled, and cast her eyes upward to the verge of the basin, as if meditating to return with her purpose unaccomplished. But it was not so ordained.

"I am a stranger in this land, as you know," said she at length. "Whence I come it matters not;—but I have left those behind me with whom my fate was intimately bound, and from whom I am cut off for ever. There is a weight in my bosom that I cannot away with, and I have come hither to inquire of their welfare."

"And who is there by this green pool, that can bring thee news from the ends of the earth?" cried the old woman, peering into the lady's face. "Not from my lips mayest thou hear these tidings; yet, be thou bold, and the daylight shall not pass away from yonder hill-top, before thy wish be granted."

"I will do your bidding, though I die," replied the lady, desperately.

The old woman seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, threw aside the hood that shrouded her gray locks, and beckoned her companion to draw near.

"Kneel down," she said, "and lay your forehead on my knees."

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She hesitated a moment, but the anxiety, that had long been kindling, burned fiercely up within her. As she knelt down, the border of her garment was dipped into the pool; she laid her forehead on the old woman's knees, and the latter drew a cloak about the lady's face, so that she was in darkness. Then she heard the muttered words of prayer, in the midst of which she started, and would have arisen.

"Let me flee,— let me flee and hide myself, that they may not look upon me!" she cried. But, with returning recollection, she hushed herself, and was still as death.

For it seemed as if other voices,—familiar in infancy, and unforgotten through many wanderings, and in all the vicissitudes of her heart and fortune—were mingling with the accents of the prayer. At first the words were faint and indistinct, not rendered so by distance, but rather resembling the dim pages of a book, which we strive to read by an imperfect and gradually brightening light. In such a manner, as the prayer proceeded, did those voices strengthen upon the ear; till at length the petition ended, and the conversation of an aged man, and of a woman broken and decayed like himself, became distinctly audible to the lady as she knelt. But those strangers appeared not to stand in the hollow depth between the three hills. Their voices were encompassed and re-echoed by the walls of a chamber, the windows of which were rattling in the breeze; the regular vibration of a clock, the crackling of a fire, and the tinkling of the embers as they fell among the ashes, rendered the scene almost as vivid as if painted to the eye. By a melancholy hearth sat these two old people, the man calmly despondent, the woman querulous and tearful, and their words were all of sorrow. They spoke of a daughter, a wanderer they knew not where, bearing dishonor along with her, and leaving shame and affliction to bring their gray heads to the grave. They alluded also to other and more recent woe, but in the midst of their talk, their voices seemed to melt into the sound of the wind sweeping mournfully among the autumn leaves; and when the lady lifted her eyes, there was she kneeling in the hollow between three hills.

"A weary and lonesome time yonder old couple have of it," remarked the old woman, smiling in the lady's face.

"And did you also hear them?" exclaimed she, a sense of intolerable humiliation triumphing over her agony and fear.

"Yea; and we have yet more to hear," replied the old woman. "Wherefore, cover thy face quickly."

Again the withered hag poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable in Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to

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thicken, gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound, and were succeeded by the singing of sweet female voices, which in their turn gave way to a wild roar of laughter, broken suddenly by groanings and sobs, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror and mourning and mirth. Chains were rattling, fierce and stern voices uttered threats, and the scourge resounded at their command. All these noises deepened and became substantial to the listener's ear, till she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died causelessly into funeral hymns. She shuddered at the unprovoked wrath which blazed up like the spontaneous kindling of flame, and she grew faint at the fearful merriment, raging miserably around her. In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose up in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine trees on those three lonely hills. The lady looked up, and there was the withered woman smiling in her face.

"Could'st thou have thought there were such merry times in a mad-house?" inquired the latter.

"True, true," said the lady to herself; "there is mirth within its walls, but misery, misery without."

"Would'st thou hear more?" demanded the old woman.

"There is one other voice I would fain listen to again," replied the lady, faintly.

"Then lay down thy head speedily upon my knees, that thou may'st get thee hence before the hour be past."

The golden skirts of day were yet lingering upon the hills, but deep shades obscured the hollow and the pool, as if sombre night were rising thence to overspread the world. Again that evil woman began to weave her spell. Long did it proceed unanswered, till the knolling of a bell stole in among the intervals of her words, like a clang that had travelled far over valley and rising ground, and was just ready to die in the air. The lady shook upon her companion's knees, as she heard that boding

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sound. Stronger it grew and sadder, and deepened into the tone of a death-bell, knolling dolefully from some ivy-mantled tower, and bearing tidings of mortality and woe to the cottage, to the hall, and to the solitary wayfarer, that all might weep for the doom appointed in turn to them. Then came a measured tread, passing slowly, slowly on, as of mourners with a coffin, their garments trailing on the ground, so that the ear could measure the length of their melancholy array. Before them went the priest, reading the burial service, while the leaves of his book were rustling in the breeze. And though no voice but his was heard to speak aloud, still there were revilings and anathemas, whispered but distinct, from women and from men, breathed against the daughter who had wrung the aged hearts of her parents,—the wife who had betrayed the trusting fondness of her husband,—the mother who had sinned against natural affection, and left her child to die. The sweeping sound of the funeral train faded away like a thin vapour, and the wind, that just before had seemed to shake the coffin-pall, moaned sadly round the verge of the Hollow between three Hills. But when the old woman stirred the kneeling lady, she lifted not her head.

"Here has been a sweet hour's sport," said the withered crone, chuckling to herself.

STANZAS.

On reading Mrs. Crawford's "Four Ages."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OLD COMMODORE." ETC., ETC.

THERE's a *spirit* on earth has left its sphere,
To bless with its presence the dwellers here;
To instruct mankind, by example given,
What manner of beings inhabit heaven—
'Tis Crawford's spirit.

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There's an *eye* looks into the hearts of men,
And reads all there with an angel's ken—
Their sorrows, their errors, their passions' throes,
And smiles at their follies, and weeps for their woes—
'Tis Crawford's eye.

There's a ruby *lip*, where the soul of song
Sits and sings like a bird the whole day long;
And the soul of *love* with a folded wing
Sits and listens to hear that sweet bird sing—
'Tis Crawford's lip.

There's a kindly *hand*, a soft, white hand,
That openeth still at the heart's command;
No libertine's hand ever pressed it lightly,
But the poor man's prayer blesses it nightly—
'Tis Crawford's hand.

But the eye will fade, and the lip will pale,
And the kindly, soft white hand will fail:
And love will list for the song of the bird,
And weep that its voice is no longer heard—
Then farewell, Crawford!

For the spirit that left the sphere of its birth,
To bless for a season the dwellers on earth,
Will be summon'd once more to string its lyre,
And resume its place in *its own* bright choir—
Then farewell, Crawford!

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THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER IX.*

ALTHOUGH few persons were better capable of acting jesuitically than Ephraim Oates, wherever worldly interest could give to double dealing the outward semblance of wisdom, there were times when his passions, naturally strong, over-leaped every prudential restraint, to the no small detriment of his temporal well-being. The non-appearance of the expected Nehemiah Snufflegrace during the space of four or five hours, and the apparent unconsciousnesss of Betty Oates, who quietly continued to labour at her wheel, as if with regard to every other object she had been deaf, dumb, and blind, increased his rage till it became indeed too ungovernable to be kept within reasonable bounds. A stout heart, under that apathetic exterior, must Betty have possessed, and a strange firmness of purpose, supposing her manner to have been assumed in order to achieve an object, for the threats held out by her husband were well calculated to have made the stoutest of female hearts quail. Thus when Nehemiah Snufflegrace at length made his appearance, he found the hosier too much exhausted by mental and bodily struggles to give any intelligible account of the strange guise in which he was found. Neither from his wife could any clue to the mystery be obtained; for Betty, having silently put aside her wheel, merely pointed out the spot where Laithwaye had deposited the key, through means of which he had placed his father in bonds, and immediately quitted the apartment.

Ephraim Oates, like many others, was apt enough at forget-

* Continued from page 431, vol. liii.

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ting how much he had himself aided in bringing about the evils of which he complained; neither in his first rage was he visited by any feeling of compunction for the part he had acted towards one who had every reason to expect very different treatment at his hands. Sir Thomas, indeed, although their political and religious creeds differed so widely, would have staked his life on the probity and sterling worth of the old hosier: and to do the latter justice, he had accepted the trust reposed in him, unwillingly indeed, yet with the full intention of acting honourably; for to the Greystocks he was bound by many ties, if not of gratitude, of old service and attachment. He had been steward to the late baronet, and his wife had passed her youth in the service of the family, being so great a favourite that, at the birth of Alice, her presence was considered indispensable; and on the sudden and unexpected death of Lady Greystock, she yielded to the earnest solicitations of Sir Thomas and Mrs. Dorothy, and became nurse to the motherless child. Laithwaye was at this time a sturdy boy, well able to find his way from Preston to Darren; and a welcome visitor he became at the hall, especially after the lapse of a few years, when his ever ready invention, his vivacity and intelligence, and unvarying good humour, made him a great favourite with Mrs. Alice.

It is one of the wise dispensations of Providence, that we rarely commit wrong without feeling dissatisfied with ourselves, especially if the fault be one to which we have not been previously addicted; for none of us like to stand as culprits even at the bar of our own conscience, and in every such case light cometh out of darkness, revealing to us more clearly the actual presence of an Omnipotent God. Much of Ephraim's stormy wrath arose out of this internal conviction of his own unworthiness, but, as will happen with blind mortals, his rage took the direction of any object save the right one: and both Sir Thomas and Laithwaye had calculated too far on the prudence or the natural affections of Ephraim, in believing, as they did, that he would not act the part of informer against them. The explanation given by Snufflegrace, in accounting for his prolonged absence at a time when he was expected, and which amounted to the fact of his having been sent on a fool's errand, and unlawfully detained by persons whose identity he was not able to make out, acted like oil on the fire of Ephraim's wrath; for in this, too, he recognised the handy work of his scapegrace son. "I see it all! I see it all!" he exclaimed, tearing with both hands at either side of his rusty brown wig; "that wretch Laithwaye has done this! I must have speech of General Willis immediately;—will you go with me?"

Snufflegrace readily assented, and as the two sallied forth, Ephraim gave his companion an exaggerated account of the

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attack made upon him by his son and Sir Thomas, unscrupulously proclaiming himself to have been robbed of the money they had taken with them. It was by this time past eleven o' clock at night, and they experienced more difficulty than they had anticipated in finding the personage they were in quest of, so that it was not until after one o' clock on the following morning, that Ephraim was enabled to repeat his story to General Willis. The revelation thus made with regard to Sir Thomas Greystock, only confirmed the reports already in circulation, that he was lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood; but this certain knowledge, united to the fact of his having for a companion so well known a personage as Laithwaye Oates, quickened the activity of those who were already concerting measures for his capture. Whilst Ephraim, therefore, returned to his quiet home, there to awaken in due time to a full sense of his own delinquencies; to marvel at the imperfectibility of man, and at the readiness with which he had himself yielded to evil when tempted by opportunity; General Willis lost no time in sending off the intelligence he had received to Lieutenant Breck, with orders to dispatch parties of men to the adjacent coast, for which, in all probability, Sir Thomas, on gaining possession of the money of which old Oates represented himself to have been robbed, would make. This intelligence and the order connected with it did not reach Darren Court until four o' clock in the morning, and the first act of Lieutenant Breck was to seek an interview with Mrs. Alice; not to make her acquainted with the object of his mission, but to account for his absence at a time when he had promised to superintend the funeral of Mrs. Dorothy. Great was the consternation, not only of the Lieutenant, but of the whole household, when it was discovered that Alice was missing. Years afterwards, when the events of the time had become a bygone tale, those who on that morning gazed in the face of Arthur Breck, shuddered whilst speaking of the expression it wore—the fierce conflict with fierce passions, visible as through a glass in the livid countenance of a corpse. The few links in the chain of circumstances attending Alice's disappearance were readily joined together—the surmised departure from Preston of Sir Thomas and Laithwaye Oates, the subsequent arrival of the latter at Darren Court. None could doubt but that both were the companions of her flight. Hastily mustering his men, he divided them into three parties, with one of which he sallied forth himself in the darkness, shaping his course towards the seaside farm, where, it being the last house on the estate in that direction, he resolved to institute strict inquiries. John Forrest and his men were all abroad when the calvacade halted before the door; and from the housekeeper, Kitty, little information was to be obtained, except

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that Laithwaye Oates had been there the previous night. On searching the stables, however, Kitty admitted that a horse and a mare belonging to her master, and which were there to the best of her knowledge on the previous night, were missing, and not to be accounted for. Whilst making these enquiries, one of the labouring men entered the house, but from his loutish stupidity, and actual ignorance of the matter, nothing could be elicited, except that he believed his master had gone down to Preston. Lieutenant Breck proceeded on his way towards the coast. The tempestuous weather that marked the preceding day and night had somewhat subsided, but the cold was intense, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. In less than half an hour the dragoons reached Lytham: the few scattered dwellings lay hushed in repose; the darkness above and about them was only relieved by the white covering of the ground, and the deep silence was unbroken, save by the noise they themselves made in their advance, and by the hoarse murmur of the yet turbulent waters. Along the beach and in the Pool of Lytham, no craft of any description was visible; and quitting his men, with orders to be on the watch until his return, the Lieutenant advanced alone to where a light gave token that the inmates of a solitary dwelling, about half a mile inland, were astir. The village alehouse to which he approached was an ancient building, with three gables in front, the middle of which contained the kitchen whence the light proceeded. In addition to the large fire blazing on the hearth, a dirty oil lamp was suspended from the low roof, which it blackened and cracked, whilst emitting a noisome vapour only to be endured by those accustomed to inhale it. The kitchen was empty, but in a few minutes a stout servant girl made her appearance.

"Bring me a mug of ale," said the lieutenant, seating himself on a settle.

"A gill o' yell?" asked the girl, only just comprehending him, and wishful to ascertain the exact quantity.

"Yes, that will do. Have you any company in the house?"

"Na," answered the girl, with the vacant stare of one who did not understand a word of what he had said; and perceiving that she could only converse in the broad Lancashire dialect, he resorted to the readier method of speaking in signs, and beckoning her to the door, he pointed out his horse, giving her to understand that he wished it to be taken to the stable. The girl nodded, and after brief absence returned, accompanied by a short, stumpy man, with a rough head of coarse red hair. Casting a sleepy, if not sullen, glance at the new comer, the man passed to a corner of the kitchen, and presently returned with a horn lanthorn in which was a lighted candle, and taking the horse by the

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bridle, led him round to the back of the house, closely followed by the lieutenant. The motive of the latter was apparent in the anxious scrutiny which he bestowed upon the outer buildings among which they passed. The stable to which his horse was led was a long, low-roofed shed, very primitively divided into compartments, four of which were already occupied.

"He only wants a feed," said the lieutenant, in reference to his own animal, "for we must away presently. Allow me to hold your lanthorn."

"Thankee," replied the man, with a cunning leer out of the corners of his small grey eyes, and in a tone whose cockney polish startled the lieutenant, "thankee, it 'ill do jist as well here," and as he spoke he suspended it by a hook attached to one of the beams.

"This is a noble animal," remarked the lieutenant, patting the neck of a handsome palfrey, at the same time narrowly scrutinising the side saddle and other accoutrements lying near, and on which he discerned the crest of the Earl of Derwentwater.

"He's well enough for looks," replied the man, carelessly, "but it isn't for them he's prized just now. "He's tough and fast, which is something better than handsome, considering the task he has afore him."

"And what may that be, friend, if you are at liberty to answer the question?"

"Well, I expect I am; I don't see why I shouldn't; but I can tell you nothing you'd care to hear; and nothing isn't the price at which I've been selling my knowledge for the last fortnight."

"Ah, I see; there's money; and if you help me to the information I seek, your reward shall be tenfold; trifle with me, and be assured I can punish as well as reward."

"Well for that matter I don't doubt your word," replied the man; "I've found them quite as ready at foul play as fair promises, on both sides. But for a lone man like me, that don't care for one party more than another, it's rayther hard to be pestered with questions; and I didn't say I'd any information you'd care to hear."

"That as it may be," said the lieutenant; "will you honestly answer my questions?"

"Honesty has led many followers into trouble, and it behoves every one to steer clear of that; but I think the birds you seek are flown."

"How flown, and where?"

"Not so easy to answer that there question," answered the man, shaking his rough head. Eager, and yet dreading to be sat-

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isfied, Lieutenant Breck drew forth a piece of gold, and held it out with a shaking hand.

"You see, master," said the other, taking the money, "I am a humble imitator of our great folks, up at London yonder, who have, all on em as could, made the best bargain for their irselves. I fancy the sort of thing that brought these rebels into trouble is fast getting out of date; it's to be every man for hisself, and God to take care of the rest, for the future. But to come to business, I saw last night, by accident, what I expect few were meant to see—a craft putting out in the middle of the worst storm that's been known on this coast for years. If them you seek be the same as went on board, you may make yourself easy on their account; for if ever that same craft makes land again, it'll be in the shape of a wreck. The skipper hisself swore it was madness to put off to sea, but he'd given his promise, and so said he'd go at all risks."

"Do you know any thing of the skipper or of his vessel, or of them he took on board?"

"Nothin, nothin; you see I'm a new comer to these here parts, and them that knowed wouldn't let me into the secret."

"But you saw the parties, and can describe them?"

"Well, I'd jist a sight of 'em: there was a stout, red-faced gentleman; and a younger one with a very white face: and there was a young man that I've seen afore in these parts, but I don't know his name."

"Were there no females, then?"

"Yes, two; one old enough and ugly enough to face any thing, and a young one that, pretty dear, showed as stout a heart as any on em."

"And when do you say they set sail?"

"Why, it might be between one and two this morning."

"Thank you; that is enough. And this palfry belongs to the Earl of Derwentwater: how came it here?"

"Why, a servant brought it, and this one, late last night, and he's to go on with em, this morning. I suppose he's on some message up to London. I don't know what brings him this way, and it doesn't do to trouble oneself with every body's business in these times."

The lieutenant appeared to be satisfied with this answer, for he asked no further questions, but hurriedly prepared to depart, and in a few minutes was on the way to rejoin his party. On arriving at the spot he had quitted, he called aside a serjeant of the company, and addressed him with a disordered air;—

"We are too late, I find, Parker. I have learned that a vessel sailed early this morning, having on board Sir Thomas Greystock and his daughter, Talbot of Brockholes, and Laith-

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waye Oates. There is a strange fatality in all this. Parker, I have myself, unwittingly, been led to the only spot where information was to be obtained. Every circumstance attending Sir Thomas's concealment and flight singularly attaches suspicion to myself. I wish you to proceed immediately to Preston, and to deliver into the hands of General Willis, who has been my true friend, this pocket-book, in which I have penned a few lines. For the present, I have a motive for remaining here; and now, good Parker, make all speed, and farewell."

As he ceased speaking, the lieutenant turned his horse's head, and dashed forward into the darkness, whilst Parker, anxious and alarmed at the manner of his superior officer, but accustomed to obedience, made the best of his way to Preston.

CHAPTER X.

"THIS here Lieutenant Breck fancies hisself a knowing one," soliloquised the ostler, after the departure of the former personage. "He thinks that Mrs. Alice went to sea with the rest, and it wasn't for Nat Moss to set him right. Faith, he was easier satisfied than I expected him to be; and if he's only taken hisself fairly off, we shall manage cleverly."

Nat Moss was, in fact, a native of the soil, who, after passing the greater part of his life in London, had recently returned to the place of his birth, with all his early attachments strong about him. The landlady, old Nancy Moss, was related to him in some distant degree, and his position in the household was an important one; his duties being multifarious, and his ability and good-will alike unfailing. Nat was quite correct in believing that he had got rid of the unwelcome visitor with much less trouble than might reasonably have been expected; and determining, if possible, to keep the matter to himself for the present, he hastily re-entered the house, and was in time to secure the silence of the girl, who, indeed, seemed to have forgotten the circumstance of the arrival altogether.

A clock in the house struck six. There were sounds of footsteps and voices from the interior of the dwelling, and old Nancy

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herself bustled in and out of the kitchen with an air of unwonted importance. A few of the neighbouring farmers had dropped in, and there was a strange taciturnity among them, some conversing occasionally in whispers, and two or three sitting apart with a seeming determination to stare out the great kitchen fire. Nat Moss himself passed to and fro with an appearance of much bustle, yet mincingly, as if he feared the sound of his own footfall, and a staid, elderly serving man, dressed in plain clothes, passed in and out occasionally, gazing about him with an evidently anxious look. In a small back room, furnished only with a table of sycamore wood and a few chairs, but rendered cheerful by a bright fire, two females were seated, partaking, or rather striving to partake, of the breakfast placed before them, which consisted of milk, butter, oat-cake, and the black bread peculiar to Lancashire, called jannock. The elder of the two was about twenty-five, and had fewer pretensions to beauty than her companion, although strikingly handsome. Both were attired in riding dresses; and the hat of the younger lady, heavy with its clustering feathers, hung from her arm by the strings; while the shining tresses of her black hair, only partially confined by a silken band, swept over her neck and bosom.

"I am thankful for thy sake," said the elder lady, "that this terrible storm is overpast; for though inward trouble has made me callous to much of outward circumstance, such should not be the case with thee, heavy as thine own troubles are. I pray God my company may not prove yet more perilous to thee than the waves and tempest from which thou wert rescued last night."

"Against mine own will, dear lady," said the younger one, the tears dropping from her bowed face.

"Against thine own will! aye, it was even so. Pray God thou mayest never have to regret that which is brought about *by thine own will*, most wilfully adhered to. Alas, herein lies mine own bitter grief!"*

"Lady Derwentwater," said Alice Greystock, for it was her, and she lifted up a brighter face as she spoke, "you judge yourself too severely. Had success attended us, few would have won higher honours than yourself, for who has shown more of enthusiasm in the cause? and is it in the power of defeat to make fidelity appear a crime, or to change a noble devotion into matter of regret?"

* The two noblemen executed for the rebellion of 1715, Derwentwater and Kenmure, were both urged on against their better judgment by the taunts of their wives. Lady Derwentwater, indignant at the Earl's neutrality, threw her fan at his feet, saying he was rather fitted to wield that than a sword. The same conduct is recorded of Lady Kenmure, only substituting a distaff for the fan.

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"Well, well, thou, too, art an enthusiast; but methinks I am beginning to learn, when too late, that woman's judgment is weaker than her will; and I would I had some good counseller in this strait, were it only for thy sake. If no mischance happen between this and London, I shall have one satisfaction, Alice, that of having been enabled to serve thee."

"Ah, think not of me, or of any peril that may threaten me; which at the worst can be well borne now I feel assured of my father's safety—his safety! alas! what am I thinking of, and he exposed to all that terrible fury of the winds and waves! But I am talking as one altogether forgetful of what you, dear lady, have ventured on my account; and believe me that I am conscious of a gratitude beyond the reach of words."

"In truth, Alice, you are much less indebted to me than to that strange woman,—she that urged me so vehemently to turn out of my way and visit you in your friendlessness, which in my own sorrow I should have overlooked; she that guided me hither; that stood upon the beach last night, and protested against the risking of your young life, for which there was no need;—she that won thy father's thanks and mine too, sweet Alice, for keeping thee here, even as thou sayest, against thine own will."

"I would give much to penetrate the mystery surrounding her," said Alice. "Until yesterday I never beheld her, and to you she is equally unknown. Yet what interest she has shown in my fate! what trouble she must have encountered to serve me! And the purse she gave me at parting, as from another; —and the parting itself, so full of solemnity, and yet of so much like fierceness! 'Time, the wonder-worker,' she said, 'has changed places for many of us since I last saw thee, a cradled child whose eyes were just opening to the light;'—what a riddle are those words!"

"Nay, nay, Alice, thou art romancing now. Doubtless the good woman is merely an ardent upholder of the cause, whose sympathies extend to all called upon to suffer in it. Or what is more probable than that she is an agent employed by those able and willing to assist them that have perilled, and in many cases lost, all in the discharge of their duty?"

The serving man before noticed, here interrupted the conversation by announcing that everything was prepared for their departure, a summons the ladies were ready to obey. A short contest ensued with Nancy Moss, who refused to receive anything, even thanks, for the entertainment of her guests, and they parted with kind words and good wishes on both sides. On entering the kitchen, those assembled there stood up, and with rustic courtesy and deep feeling each bowed his head as

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the travellers passed. "God bless you, ladies!" "God speed you, Lady Derwentwater!"—"The Lord restore you to the old place, Mrs. Alice!"—such were the words heard on every side. The countess, strongly moved, turned for an instant, and waved her hand in mute thanks; Alice frankly held out hers, and received a grasp from the horny palms of those whose faces were familiar to her.

"Cheer up! we shall meet again, good mother!" she exclaimed to Nancy Moss, who, overcome by her feelings, now stood apart, weeping: the next instant Alice was in her saddle. Lady Derwentwater's palfry seemed impatient to be moving, and the servant was in the act of leaping upon his saddle, to which a leathern trunk was strapped, when the report of a pistol came upon all simultaneously. Lady Derwentwater was at the side of Alice in an instant.

"We have loitered here too long," she exclaimed: "but fear not: I will remain by you,"

"It's somebody in the house," exclaimed one of the men. "Who can it be?"

None save Nat Moss could give even a guess at the truth; and the momentary confusion of ideas which caused him to scratch his head, and to look particularly foolish, had also rendered him motionless. In the meantime, the landlady and others had rushed to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and the former presently returned, wringing her hands, and calling out "Murder," at the top of her voice.

"Not exactly murder, dame," said Frank Dalton, gently putting her aside; "it's nothing that need detain you, ladies, that have sorrow enough of your own."

A deathly paleness sat on the faces of both, and Lady Derwentwater still held Alice's hand in her own:

"Sorrow should teach us to be merciful," said the countess: "is it a case in which money can avail aught?"

"No, no," said one of the men who were again gathered about the door, "neither money nor anything else in this world."

"He's done it with a good will, and he's dead enough. Dang it, he was weel liked, and the old folks had no other child."

"Of whom and what do you speak?" enquired the countess.

"Jist let *me* speak," said Nat Moss, rousing up as if out of a dream. "Do you mean to say as that Lieutenant Breck's come back and shot his self?"

Whilst others were corroborating the surmise of Nat, Lady Derwentwater perceived that Alice's white face was falling on her horse's neck, and it was some time ere the travellers could proceed.

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"Cheer up, child!" said the countess, addressing Alice when they had left Lytham at some distance behind them; "this accident cannot at all events be ascribed to any fault of thine."

"He and his were kind to me," said the young girl, in a tone of deep feeling, "and I have repaid them with at least the semblance of deceit."

The storm had burst over Alice Greystock—she was entering into the conflict.

PART II.

THE RAGING OF THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.

On the ninth of December, 1715, in the early part of the day, a young girl wended her solitary way along Fleet Street. That busy thoroughfare was unusually crowded, and as the mass of human beings helped to shield her from observation, she shrank within herself, thankfully. Her dress bore no evidence of faded gentility; it was humble in material and fashion, from the well-mended gown and cloak to the coarse straw hat, and the heavy shoes, with their uncouth buckles, that evidently burdened her small feet. On her arm she bore a bundle wrapped in a clean, but worn-out handkerchief. Apart from her dress, the girl, whose age appeared to be about seventeen, was marvellously beautiful both in face and figure. The latter was slender and rather under what is called the middle height in woman, but it exhibited much of the roundness of youth, with an extraordinary share of youthful grace, and her small, ungloved hands, delicately white, betrayed somewhat of gentle nurture, if not gentle birth. The day was unusually bright for the season and the place, and the occasional flashing of a sun-beam across the girl's timidly uplifted face, caused many a careless passer-by to start, and stop, and look back—so sunny also, in spite of its saddened expression, the face seemed. Her hair, of a rich chestnut colour, too luxuriant to be confined within prescribed bounds, clustered in

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natural curls over her white forehead, and lay in silken masses under her pauper cloak, and escaped like threads of gold betwixt the rents made by time in her embrowned hat. The extreme purity and delicacy of her complexion was further relieved by large eyes of that exquisite blue so seldom seen except in the calm depth of summer skies, and by lips so ripely red that they scarcely seemed to match the cheek, until the gaze of some rude admirer brought the mounting and indignant blood there, in proof that they were fitly mated. Features softly chiselled by no rudèr hand than that which is so rarely employed on a work of human perfection—the hand of nature, and gifted with a sweetness of expression that it was scarcely possible not to love at the first glance, completed an outward appearance of form and habit that were strikingly at variance with each other. Hurrying onward like a frightened fawn, the girl did not note how unusually dense the crowd was, even for that locality, or how eagerly men were gathering into groups, as if awaiting some event; and at length gladly recognising the place for which she was bound, a shop devoted to the sale of millinery, she entered, and placing her parcel on the counter, humbly intimated that she had brought the work from Mrs. Carr. The person she addressed was the very model of a man-milliner, who taking advantage of the confusion in the shop, which was thronged with people, and under the circumstances not heeding the presence of his master, determined to improve his acquaintance with one whom he had before seen, and condescended to admire.

"And how is the dear old lady—Mrs. Carr, I mean?" he asked, deliberately unfolding the handkerchief, and bringing his face almost on a level with the counter, in order to stare under the girl's hat.

"She is ill, very ill—and I am anxious to return to her: be good enough to look over these quickly, and let me have the other work."

"Well now, I'm sure," continued the man, taking no notice of her appeal, "I've said a thousand times, lately, that Mrs. Carr *must* be ill, too ill to do the work herself, it has been done so much better;—then I thought of those pretty fingers, and said it was no wonder—"

Distressed beyond measure, the girl turned from the utterer of this flippant discourse, and whilst anxiously looking round, caught the eye of the master of the shop, who had not been unobservant of her entrance, and who comprehended and respected her distress.

"What is all this about, Jenkins?" he asked, advan ing and addressing his shopman. "Ah, I see, the work from Mr . Carr: she has worked for us many years and has never giv n more

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satisfaction than of late. Jenkins, place a chair here, and call Mrs. Arnold down;—or stay—you shall go up to her, I dare say you will like it better."

Leading the way himself, he introduced the girl into a room on the first floor, in which a number of women and girls were at work, and where, having mentioned her errand, he left her. The girl gazed around her, diffidently, with a painful sense of the inferiority of her position; and her self-abasement met with sufficient encouragement from the cold, contemptuous glances occasionally bestowed upon her by the assembled work-women. The good man of the house had somewhat miscalculated when, as a favour, and thinking to spare her feelings, he resigned the girl to the tender mercies of her own sex. Woman, from the general narrowness of her education, and consequently of her views, is peculiarly alive to the petty distinctions appertaining to classes: to the different gradations existing among the classes themselves, and where a conjurer might sometimes well be puzzled to recognise them. None so heartless to woman *as woman*;—none so oppressive where there is the power;—so coarsely insolent where there is adversity to insult; so uncharitable where there is frailty to condemn; so indifferent where there is temporal or spiritual degradation to leave uncared for;—a sad and humiliating truth, which has been only faintly shadowed forth in the lives of the London work-girls; and which not all the tract-giving propensities of our day can hide under a show of sanctity that, in many cases, only carries about its own condemnatory light. And, as a matter of course, the ladies of the millinery establishment in Saint Paul's Church-yard gave themselves little concern about the humble work-girl, who was ordered to wait until Mrs. Arnold had leisure to attend to her. The girl appeared to be possessed of a sensibility unfortunate in one of her station, and as she stood there (no one had asked her to be seated) her eyes fell, and her face became crimsoned to the temples under a consciousness of the supercilious glances cast upon her from time to time. After the expiration of a most painful half-hour she was summoned forward; her business was summarily disposed of: and to her great relief the girl, with her parcel of work, found herself once more in the street. The crowd was yet denser than before, and sounds of an approaching tumult were booming heavily in the distance. Mounted soldiers and constables were attempting to clear the way, driving back the approaching vehicles of all descriptions, stopping others, and assigning them a temporary stand on either side the street, and checking in no very gentle manner the boisterous encroachments of the mob. A sudden rush made by the latter monster effectually stopped

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the further advance of the work-girl, who, to her great terror, found herself in the centre of a group of men of the lowest description, some having boys standing on their shoulders, some infants on their heads; all in that frightful state of merely animal excitement which may be so readily called forth by popular events, and which it is so difficult to keep within lawful bounds. Women, too, were there, rude and altogether unsexed: bandying about coarse jokes with their companions, or vociferating loudly in impatient anticipation of the expected show; some, with hat and cap torn off in the confusion, forcing a way to places where the wet soil lay thickest, or where anything in the shape of a missile was to be obtained. "Here they come! here they come!" exclaimed hundreds of voices at once: the girl, breathless and terrified, looked up, and saw only as before a number of horsemen, but passing onward in one direction and in good order. There was the Lord Mayor of London in his gala suit, followed by the aldermen, and the governor of the Tower with his officers, and hearty cheers greeted these personages as they passed.

"That's Foster!"—"That's Mackintosh!"—"That's Lord Derwentwater!—Now's your time, Nell, if you want to have a hit at em!" These and similar exclamations mingled with the hissing, hooting, yelling, groaning, that resounded from all sides. The girl lifted up her pale face and gazed earnestly over the mass of human heads. Several noble looking men were slowly passing by, bound with common cords; their clothes, as well as the animals they rode, betraying that they had met with rough reception elsewhere. A loud beating of drums now added to the confusion and excitement. A large stone, hurled by a woman, struck young Lord Derwentwater on the shoulder; it came from one standing close by the girl, who now held up her clasped hands in supplication:—"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, "see you not that he is helpless?"

In common with the rest of his companions in misfortune, Lord Derwentwater had preserved the quiet dignity of his manner throughout the trying scenes of that disgraceful day; his glance was sorrowful rather than stern, but unquailing, and he gazed alternately to the right and to the left, as they passed on. At this moment, whilst looking in the direction whence the missile came, his eyes fell on the fair, sad, young face, and on the uplifted hands bending towards him, and he felt at once that he had one friend amongst the crowd. Turning himself round as well as he could, he smiled and bowed, and so continued gazing until the face and hands were hidden from his sight, and when this happened, the girl dropped both, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. The crowd moved onward, for some time bear-

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ing her along with it, and in the midst of the terror that almost paralyzed all her efforts at escape, she discovered that she had lost her parcel of work. The material of which it was composed was costly; she could never hope to replace it, and to look for it in the crowd would have been an equally fruitless task: the blood that had deserted her pale face flowed back coldly and ominously on her heart. At this instant a hand was suddenly placed upon her shoulder.

"What, my beauty of Cornhill!" exclaimed a voice close in her ear. "By Jove it's the same, and lovelier than ever! I say, Jack, go on and make an excuse for me, I'll be with you presently."

The very dissolute looking personage distinguished by the name of Jack, retained his hold of the arm of his companion, and placing his hat over one eye, thus lifted his voice amid the general uproar:—

"Like the bee I'm ever roving,
With the bee all sweets I sip,
Whether in the eye so loving,
On the cheek or on the lip,
There may lurk that drop of honey."

"Hang Tom D'Urfey for his rhymes, and thee for repeating them!" exclaimed the one that had first spoken.

"Do you mean to say you're not coming?" asked the musical gentleman, restoring his hat to a perpendicular position.

"Certainly I do," replied the other, and his companion passed on. "Now, my dear," said the gallant, who having released the girl, continued to follow her as she hurried on, "don't say you've forgotten one who retains such a lively recollection of yourself; —you wont be so cruel."

"No," said the girl, slackening her pace for a moment, and speaking with much bitterness, "I do not say that I have forgotten you; your features are connected in my thoughts with dark memories already, and this day has added to them another —I would I had never known life, or that I had known less of its heavy trial!" and she again wept passionately as she passed on.

"Nay, come, I didn't bargain for this," said the gallant, taken aback; "upon my honour I would not annoy you for the world. Will you believe me when I say, in all honesty, that I would do any thing in my power to render you service?"

"I will put your words to the test;— quit me instantly;— by so doing you will render me great service; I stand in need of none other."

"Well, be it so! I have pledged my word and will abide by it; yet hear me once more. Our mutual friend Steele said to you some years ago,—'here is my address,' and I know you

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availed yourself of it;—all I want to say is, here is mine—'Henry Burton, White's Coffee House;'—Will you take it, and promise to think of me as a brother if ever you stand in worse strait than now?"

The girl paused in evident distress; at length she held out her hand and received the card:

"I have too rarely heard the voice of kindness," she said, "to turn from it lightly; I shall be glad to think of you as one amongst the few that have wished me well."

Faithful to his promise, the gallant stood with folded arms watching the girl as she disappeared, and then thoughtfully retracted his steps cityward.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XLV.*

From the time of his capture, until Walter Mordaunt delivered him up to the jailer at Hereford, the man whose miserable career of guilt and shame we have traced, never uttered one word, either of regret or extenuation. From the little they noticed in him, whilst they remained at the Grange, he seemed to dread nothing so much as that his daughter should be apprised of his situation before they got him out of the place; and this, perhaps out of a mistaken kindness, he was spared. Before midnight, heavily manacled, and with the coarse prison dress still further disfiguring his gaunt, ungainly figure, he was locked up in a cell by himself; and then Walter hastened to discover the parent whom, until the present moment, he had never beheld, and of whose very existence, until a few hours previously, he had had no suspicion.

One of the turnkeys led the wondering Karl and himself through many a dreary gallery, and up many a weary staircase,

* Continued from page 472, vol. liii.

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until they reached that portion of the building which was set apart for the residence of the governor, who, with a kind forethought that few would have expected to meet in such a functionary, had already removed the unfortunate Mordaunt to a more cheerful domicile, under his own roof, until he should be legally set at liberty by an order from the Home Office.

Walter's heart beat fast and hurriedly, and a film seemed gathered over his eyes, as the door opened, and some one—everything seemed so confused and incoherent, that he could neither distinguish form nor feature,—tottered feebly up, and, throwing himself upon his neck, burst into tears, murmuring, "My son! my son! Oh, that I should meet you at last, and in such a situation!"

The young man's tears were flowing as fast as the winter's rain, all this time, as he pressed that wasted and world-worn form convulsively to his heart, whilst the elder Mordaunt went on:

"Many a long year, my dear, dear boy, have I pictured to myself, when thousands of miles of ocean rolled between us, our first meeting; and that it should be thus at last," he cried, glancing down to the vile dress he wore. "Do you know that they suspect me of murder, my boy?"

Walter looked up: there was something so bright and beautiful in his handsome countenance as he did so, that even the elder Mordaunt caught his hopefulness as he gazed upon it; and then, in a hurried voice, that was almost at times inaudible through agitation, he made his father acquainted with all that had happened with respect to Pestlepolge, who, as he informed him, was actually lodged under the same roof as himself, charged by Shadrach Abednego, the Jew, with the murder of his miserable old dupe, and who would, ere long, be placed upon his trial, to answer for his crime.

The sudden news almost was too much for the shattered nerves of Mr. Mordaunt, who, at first, listened, with Walter's hand locked in his own, quite bewildered at the turn affairs had so suddenly taken; at length, however, his naturally strong intellect resumed its sway, and he soon glided insensibly into conversation with Walter, asking him many questions as to his early life and pursuits, although the latter did not fail to notice that he most carefully avoided any allusion to old Marmaduke Hutton whatever.

As the hour for departing had long since passed, Walter was suffered by the governor to occupy the same room with his father, who, as if he never would tire of hearing his son speak, remained up until a very late hour, engaged in eager conversation. At length, however, nature resumed her sway, and the

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pair, with thankful hearts, laid their heads upon their only pillows, and one, at least, was soon buried in forgetfulness.

The news of the capture of Pestlepolge, and the presumptive evidence this event afforded of the innocence of Mr. Mordaunt, spread like wildfire through the country. Few came to condole with the miserable being whose life would so soon be justly forfeited to the laws of his country, but overwhelming were the crowds that presented themselves at the castle gates, to congratulate Mr. Mordaunt at once, upon his return to his native country, and his happy escape from the ignominious death that threatened him. One answer was, however, returned to all,—Mr. Mordaunt was in delicate health; and his enthusiastic friends all went away as curious as they came.

Two beings, however, did call upon the miserable Pestlepolge —a woman and a man—and were with him for many hours. His scarcely less miserable daughter had, on receiving the first tidings of the affair, gone over to Hereford with Dr. Yellowchops —now, alas, too truly an abject, crest-fallen being; and although her wretched parent had, at first, refused to see her, he was at last so wearied out with her importunities, as to consent to see her once more, and once only, as the message he sent her, appointing the interview, notified.

Well as he understood the peculiar temper of his wife, Dr. Yellowchops, though absorbed in his own miseries, could not but remark how utterly changed and softened down she was, on the morning when his degraded father-in-law had sent to say that he would see them. She was up and at her prayers when he awoke,—her tears were falling fast all through the breakfast time, and never one bite passed her lips as she sate over against him, at the table. When she came down again, ready dressed to go in deep mourning, her manner, which had been meek and subdued until now, seemed to have changed again to its usual cold, hard impenetrability; and though she never spoke nor looked at him, he could see, by the convulsive twitching of her thin, sharp lips, that there was an under-current of agitation running beneath all this calmness.

They got into the coach, and drove to the jail. Mrs. Yellowchops, sitting with her heavy, black veil down, hiding her face even from him; and all the way as they went, the doctor kept wishing that the interview was over, for he had a natural dread of his father-in-law at all times, and this feeling was not by any means weakened by the recent disclosures.

They got to the jail at last, and the doctor handed his wife out, and led her up the steps, at the top of which they were met by a turnkey, who, with professional indifference, handed them off at once to the cell where Pestlepolge was confined, and which was a very dark, damp, gloomy kind of a cell indeed, and not,

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by any means, the place that gentleman would have selected, had he had the option of doing so.

The gloomy appearance of the place, and the dark figure siting listlessly on the iron bedstead,—the only article of furniture it contained, frightened the doctor so much, that when the turnkey said coarsely, "Come, you must look alive there now, and don't be long about it, ma'am," and then prepared to leave the prisoner and his visitors to themselves, Yellowchops involuntarily wheeled round, and followed the keeper into the passage, where the pair took up their position, one on each side of the door, to await the exit of Mrs. Yellowchops.

They had not sate here long when a hubbub was heard below, and, presently, two or three of the prison functionaries were seen approaching, leading in another gentleman, who had evidently come for the benefit of the change of air, to that salubrious mansion, at the pressing entreaty of the high sheriff of Herefordshire. This gentleman, Doctor Yellowchops recognised, on his approaching, to be no other than Shadrach the Jew, whom the authorities, having taken down his depositions, had committed to the same asylum as his friend, and accomplice in guilt, to be in readiness when wanted.

"It ish Doctor Yellowchops!" he cried, struggling in the grasp of the official who accompanied him, as soon as he recognised our worthy friend; "he ish the son-in-law of the villain that strangled poor Mishter Huttonsh; your servant, doctor."

"Come, come, my good fellow, move on, will you," said the turnkey, surlily; "you can see the gemman doesn't want to have anything to say to the likes of you,—come step out there, Mister Abednego."

"And so I will, friend," retorted Shadrach, with a malignant scowl; "won't you allow a shentleman to speak to his friends?"

"When he meets them, of course I will," retorted the other, gruffly; "especially if the pleasure is mutual, which it is not, in the present case; so be moving, now," and without further ceremony, he dragged forward the unwilling Shadrach, who protested against this ignominous proceeding as long as he remained in hearing.

Of all that passed within that dark and gloomy cell we forbear to trace the record; at times those without, caught an angry word, or a smothered sob, but beyond that, nothing was ever known, even by Doctor Yellowchops, of what occurred during the long and dreary hours, that were spent by him without its walls. Towards the middle of the afternoon, the gaunt, and repelling figure of Mrs. Yellowchops appeared at the door, and placing a sovereign in the hand of the attendant, motioned the doctor to lead the way out, keeping herself closely veiled as she had come.

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Getting into a hackney-coach at the nearest stand, they drove to the hotel in silence, the doctor never venturing once to inquire as to what had passed at this interview, which he shrewdly suspected would prove a final one. Penelope, as soon as they alighted, secluded herself in her own room, and sent down a message to him, that he had not to wait dinner, as she had no appetite for any. Thus admonished, the doctor, notwithstanding the melancholy position in which he found himself placed, made a hearty meal, and having solaced himself with a bottle of wine, repaired to a billiard-room, at which he spent the time, until it was time to return for the night. When he came back, Penelope, he learned, had gone out, but as he immediately guessed she had gone to her father, he was not rendered at all uneasy by this news, but spent a very jovial night, indeed; so much so, in fact, as to become gloriously incapable, about twelve o'clock, and in this condition, was carried up to bed in the last stage of intoxication.

When he awoke in the morning, his first thoughts were of his wife,—he rang the bell, and inquired for her; she had neither been seen, nor heard of, since the preceding evening. This was strange, thought Doctor Yellowchops, who knew that his amiable partner had no friends in Hereford with whom she could have spent the night, and now growing suspicious, he got up, and dressed himself, determined to sally forth to the prison, and make inquiries there, without further delay. He did so, but could still get no clue to the mystery,—Penelope had not even been there, and now thoroughly bewildered, he came back, and paid his bill at the hotel, desiring them to inform Mrs. Yellowchops, if she should chance to return, that he had gone home again, and that she had to follow him as soon as she possibly could.

Somehow or other, as the doctor journeyed homewards, he had a very shrewd suspicion that he would not find his better half there, and the event proved that he was right. Mrs. Yellowchops had not been seen there since her first departure for Hereford in company with her husband, and now feeling that he had made just sufficient inquiries after her, our worthy friend did not trouble himself further about the matter, but set himself seriously to discover how he could extricate himself from the difficulties into which his marriage had plunged him, to wit, the heavy debts he had contracted by re-furnishing his new house, and, which the reader will remember, he, at the time, expected to be defrayed with some of Marmaduke Hutton's old yellow guineas, but which now seemed destined to flow into another channel.

The doctor's ingenuity, however, great as it undoubtedly was, was quite unequal to the task of surmounting this serious diffi-

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culty; all the money he was possessed of, he discovered at the outset, had been carried off by his affectionate helpmate—a comparatively easy task for her, as she invariably kept the purse. As the doctor had now but few resources, and as those resources had now become wofully curtailed, through the disrepute into which he had fallen, mainly owing to the infamy of his connexion with Humphrey Pestlepolge, and his scarcely less guilty daughter, he was soon after compelled to call his creditors together and offer them a composition. As this, however, in a spirit of playful badinage, of which those high-headed gentlemen could not for the life of them, see the fun, only amounted to the ridiculous sum of three-half-pence in the pound, they very naturally demurred thereto, and the upshot of it was, that the portly Doctor Yellowchops was constrained to go through the Gazette; and as the commissioner most preposterously condescended to listen to the insinuations of certain of the doctor's enemies, who charged this unfortunate victim to the force of circumstances with fraudulent concealment, he was furthermore committed to prison, where he lingered on, in a state of involuntary vegetation, for the space of two years or thereabouts, and was then discharged; the commissioner politely congratulating him upon his escape from a trip across the water, through the mistaken leniency of the very men whom he had succeeded in victimising.

Thus cast upon the world, with a stigma upon his name, the wretched Yellowchops dragged out a miserable existence for some years longer, until, during one hard winter, he was found one fearful morning, by some early traveller, frozen to death in a ditch. His wife scarcely met with a better fate, although he died in ignorance even of her very existence, so well had she concealed her retreat from him, or so indifferent had he been on the subject.

Although anticipating events a little, we shall describe in this place the closing scene of the career of this miserable woman. Although no traces of her could be found when search was made for that purpose; she had not even left the favoured city of Hereford, but burrowing in one of those dens of filth and crime which are to be found in all great towns, and in Hereford amongst the rest, lingered there until the Jew was set at liberty again, and then, never losing sight of him after that, followed him up to London, and took a lodging in the immediate neighbourhood of his miserable abode. This, heaven knows, was in a disreputable place enough, but it suited her, and, with a silent patience that nothing could overcome, she gradually weaned herself into his confidence, and eventually persuaded him to take her into his house. One would have thought that the connection there had been between her father and himself, would have

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been more than enough to keep him from such a piece of folly, but it did not; she became his mistress, if not something worse, and, for some time, all went on smoothly and well. The demon of revenge that smouldered in her soul, however, only awaited a favouracle opportunity to vent its malice, and an opportunity soon presented itself.

The Jew fell ill of a raging fever, and who so tender, so watchful, so uncomplaining, as this hideous gorgon—this daughter of his old ally—this implacable Ate, who had smothered her hate so long.

One night—he was delirious—she left him alone for a few minutes, whilst she went out naked, for they had been miserably poor of late, through the freezing streets, to a druggist's shop, and presently returned with the medicine the doctor had ordered for him; then coming back, she stood for several minutes watching, with haggard fierceness, the sick man, as he lay in his lethargy, in which the delirium of the fever had left him, and a baleful scowl passed across her now hideous and distorted features, as some memory of long past times stirred within her, and then rudely arousing him, she poured out the medicine, and made him swallow it. The effect was instantaneous. There was a rattling in the throat, a convulsive quivering of the muscles of the face, as the dying man leaped up in bed—a smothered groan, and all was over. The Jew was dead.

The woman sat over against the corpse, until the morning light came, grey and ghastly into the room; and then, without glancing once backward, she opened the door, and went out.

That night, the corpse of a woman was found in the Thames. It was that of Penelope!

CHAPTER XLVI.

We left poor little Dinah Linton sitting far back in the coach that was to take her father and herself to the Opera. As she believed the latter had got in when they stopped, they drove away, without exchanging a syllable, for Dinah was not in a talkative humour.

She had fallen into a pleasant reverie, which might have lasted for five minutes, or for an hour, so badly had she taken note of the lapse of time, in thinking of poor Walter Mordaunt, when she was suddenly aroused from her dreams, and, looking up, discovered, to her astonishment, that they must have left the city far behind. Not a lamp was to be seen to break the monotonous darkness of the time and scene; she peered wistfully out of the darkened window, but beyond a vague, indistinct

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line of shadow that the trees cast on each side of tho road, she could discover nothing; and then, for the first time, poor little Dinah began to suspect some treachery was at work, and her heart sunk within her at the thought.

She did not venture to speak, she scarcely drew breath, as she ran over in her mind, with the rapidity of thought, all the probable reasons that could have led her father to such a step: but utterly foiled in all, she gave up the point in despair. Then a more terrible thought, almost made her cry out, as it struck her that the still, silent, stealthy figure, whose cloak she could almost touch as she sate in her own corner, might not even be Mr. Linton, but some other person instead, and, for a moment, her woman's wit was fairly baffled, and her courage well nigh forsook her altogether.

Still, however, she did not betray, either by word or gesture, the terrible agitation she felt. In a perfect agony of terror, she lay back in her own corner, in a perfect agony of doubt, yet still not venturing, by a single word, to resolve her fears.

She could not remember, now that her suspicions were aroused, whether the person that got into the carriage was like Mr. Linton in figure or not, for she had had no suspicions at the time. And yet if it was not him, who could it be, and where could they be taking her in that strange manner.

She thought, poor girl, of Walter, of Lucy, of Stephen, and good old Mrs. Harding, and then murmuring a prayer for assistance from above, she felt herself more composed, and at that moment, her companion uttered the exclamation, "Miss Linton!"

"Lord Cavendish!" uttered Dinah, with a scream.

"Hush! you little fool!" cried his lordship, laying one hand upon her lips; "Come! come, listen to reason, for once, my pretty little Dinah, and don't let us make a couple of fools of ourselves,—now! now! what use is there in struggling so, Dinah! you are completely in my power, as you may see, if you give yourself a moment's time for reflection. Here we are, a good ten miles from London, shut up in my travelling carriage, with your father's full connivance, and approbation, rattling away to love and matrimony—now! now! upon my word, this is really too bad!" he added, as Dinah struggled in his cowardly grasp.

"My lord! my lord!" gasped Dinah, as a sickening terror seized her: "Oh! if you are a man, release me—I—I never did you any wrong," she cried, bursting into tears: "if ever I did, forgive me, and let me go,—I am a poor weak woman."

"And are therefore in my power, my pretty little Di," cried his lordship, with a loud laugh, as he attempted to catch a kiss. "What, not one, Dinah?" he added, as our heroine resisted

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all his efforts to attain his object. "Come! come, don't be such a fool, you little simpleton!"

"I am only a woman, sir," said Dinah, proudly; "but if you dare me to it, you shall see that, weak and feeble as I am, I can still cope with such a dastardly coward as yourself. I warn you now, my lord, that if one of those vile hands of yours only touches the very skirts of my garments, I will instantly cry out to the postilion, and then where will your vaunted triumph be?"

"All very fine, little Di, as far as it goes, that logic of yours," retorted my lord, gaily, "only you forget that the post-boy is in my pay, and will therefore scarcely be likely to fly to your assistance; even if he did, however, what could the pair of you do against me."

"I will make the attempt, however," said Dinah, in a determined voice, "if you do not instantly discontinue your odious persecutions."

"Try!" said her tormentor, with a coarse oath; "here, I will let down the window in front for you," and he instantly did as he said.

Dinah sprang forward, but almost instantly sank back again, as she saw how futile would be the attempt to make the man hear at the speed the horses were going at.

"Now come, Dinah, listen to reason for once," said her persecutor, in a soothing tone; "you see that fate is against you."

"I would rather die, than be compelled to call you husband," said the daring girl, proudly.

"As you please," retorted his lordship, shrugging his shoulders; "my wife you are certainly doomed to be, so you may as well submit to your fate at once; silly little fool, it is the very best thing you could do, just now."

"Never!" cried Dinah, vehemently.

"Well! well!—if you knew only the half of what awaits you, should you reject my offer, you would not throw away such a chance so lightly. Should you do so, your very worthy father, madam, runs a very good chance of the gallows. Forgery is a dangerous pastime, Miss Linton, for those who are not great adepts at it; and my worthy friend, Mr. Joseph Linton, would be only too happy to compromise the matter, by making you Viscountess Cavendish, madam."

He said this with the coolest indifference possible, just as if he had been discussing some pleasant topic of conversation; and then, letting down the window on his side, as the carriage stopped, said, "The horses are to change here:—if you choose, you can get out, only I forewarn you, that if you do, you need

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not expect to add to your chances of escape,—the people of the house are all in my pay as well."

He opened the carriage door, as he concluded, and springing out, held his arm to assist her to alight. Dinah, however, thrust it roughly by, and sprang lightly out, determined to lose no opportunity of making her escape, if any such should present itself. Her companion did not trouble himself to proffer his assistance, but walked alongside of her, up the uneven and dilapidated steps of the house before which they had stopped.

Dinah cast a wistful glance up to the black, deserted-looking windows and gloomy front, and her heart died within her as the faint hopes of escape she had cherished vanished as rapidly as they had come. The house looked as if it had been deserted for years, as in all probability it had, for it bore about it none of the usual tokens of life, but looked as grim and sinister as if it had long been given over to the evil genius of ruin and decay.

A figure—it might have been that of a ruffianly villain, for aught the face and expression testified to the contrary, but which, in reality, was a woman,—stood within the gloomy, damp passage, shading a black, guttering candle, with a still blacker hand; who muttered something as they came up, which Dinah, however, could not catch. Dinah shrunk with terror from the terrible expression of the hard, repulsive features, which, lighted up with two wild, fierce eyes, were perfectly appalling in their vindictive hideousness. This gaunt giantess leering on the startled beauty of the fair young thing she saw before her, as if she gloated over the thought that it could not save its owner from perdition, led them along an unevenly-paved, filthy passage, and up some creaking stairs, into a room, the chilly dampness of which made even Cavendish himself shiver with cold.

"Haven't you a better room than this to put the young lady in, mother?" he demanded.

"Anan! 'tis a very pretty room, and gay and cool these nice hot summer nights; only old bones like mine can't abear it," she croaked, in a hoarse, rough voice. "Sid down, dearie," she added, rubbing her wrinkled hands as her keen, cold eyes were fastened on Dinah's pallid face.

"Tell the men to make haste, mother, for this dainty summer house of yours is enough to kill one;" said the other, shivering as he spoke. "Why didn't you light a fire, you old fool?"

"Dearie! dearie! what extravagance that would be in July," croaked the old beldam, with a horrid laugh; "there was a gay fire in the kitchen, a while ago, but Madge put that out afore she went up to bed, and that's more than an hour agone."

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"Then tell them to make haste and bring the new horses out," cried the man, eagerly; "do you hear, mother?"

"Anan!" answered the old woman, with a stolid smile; "Dearie! dearie! did you complain of the cold, lovey?"

"Cold enough, in all conscience, you old fool;" growled her interlocutor, gruffly. "Here, just watch a moment there, and I will go to them myself."

The old woman leered and nodded, and the man running out, she presently mounted guard at the door, crooning and muttering to herself as she looked now at Dinah, and now at the carriage at the door, by turns; about which some accident seemed to have occurred. Presently the postillion came in, and casting a look at the old woman as he passed, came and stood before the fire.

"Eh, dearie! dearie! how slow they are!" forgetting Dinah, in her anxiety to inspect the operations without. "If I don't go, they'll never get on again;" and she tottered to the door.

The postillion waited for a moment, but she did not come back; something had certainly happened to the carriage.

"Dinah!"

"Oh, Stephen, is it you?" gasped Dinah, leaping up.

"Yes; hush!" and Stephen stole to the door and listened. Presently he returned again, as noiselessly as he had gone. Dinah had now risen up, her knees trembling beneath her, and her heart throbbing as if it would burst.

"You are astonished to see me," said Stephen, smiling.

"O what happiness!" ejaculated the poor girl, sinking back in her chair. "You will save me, Stephen,—you must—you can—oh, let us fly this instant."

"I am here for that purpose, Dinah, but you must be calm," whispered Stephen, with great rapidity; "be only cautious, and we will outwit them yet."

"I am quite calm, Stephen," said Dinah, with an effort; "can we not fly this instant?"

"No, no; wait one moment," and once more he crept to the door, and listened.

Dinah also listened: her very life seemed to hang upon the events of the next minute; but, to all outward appearance, she was perfectly unmoved. She heard them bustling about in front of the house, the voices of Lord Cavendish and that of a strange man rising above all the rest; and it could easily be seen that something delayed their further progress, for the one cursed the delay, whilst the other scolded right and left, and even exchanged blows with those who came in his way. Presently she heard Lord Cavendish cry out:—

"What, are you here, old death's head? Didn't I bid you keep guard over the young woman within, there?"

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"Eh, dearie! dearie! I couldn't stay in, but left the gal with the postboy, love;" croaked the old beldam.

"She's safe with him, old lass," was the satisfactory rejoinder; and the next moment Stephen crept back.

"Now, Dinah, listen!" he whispered. "It would be very easy to run away, here, only there is one little obstacle to such a step. That villain brought a man on the dickey with him, who is more than a match for me, of himself; and until we can get rid of him, it's no use our running away; do you see that?"

"Perfectly, Stephen."

"Well, then, I must just contrive, some way or other, to get rid of him," continued he; "and until then, just you keep quiet, and say nothing; if the worst come to the worst, why it can't be long before we come to some town, and then your deliverance is certain, though if the postboy had been a creature of that dastardly villain's, you would scarcely have had such a chance of marrying Wat. Now, do keep quiet Di, and leave the rest to me. If once rid of the bully on the dickey, I'd give his master such a dressing, as would leave him an easy skin for one while. Now I must be off, or they'll begin to suspect," and whistling a tune, Stephen lounged out, and Dinah presently heard him storming and swearing as lustily as the best of them.

In five minutes time, the old beldam hobbled back, and with a leering smile, snatched hold of Dinah's wrist, and said that her lovey was a-waiting for her. Dinah, acting up to her instructions, feigned resistance, and the next moment her abductor himself rushed in, apparently in a very bad temper.

"Come, come; this is no time to play the fool, madam," he said, unceremoniously; "you know that resistance would be vain, you silly little fool. Come! come!'" and he took hold of her by the wrist, and led her to the door, where his accomplice, aided by two or three rough-looking country louts, had managed to repair the accident, which must have only been trifling. "Here, open the door, there!" and Dinah suffered herself to be hustled in, and her companion leaping in after her, the door was closed, and they were again in motion.

"How ridiculous it is of you," said his lordship, after they had ridden several miles in silence, "to persist in placing yourself in obstruction to my wishes. Can you not see that you are completely in my power, you little simpleton? Not another accident, I hope," he growled, as the carriage came to a dead stop; and he let down the window.

"It's only that fool of a postboy dropped his whip," growled his accomplice, in answer to his hasty enquiries, as he rolled off his perch; "hang the clumsy rascal, does he think other folk

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have nothing to do but wait upon him?" and the next instant he was twenty yards behind, seeking for the missing instrument.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The peer fell back into his own corner, perfectly paralysed, for a moment, at this new and unexpected misfortune. The carriage flew forward so rapidly, that it was only too evident that the horses had taken fright, and they might be killed at any moment now; everything had been managed so skilfully, that he never suspected for one moment that it was all the result of a preconcerted plan, or he would scarcely have been so uneasy as to the result. After a time, however, the carriage seemed to rush forward less rapidly, and although it still progressed much more rapidly than it had heretofore done, the gentle and regular oscillation showed that the horses were once more perfectly under the command of their driver.

Dinah now, for the first time since she had left her own home, that evening, breathed freely; for she had now no fear for her own safety, and could even afford to listen, with some complacency, to the muttered oaths her companion wasted upon the maladventure which had deprived them of the assistance of his worthy ally. He still, however, did not suspect that anything more disastrous could ensue. But Dinah soon began to feel impatient, and wondered why Stephen did not at once cut the adventure short, especially as she could distinguish, every now and then, dwellings scattered by the roadside, which would have been an excellent asylum for them in case they were compelled to seek a lodging for the night.

Chancing to look out at one of those times when her uneasiness made her almost give vent to her thoughts aloud, she noticed that they had apparently deviated from the broad highway, on which they had hitherto travelled; this gave her fresh courage, and she lay back again in her own corner, determined to bear everything patiently a little longer.

Her companion had fallen into a heavy, dozing slumber, for he had drunk pretty deeply, to keep his courage to the sticking place, when he was very rudely aroused from his slumbers, by the carriage door being suddenly opened, and a powerful arm, the next instant, dragged him out.

"Murder! murder! help! help! Postboy! help, I say," screamed my lord, struggling with his assailant.

The only answer was a lusty blow, that laid bare one side of

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his left jaw, and covered our unfortunate adventurer with his own blood.

"You infamous dastardly villain!" muttered a gruff voice, as the blows still fell, like a thresher's flail, now on his head, now on his chest, neck, back and limbs, "I could thrash you to a mummy! I could break every bone in your skin! there! there! there!" and again, the full force of that fearful cudgel, wielded by Stephen Harding's athletic arm, came down upon his helpless antagonist; "Do you know me now, you abortion! you disgrace to humanity! you pitiful dastard?"

Never had Stephen before been so eloquent; never before had his lordship yelled so lustily.

"Murder! murder! you will kill me!" he cried piteously, as Stephen still belaboured him with hearty good-will.

"Do you know why I thrash you so soundly?" demanded the other, shaking him with so much force, that his teeth chattered in his head.

"Oh! oh! but you shall smart for this—I will bring you to a pretty reckoning—oh! oh!" and down again came Stephen's cudgel upon his quivering back.

"You will, will you!" said Stephen, sturdily; "you cowardly seducer! I dare you to do it—out upon you, it is such vile things as you, that men should spurn and spit upon—do you know that the girl you had the hardihood to force away with you, is my cousin," and Stephen's cudgel was flourished menacingly over his head.

"Have mercy upon me!" entreated his cowardly opponent, in a piteous tone; "I sadly fear you have broken my arm."

"I only hope that I have,—it will be a lasting lesson for you, in all time to come, never to plot and plan against those defenceless beings, whose very weakness should defend them against the ruthless violence of such vile beings like yourself. —I say again, I hope I have given you some mark of this night's adventures, that you will carry about with you through life.—Before you go, however, down on your knees, and beg that lady's pardon, for your share in this night's wrong to her—down, I say!" and the peer, whether he would or no, fell prostrate before the carriage.

"For goodness sake, Stephen, let him go," said Dinah, who sickened at the sight of the suffering depicted in the wretch's face, infamous as had been his behaviour to herself—"and, oh! do let us get away from this place, Stephen, at once," she cried, ursting into tears.

"As your lordship had the kindness to bring us here," said Stephen, with cutting irony; "we will take the liberty of using your conveyance as far as the next town—should you be fortunate enough to reach that place, by to-morrow morning, I

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will trouble you to inquire for it there—it is only a pleasant walk," and closing the carriage-door, Stephen leaped up into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

It was full midnight, when they came to a little town, that lay as calmly and quietly amidst green fields, and flowering orchards, as if sin and sorrow had never been heard of in the world; there was the old-fashioned bridge, spanning a tiny stream, that lay dark and deep beneath its arches, and presently flowed out like a silver thread between green banks, and whispering woods; and beyond that stood the quaint old church, from the ivied towers of which, the midnight chimes came, with a drowsy sort of melody, most pleasant to listen to, at such an hour. I once heard them, to the full as sweet as Dinah did now, up among the lakes, in a quiet old town, on such a night when, if ever angels come down and walk with men, they would surely choose so balmy and sweet a time for their holy ministrations.

But all this time, Stephen and Dinah, or Stephen, rather, is clamouring lustily for admission at the door of the quaint old inn which proclaims its calling, most undeniably, by the trough and stirrup-stone before the door; there is a lazy old sign somewhere about the place, that creaks and flaps o' winter nights, with a rampant lion, limned by some village Teniers, duly emblazoned thereon, but it is so seldom seen, that its existence is almost traditional; they are quiet folks, in that old-world place, and so Stephen has a pretty to do, to make them hear.

At last a night-capped head is thrust forth from a window overhead, the owner of which demands in a sleepy tone, what they please to want, at that hour of the night.

"Shelter and a lodging," cried Stephen, testily.

"Shelter, and a lodging, good lack," murmured this christian Gotobed, in a wandering tone; "Jonas, dost hear them—there be a young man in a chay and four 'osses, as wants a bed, I guess."

"Two beds, my good dame!" interposed Stephen.

"Alack-a-day—dost hear Jonas?" and the voice died away, as Mrs. Gotobed popped her head into the connubial chamber once more, and thereupon a confused murmur of a couple of tongues, was all that was audible for several minutes, and then the window was closed.

In another minute some one was heard descending the stairs, and a little old woman presently appeared at the open door, holding a candle above her head.

"Sure now, there's a gal with him," she ejaculated, uneasily, as soon as she caught a glimpse of Dinah's pale face; "lack a day, Jonas, thou must just get up, and call Job to take t' chay

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in, by; dearie! dearie! how cold you are, miss; do come in, by, sure now, and sit down," and the queer-looking hostess, without more ado, led the way into a great rambling old kitchen, where the ashes of a wood-fire still smouldered in the grate.

To throw a couple of logs upon this, and to get a cheerful blaze, was but the work of a moment; it scarcely took longer to prepare a dish of good tea for Dinah, which the little old woman made her drink, with many apologies that it was no better—Stephen had a huge cheese and loaf, and a flagon of beer brought him, out of which he managed to make a very hearty meal.

"Heart alive, where can 'ee put you, dearie," said Mrs. Gotobed, when Dinah had finished; "we rarely have company staying here, and a'most the only bed we have, is occupied; there's a very decent young 'oman asleep in it just enow, but p'raps 'ee wouldn't like to sleep with her; though sure now its rare and big enough to hold the two."

"I am so wretchedly tired, I could sleep anywhere," said Dinah, with a most unmistakeable yawn.

"Then 'ee must just try it," said the old body, briskly; "will 'ee come up stairs, mim, and I'll lend 'ee one of my night jackets."

Dinah unconsciously glanced over to the good-natured old creature, as she put the question, and unhappy as she was, could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

The "jacket" in question, was a queer, quaint, tight-fitting kind of an invention, manufactured, apparently, out of a piece of chintz, which gathered tight, round the throat and waist, and swelled out from the latter with a kind of short tail all round; there was a petticoat under this, and a queer fly-away night-cap above, and that was the old lady's costume.

"Bid the young man good night, lovey, and come away wi' 'ee," said the old dame, good humouredly; and Dinah, giving Stephen a kiss, followed her up the creaking stairs, into a little room immediately overhead, which was evidently the best bedroom, for it had a great casement window, with a magnificent white curtain, and a heavily carved old bedstead, quite as splendid in its way.

"Is the young man husband to 'ee, dearie?" inquired the old woman, sitting down in a chair, to get her breath again.

"Husband—oh dear, no!" said Dinah, frankly.

"Oh! 'ee is'nt gaun away wi' him, I hope, lovey?" demanded the simple old creature, earnestly.

"Going away! what do you mean?" said Dinah, looking her full in the face.

"'Loping, dearie."

"Oh dear, no—he is my cousin," said our heroine, with great simplicity.

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"I'm glad to hear it, dearie; for when I saw you kiss him, my mind misgave me. Shall I leave the candle?"

"If you please," said Dinah, yawning.

"Put it in the chimney, dearie, when you've done—good night," and Mrs. Gotobed bustled briskly out of the room.

Dinah knelt down and said her prayers, and then taking the candle, surveyed her bed-fellow with some curiosity; somehow or other, the features seemed familiar, but where she had seen them, or when, or who this personage could be, she quite failed to bring to her recollection. Besides, she was very sleepy, and the bed looked very inviting, and so she blew out the candle, and crept into bed, and although the day had been such an agitating one, she was soon fast asleep.

She was awoke in the morning by a heavy hand being thrown across her face, and the next moment, a voice, that sounded rather familiar to her ears, screamed out, "Oh, lor 'a massey, what a conflagration! help! help! good people, here's a thief in the bed!"

"Pray, be calm," said Dinah, sitting up, and now for the first time getting a distinct view of her companion's face; "really, I think I remember your face."

The woman thus addressed so quietly, looked at her in turn, and then bursting into a cry, and then into a laugh, ejaculated, "Oh my! it's Miss Di, and nobody else; oh, Miss Di, where is Mr. Walter? and how do you come here? and where is that horrid Pestle? oh, I wish I had her here, Miss Di—wouldn't I scrunch her nasty scaramouch of a face for her. I'm going up to Lun'on, mum, for I can't a bear these country folk at all, and a sorry day it was for me when I listened to that hodious Pestle, and came down into these parts."

"I am going up to London, too," said Dinah.

"Just to think of that, now!" ejaculated Miss Noggles, with her old laugh; "of course, Miss Di, you will allow me to accompany you?"

"We shall see," said Dinah; "my cousin Stephen is here, and we must consult him, you know."

"Oh, Mr. Stephen is to be the happy man after all, is he? cried Miss Noggles, eagerly. "Well, things do turn out strange, sometimes; there was that drummer in the regimental at Chat'am—how he did go on and rave himself almost into a frenzy about me! and it was only last week as ever I saw him, with a nasty, slovenly thing, arm in arm, with him. To be sure, he was a black, and therefore not answerable for his shortcomings—and so Mr. Stephen's the man, is he, Miss Di?" she added, suddenly cutting short her speculations touching her dingy lover's tergiversations.

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"Perhaps I shall never be married, after all, Kitty," said Dinah, laughing.

"Oh my, but you will, though; it would be a sin to waste that pretty face, Miss Di. I should so like to dress you on *the* day, Miss Di," cried Noggles, with a sudden burst of professional enthusiasm.

"Well, you shall, if it ever happens," said Dinah, demurely. "Now, can we not get up, Kitty, or have we to lie here all day?"

"Just lie you still, and let me get dressed first," said Miss Noggles, tumbling out of bed in a very extraordinary manner; "it will be such a treat to dress a real lady, after that hodious Pestle—oh my, what rich velvet, and what lace, Miss Di! real Valency! three fingers broad! Now, Miss Di, just out of curiosity, do tell me what you paid for that Valency."

Dinah satisfied her on this point, and then had to answer half-a-dozen more; and this being done, Miss Noggles graciously gave her permission to get up, and then insisted upon assisting at her toilet. This being completed, the pair went down stairs into the quaint-looking, little, sanded parlour, where Stephen was already ensconced in an easy chair, by the open window, at sight of whom, Miss Noggles pursed up her mouth, and bridled her head, and honoured him with a very stiff curtsey indeed.

The breakfast was soon despatched, and the reckoning was scarcely discharged, before the coach-horn was heard twanging in the distance, as the heavy, lumbering old thing came rumbling over the bridge. Fortunately, there proved to be a couple of places to spare inside, and Dinah and her new ally being safely stowed away, Stephen leaped to the roof, and with a wave of the hand to the simple old pair of the Gotobeds, away they went again on their travels.

An hour after they had gone, there limped into the selfsame parlour that they had made so bright and cheery with their presence, a gentleman, whose bandaged head, tattered clothes, and miserable visage, at once proclaimed him to have met with rough usage, at a very recent date.

"That is my carriage at the door, landlord," said he, in a weak voice; "some one brought it here last night—eh?"

"Yes, zur," said Jonas Gotobed; "does 'ee want vresh osses, zur?"

"No; I shall remain here some time; has the rascal gone that came with it?"

"Ees, zur—just a-gone."

"Very well, then I shall stay here—get me a bed ready at once." And stay he did, and kept his bed, too, for a month or more; so that Dinah was revenged after all.

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Dinah and Stephen, in the mean time, rolled on gaily to the metropolis, which they reached, without any further adventure, late on the same evening.

"You must come and live with mother and me again, at the Abbey Holme, until Walter and you make a match of it, Dinah, said Stephen, abruptly, as they entered the mighty Babylon, in a quieter mood than any they had experienced during the day. Mr. Linton's house can be no home for you after what has happened, nor shall you ever put foot in it again."

"I have never been happy, Stephen, dear, since I left dear grandmamma," said Dinah, gently; "and if you will take me back—"

"Take you back, indeed, you little fool," retorted Stephen, snatching a kiss; "only try us now."

Dinah laughed, and said she was sure they would not, after she had deserted them so long, and then immediately grew grave, as she recollected the conversation they had had only a few minutes before, and in which both had agreed that Mr. Linton had been perfectly cognisant, and must, in fact, have been the originator of her late abduction.

"If Wat should have got back before us, what a state he will be in!" cried Stephen, after a long pause; "I'm sure, Dinah, he'll be neither to bind nor to hold, if they tell him all that's happened."

"Oh! but I really hope they won't," said Dinah, in a subdued voice; "I am sure we have had misery and discomfort enough already. Lucy, I'm certain, would not say anything, until some tidings of either you or me arrived."

"Well, I hope they won't, but if they do he'll be terrible," said Stephen, laughing; "I wonder how his lordship feels himself now—By jove, Dinah, I could scarcely keep from laughing all the time I was belabouring him, he looked so precious helpless."

"Oh! Stephen, don't talk about it," said Dinah, who became more and more nervous every moment; "how can you think of any body but Walter just now? I wish you hadn't made me think about the chance of his being back before us; I do, indeed."

"Well, well, you know he mayn't be back after all; ten to one he never comes back at all," said Stephen, in a bantering tone.

"Ah! I'm not afraid of that," said Dinah, laughing gaily; "now that idea is just as good as a tonic for my nervous fears, and I shan't torment myself with any new terrors, until we arrive at the hotel."

"Here we are, then," cried Stephen, as the chaise drew up.

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In spite of her brave resolutions, Dinah, however, did feel very nervous, as she suffered Stephen to lead her up the steps, at the top of which a waiter was standing to receive them.

"Show us to Mr. Burton's room if you please," said Stephen, drawing Dinah's trembling arm still closer within his own.

"Certainly, sir. There's a carriage just arrived, with four posters, and the company it brought are with Mr. Burton just now—an old gentleman, and a little girl, sir," said the waiter, as he skipped up stairs with professional activity.

"The deuce there has!" whispered Stephen to his companion; "who, in the name of goodness, can they be, Dinah?"

"We shall see in a moment; but he doesn't say whether Walter has come or not," said Dinah, nervously."

"All our doubts will be resolved in a moment," said Stephen. "Here we are—" and the waiter at that moment threw open the door.

A mist at that instant came across Dinah's eyes, and she felt as if she could sink to the floor, had not a pair of loving arms carried her manfully forward, to the group that clustered round the fire.

CHAPTER XLVIII., AND LAST.

When she had recovered sufficiently to look up again—and this was not until Walter had hugged her to his heart I dare not say how many times—she perceived that a stranger was collected amongst the group; and, with a heightened colour, she suffered her lover to take her hand, and lead her towards this unknown being, whose mild benignity of countenance, heightened, as it was, by a touching, yet placid sorrow, that brooded over the worn and wasted features, at once attracted her love and sympathy.

"Dear father," said Walter, respectfully; "this is the gentle being who has plighted her troth with mine, and whom your blessing will make my wife. Dinah, my father," said Walter, proudly.

"My dear daughter," murmured the elder Mordaunt, kissing her on both cheeks; "Walter described you to me with all the ardour of a young man's first passion, but I see that he has not overrated you."

"Why, Di, won't thou give me a kiss, my lass," cried Dick, thrusting in his great. broad, jovial face; "thou looks as frightened as a poor startled hare; I'll lay thou'st had a rare adventure, now;" and he snatched a kiss, that echoed throughout the room.

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"Pray don't ask about anything to-night, Dick," interposed Lucy, who, with all her gentleness, managed her great, burley, rough-spoken husband to admiration already. "Mr. Mordaunt and Dinah both look very tired, and we will hear, and tell all in the morning."

"Well, well, wife, thou must allays hev' thee own way, thou knows," said Dick, good-humouredly; "but we can all eat a bit o' supper, I fancy—shall ee ring the bell, company?"

"Dick! how vulgar, said Lucy, angrily; "ring the bell, and do have done with those nasty words."

Dick's only answer was a smack, that made the blood tingle in mistress Lucy's cheeks—and the waiter came up.

"Waiter, let us ha' sapper immediately," cried Dick; "round o' beef and potatoes for huz, and something light for the ladies—d'ye hear, man, and let us have it soon. Lass! cannot thee take off that bonnet and cloak, eh?"

"Come with me up stairs, Dinah," said Lucy, taking up a candle, and they left the room together. When they reached the room Dinah was to occupy, Lucy opened the door very gently, and with a smothered hush! motioned Dinah to enter very quietly, and shading the candle with her hand, crept up, on tiptoe, to the bed.

"Who is it?" whispered Dinah; and then, as the light fell full upon the bed, she exclaimed, "Oh! what a lovely child—oh! Lucy, who is it?"

"Your future sister, whispered Lucy, smiling. "When in India, Mr. Mordaunt adopted a poor, fatherless little girl, whose mother, as I understand, died in his arms,—Has she not a lovely smile?"

"And what splendid hair!" whispered Dinah, lifting up a heavy mass of the deepest black, that lay all down the white pillow; "her complexion quite reminds me of alabaster, it is so pure and transparent."

"Walter says she lay in his arms nearly all the journey down, said Lucy, in her hushed tone. He describes her as having a most endearing disposition, and to be very diverting."

"I shall grow quite jealous," rejoined Dinah, with a consciously-happy smile;—"But she is Walter's sister."

"And will be your's, Dinah," retorted Lucy, archly, as they crept out of the room.

When they returned down stairs again, the supper was ready waiting for them, and Dick at once summoned them to place themselves round the table, observing, as he helped Mr. Mordaunt to the breast of a chicken, that eating was a panacea for every evil under the sun, and that folks must be bad indeed that couldn't take their meat kindly.

"That miserable wretch, Pestlepolge," said Walter, addressing the whole company in a grave voice, when they were once

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more gathered round the fire, "finished his career of guilt, last night, by taking poison in his cell; what a fearful account he will have to render!"

"Has he left any confession?" inquired Stephen, in the solemn silence that ensued.

"He has!" said Mr. Mordaunt, gravely; "the governor of the jail, before I left, permitted me to peruse it, and for once in his lifetime the miserable wretch seems to have forgotten his habitual hypocrisy; the crime that has at length brought him to punishment, was not his only one, but the mind sickens over the black catalogue of guilt, and I would gladly change the theme."

"And his scarcely less miserable daughter," said Walter, taking up the conversation, "seems to have imitated him in crime; but enough—when do you intend to return, Dick?"

"At once," said the jovial miller; "Lon'on may be all very fine for your town-bred dandies, but give me the fresh bracing morning air, and the crow of the merry cock, in preference. Lor', man, there's something quite intoxicating in the air one sniffs up, in a place uncontaminated by smoke and dust, that a body reared in this nasty, foggy place, would scarcely credit; and then the blithe tally-ho of the hounds, on a fine frosty morning, and the whoop! whoop! of the whipper-in!"

"And the click-clack of the mill-wheel," chimed in Lucy, with her gentle smile, as Dick paused for sheer want of breath, "and the round full moon rising up so calm and beautiful over Haughton Woods—and the salmon-leaps, where the water falls down, like a sheet of glass, and the beautiful lake with the swans sailing over it, so stately—oh! Dick, let us go back to-morrow."

"That thou shall, my pet," cried the miller, patting her neck; "and if Mister Mordaunt there, doesn't just feel quite strong enow to stand a second journey so soon, why, him and Wat, and Miss Indiana must just follow as soon as they can."

"The best arrangement that can be," cried all the rest, in a breath; and so it was arranged.

The next day, then, Dick and Lucy, with Stephen and Dinah, set off in a chaise and pair, for Hereford, Walter and his newly found relatives pledging themselves to join them at Abbey Holme in the course of a week. Dinah did not ask why her father never sent, nor came to inquire after her, and it was not until they were all settled down peaceably at home again, that the dreadful news was broke to her; they had pity upon her, however, after all, for they told her, it was supposed he had died in a fit, and so the poor girl never knew the dreadful end her father had come to.

Mrs. Harding received her with tender embraces, the good

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old lady weeping most plenteously over the return of her long lost lamb. She still seemed, to Dinah's loving eyes, as gentle and as beautiful in her old age, as ever, but her step had grown more feeble, and her voice had lost the blithe merry tone it had once possessed—My pen lingers sadly and mournfully over this mention of one of the gentlest and sweetest of created beings, for my heart misgives me that e're long, she that is their desire will be taken from them, and they shall see her mortal face no more.

Walter, with Mr. Mordaunt, arrived before the expiration of the time they had mentioned, and in the quaint little church, whose sanctity was so desecrated, at a former period, by the celebration of the nuptials of Doctor Yellowchops and the charming Penelope, Dinah and himself were united in the presence of none but their own immediate relatives, the recent death of Joseph Linton being a sufficient excuse for not making a splendid wedding.

CONCLUSION.

It is Christmas eve. The old hall at the Abbey Holme, with the black oak rafters peeping through the forest of holly that festoons them, rings to the merry laughter of the happy beings that revel beneath. The tables, that could hold a good fourscore—they hold half as many more at this particular time, but that, dear reader, is between ourselves—groan under the weight of all the brave cheer piled upon them. There is a noble boar's head with a sprig of holly in the jaws, flanked by a turkey and a magnificent brawn, Lucy's own manufacture, placed at the head; and all down the sides, are put hot and cold game, hares and geese, with here and there a cold round of beef, that did the eye good to look upon. Then there was spiced ale, in great silver flagons, and mulled wine for the ladies, who, however, had no objection to taste the October as well.

Stephen takes his seat at the head of the table, amidst a great deal of hurraing, and with his mother on one hand, and Mr. Mordaunt on the other, says grace very audibly and reverentially; and then begins such a din, and clatter, and rattling of knives, and clinking of glasses, as a good six score of folks never made before, since Christmas was invented. There is a great deal of fun, and a great deal of laughing on all sides, and so the supper goes on to its close most jovially.

Then the tables are cleared away, and the village band—

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three fiddles and a clarionet—step in, and dancing commences. Dinah is led out at once by Stephen, to open the ball, and most gracefully she dances—I give you my word for it—and Walter stands behind his partner, watching her little feet tripping it in and out the steps, as she sails down the terrific line, and thinks she never looked so handsome, or so bewitching, as she does at that moment; which I really believe to be the fact.

And then, although she is a married woman, and all that, yet the little monkey has the pick of all the beaux, as long as ever she chooses to stand up; but then she looks so winning and so bonny, and that smile of hers is so bewitching, that the very gravest and staidest of them can't withstand it, but rush madly in, and engage her for the next dozenth set or so, for that is the very earliest she can pledge herself to them for. At twelve o'clock, she is dancing with her husband a good old country dance, and just at the first stroke, Walter, as every one else does with his partner, snatches a kiss from his wife's lips—wicked Walter!

Lucy doesn't dance, but sits amongst the matrons, with her feet on a stool. Dick, however, dances most lustily, and I notice him just at this moment piloting Miss Noggles through Sir Roger de Coverley most triumphantly. Our humble heroine is quite as great a toast amongst the humbler guests, as Dinah is amongst the higher ones, and has already had two offers since the ball began. Her head is all in a flutter, although she smiles so demurely to Dick; but for all that, she is weighing in her mind the relative dignity of marrying a baronet's steward, or becoming the spouse of the village dominic.

And now they all gather in an immense circle round the fire, and whilst Stephen orders another yule log to be thrown on the roaring mass of flame, some one produces a trencher, and proposes a game of forfeits. The man that has gone out for the yule log, comes in again as white as a sheet, and says that the snow is nigh a foot deep in the farm-yard, and that the roads will be blocked up before morning. Everybody seems to think this only welcome news; for what is Christmas, every one asks, without a good storm? One young lady, more adventurous than the rest, whispers that she would like to be rolled in it, and another ventures to wish they had a battle with snowballs.

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," cried Stephen, "let us drink a bumper to old Father Christmas!" Some one carols forth a lusty stave, when they have done, in which they all join, with a most tremendous chorus.

And with this cheering picture, dear reader, I bid thee farewell!

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JOHN FRANSHAM.

A BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE EDITOR.

One common complaint in everybody's mouth, is the want of variety of individual character—the dreary monotony we find every where pervading society. Men and women now-a-days are all alike—civilisation, as it is now developed, has been a leveller of the most destructive kind. Great men have been amongst us, and have blessed the earth with their presence, and their power, but they have left behind them none to follow in their steps, and to rival them in their name. To the past must we turn whenever we would recal to our minds how sublime and great, man, in his might and majesty, may become. We can reckon up but few Luthers, and Miltons, and Clarksons, because we have but few who can dare to stand alone in devotedness to truth and human right. Most men are enslaved by the opinions of the little clique in which they move. They can never imagine that beyond their little circle there can exist anything that is lovely or of good report. "We are the men, and wisdom will die with us," is the implied burden of their daily song. We judge not according to abstract principles, but conventional ideas. The dancing Bayaderes, who visited London a few years since, were shocked at what they conceived the immodest attire of our English dames, who, in their turn, were thankful that they did not dress as the Bayaderes. They did know better than that. We, especially, from our insular position, from the amount of prejudice and port imbibed, not merely at Oxford, as Gibbon would lead us to believe, are liable to this failing. Abroad, people travel more, come more into collision, perhaps have fewer money ties, by which certain ideas are perpetuated, than ourselves, and the consequence is that we can recognise goodness and greatness only in certain established forms. They must be well dressed,—they must be of respectable family,—they must go to church, and worship Him who stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, according to act of parliament. "Are you Shelley the atheist?" said a warm admirer of our glorious constitution in church and state to the poet who, owning the soft impeachment, was knocked down by the Christian questioner, in a manner truly English, and not the one best adapted either to convince or convert. No wonder that we are a most monotonous people—that there is everywhere amongst us an universal sameness—that our great

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thinkers stand isolated and apart—that, like Childe Harold—the man of independent thought,—must feel how deep a solitude is a peopled city, and exclaim—

> —" In the crowd
> They could not deem me one of such. I stood
> Among them, but not of them: in a shroud
> Of thoughts, which were not their thoughts; and still could,
> Had I not fill'd my mind, which thus itself subdued."

In such times, and amongst such people, a real genuine character is a most noteworthy object,—something to be talked of, studied, admired. Nor necessarily need the man be one whose name has been in every one's mouth, as the genius of the age. Popularity does not always denote worth, nor obscurity the reverse.

> " Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
> Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Learning, and eccentricity, and great moral worth, may exist in persons of whom the world knows nothing. A character of this kind we now intend to introduce for the amusement of our readers. Though not the greatest of men, there was about him something that may instruct—that may teach how indomitable is the human will—how little circumstances affect the man who has in him strength to resolve, and that yet greater strength necessary to perform. With all his eccentricity, they will find that they are perusing the life of one of whom it may be said,—

> " He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

In the old cathedral city of Norwich, in those days of glorious extravagance when " George the Third was king," threading his way along the intricate streets with which it abounds, might often be seen a figure, whose oddity of appearance would at once attract the eye. Possibly, a few roguish school-boys, with the want of true insight into character incident to that age, might be seen following in his wake. From them the stranger might learn that the individual before them was known by the sobriquet of Old Hornbutton Jack. With a countenance much resembling the portraits of Erasmus, with grey hair hanging about his shoulders, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and his hands behind him, as if in deep meditation, he would excite the curiosity of the observer; more especially when we add that the

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little bandy-legged individual arrayed his outer man in a short green jacket, a broad hat, large shoes, and short worsted stockings; and well might the observer stare, for in John Fransham was no ordinary man.

Norwich has the honour of his birth, which important event took place about the year 1730, where Dr. Taylor for some time, in consequence of his superior talents, provided him with gratuitous instruction. At an early age he exhibited marks of genius, and appears to have been originally designed for the church. He applied himself to a course of study, with a view to that destination. Unfortunately, however, the want of funds obliged him to relinquish his plans, and betake himself to a far different vocation. At Wymondham he was apprenticed to a cooper. Three weeks, however, of this drudgery, sickened him of trade. He was, consequently, compelled to do something for a livelihood. Among other things, it is said of him that he wrote sermons, and offered them to clergymen, some of whom, struck with the singularity of the application, with the peculiarity of his appearance, and, perhaps, more than all, with the extent of his knowledge, offered him what he conceived to be the worth of his productions; more than this he never would accept.

But our hero found it difficult to procure a living by his pen, and his father having urged him to betake himself to some regular and constant employment, stating that he could not continue to find him with clothing, and gently hinting that the shoemaker's bill was more than the parental exchequer could meet, Fransham found himself in somewhat of a dilemma. Could he, whose soul had been attuned to celestial philosophy, descend from his mount of inspiration, and spend his life, and waste his powers, in the dull routine of some mechanical trade? Most certainly not. At the same time honest John was compelled to admit, that in this world of ours, a want of money is a most serious ill. It was evident to him that, to gratify his literary taste, and yet live, he must live more simply than he had yet done. Fransham accordingly recollected that shoes were not absolutely necessary to his existence, much less to his literary progress. After reflecting, therefore, for a few minutes, he resolved to discard from his dress both shoes and stockings for ever. This resolution, to which he adhered for three years, was, however, productive of some inconveniences. It, with some other eccentricities he displayed, induced his father to suspect that his intellect was disordered. That a young man, in all the vigour of health, and remarkable—so says his partial biographer, Mr. Saint—for his genius and knowledge, should walk about the streets without either shoes

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or stockings, was a phenomenon which could not be accounted for by his parents or their neighbours, upon any other principle than a derangement. They could not place themselves in Fransham's situation—they could not imagine it possible that, merely to gratify an ardent thirst for knowledge, a youth would deviate so widely from the established custom in the mode of his attire. Nor did the father himself think it possible that his son would actually discontinue the use of those articles of dress, of the expense of which he had himself complained, and the continuance of which could only have been ensured by the son's remitting his ardour in the pursuit of his literary acquirements. To the father and his neighbours, the unconquerable ardour, the indefatigable exertions, and the steady perseverance of Fransham in the pursuit of knowledge, afforded no proofs of the soundness of his mind; but the reverse. To walk without shoes or stockings—though the constant custom on the other side the Tweed—was considered as a proof of insanity, and the father was desirous to obtain medical advice on this delicate subject.

To effect this, however, was a task of considerable difficulty. It was by no means likely that the eccentric Fransham, in a sound state of health, would suffer himself to be taken before a physician, to be catechised about his health or his diet. At length, however, an opportunity occurred. About this period, Fransham received a legacy of about twenty-five pounds. With this sum he had previously declared he would purchase a pony. Kindness to animals, in general, was an early and strong trait in his character, but he had a remarkable attachment to horses. His father, therefore, endeavoured to avail himself of this resolution, by telling him that Sir Benjamin Wrench, an eminent physician, whom his father wished to consult respecting the soundness of his mind, wished to see him, as he had a very handsome pony to sell. Fransham (senior) had previously solicited Sir Benjamin to ask thirty pounds for the pony, as this would at once preclude the possibility of a purchase; while, at the same time, it would afford Sir Benjamin an opportunity of entering into conversation with the supposed victim of derangement. Fransham accordingly accompanied his father; but he had some previous suspicions of the trick which his father meant to put on him, and which were confirmed when he found that Sir Benjamin, without exhibiting the pony, demanded thirty pounds for it. Fransham, therefore, resolved that he in his turn would make his father the victim of a trick. Accordingly, upon being asked what he meant to do with the pony, "Make a friend of it, to be sure," was the reply. "But will you not ride it?" said Sir Benjamin. "Ride it! no, certainly not;

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I will not be so cruel. I will lead it about, and talk with it, and make it my companion; and I will go with it wherever it may wish to stray and feed." These singular replies, together with his still more singular appearance, induced Sir Benjamin to confirm the suspicions of his father; for after the son had left the room, his father went back, on some pretence, though in reality to be informed of Sir Benjamin's opinion, when Fransham, who listened at the door, heard the doctor say to his father, "You must keep him low, and by no means contradict him," with which Fransham junior was ever after highly amused.

Some time after this, his parents persuaded him to accept the situation of writer in the office of an attorney. There, however, he found but little opportunity of gratifying his thirst for philosophy and literature. He therefore soon relinquished a situation, the laborious confinement of which was only to be equalled by its monotonous drudgery. After this, he put himself under the instruction of a weaver named Wright, with whom he remained two years. His instructor was a man after his heart. More than one "Norwich weaver boy" has done the world good service. Wright, Fransham used to say, was one who could discourse well "on the nature and fitness of things. He possessed a finely philosophical spirit, and a soul well purified from vulgar errors." Fransham placed his loom not only in the same room with Wright's, but also in such a position, that while at work, they faced each other; by which means, the noise of their shuttles was not sufficient to prevent discussion, and they could thus converse together, without the slightest interruption to the employment by which they were enabled to procure their daily subsistence. After this, we need not wonder that Fransham should relinquish the honour of a clerkship in an attorney's office, even with the prospect of becoming an attorney himself, for the humble occupation of weaving, when accompanied by the means of pursuing his studies, and with the additional pleasure of friendly society, and pure and elevated conversation. The death of Wright again unsettled Fransham, and he started for Scotland, with a view to study at one or other of the seats of that learning which he so highly prized. He embarked for North Shields, with the intention of walking the rest of the way. Meeting, however, at Newcastle with a regiment known as the Old Buffs, he enlisted for a soldier, but was soon discharged from the service, from being too bandy-legged. Finding his pecuniary resources too much exhausted to accomplish his proposed object, he resolved to walk back to Norwich, which place he at length reached, with only three-half-pence, and a plaid which he had

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bought on the way. Upon his return, he contrived to live as a tutor, and writer for attorneys and authors. He then formed an intimacy with Mr. Clover, a veterinary surgeon of some celebrity. Fransham rode home the horses after they were shod, and whilst the iron was heating, they used both to be employed in Latin exercises and mathematical problems, worked upon a slate hung against the forge. His hatred of all cruelty to animals soon, however, excited the animosity of his companions, who took their revenge, by throwing the hot horse shoes about the shop, by which Fransham's naked feet were several times severely burnt.

About 1771, he lost a kind friend in a Mr. Chute, whose instructor Fransham had been. This rendered his income very scanty. Finding, therefore, that it was not equal to his expenditure, and reflecting that it might be less, he resolved, by way of preparation for the worst possible ill that might befal him, to try with how little he could live. He therefore purchased, daily, a farthing's worth of potatoes, and having likewise bought as much salt as he could obtain for the same sum, he reserved one potatoe every day from those he purchased, as a compensation for the salt he eat with the remainder; nor would he suffer himself to lay in a fresh supply of salt, till the number of potatoes reserved was equal to the number which he could procure for a farthing. In this manner, by boiling the potatoes at the fire of the host with whom at that period he had lodgings, and by making a dinner his only meal, he was enabled to support himself, for some time, at the trifling expense of one farthing per day. That he might be fully prepared for the most abject state of poverty, he resolved also, to try the possibility of sleeping in the open air, and for this purpose, repaired one night to Mousehold Heath; here, with a plaid for his covering, a green turf for his pillow, and the spacious firmament of heaven for his curtain, he slept for several hours. At length, the song of the lark awoke him. A severe cold, caught upon the occasion, prevented him from repeating the experiment again. About this time, he had a singular kind of relaxation, which consisted in throwing a stick, made heavy at one end by lead or iron; after each throw, he used to pace the distance from the place of projection to the place of fall, by means of which, he was enabled, from the increasing length of that distance, to ascertain the degrees of his advancement in skill and muscular strength. This, in time, was exchanged for playing with balls and marbles, beating a drum, and playing the hautboy. The hautboy, burnt one day for fuel, was exchanged for the bilbocatch, which he learned to use with such dexterity, as to be able to catch the ball upon the small or spiked end two hundred

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times successively; but beyond the limit of two hundred he could never reach. This was to him a subject of regret, and also of philosophical contemplation. "What cause," he would ask, "can be assigned for my not being able to succeed beyond this number of times? It seems, from the almost infinite efforts which I have made, and made in vain, that this number constitutes a fixed and determinate limit, since I can never exceed it. Is there anything in the formation of my muscles which prevents the possibility of my holding the toy sufficiently steady to succeed after a certain number of times? Is there anything in the constitution of my mind that prevents me from continuing the requisite fixed attention to the subject?" This toy he carried about with him in his pocket, and if, on attending any of his pupils, he found them not quite ready for his instruction, he instantly took out his bilbo-catch, with which he filled up the vacant minutes in trials to lodge the ball on the small end two hundred and one times, and though he could never obtain this number, yet he would not desist from his efforts, nor pay any attention to his pupils, till he had succeeded two hundred times successively, a number which, though he never could exceed, he could, however, generally accomplish on the first trial.

From what we have already written, it may be gathered that our hero was somewhat of an eccentric character. Nothing ever roused his anger but cruelty. This, more than anything, seems to have given him an aversion to professional Christianity. "In this country," he exclaims, in one of his numerous M.S., "scarcely anything is to be heard from a pulpit against bull-baiting, bear-baiting, cock-throwing, cock-fighting, horse-docking, horse-nicking, horse-racing, stag-hunting, hare-hunting, duck-hunting, overburdening, roasting or boiling alive, because they are English fashions and English customs, and things in modish practice, the hardened wickedness of which escapes even reproach, so morbid is the general *callus* of the nation. Accordingly, we find men using religion only as a cloak to their inhumanity, and returning from the place of worship fraught with spleen, pride, avarice, envy, malice, and cruelty,—language, alas, honest John, but too applicable now!

We have called him honest, for such most indubitably he was. Of this, the following anecdote is a proof. He had purchased at the book-stall of some poor old woman, a small edition of one of the classics, for two shillings; on showing this book to a literary friend, he was informed that from its scarcity it was fairly worth seven shillings. "Do you think so?" said Fransham. "I am certain of it," said his friend, "for I gave that sum for a

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similar copy only a few days since." "Well," said Fransham, "I am glad you have mentioned this circumstance, as I will now go and pay the poor old woman the other five shillings." "Why so?" said his friend; "what necessity can there be for doing that? The old woman, no doubt, had a handsome profit at two shillings, why then should you give her seven?" "Why," replied Fransham, "if I had purchased the book of an established bookseller, I should not have felt the necessity of returning the other five shillings; because as a tradesman he ought to have known the price of the book, and I should then have thought it probable that his valuation of it was correct, and yours erroneous. But as it was a poor old woman, there can be no doubt but she was unacquainted with the value of this particular edition, and I think I should be doing an unjust act, if I were to take advantage of her ignorance; I therefore feel it my duty to pay her the other five shillings." He accordingly went immediately to the woman, who received the five shillings with no less surprise than joy, declaring that she had never met with so honest a man before in the whole course of her life.

Although Fransham, in the days of his prosperity, when he was earning nearly a guinea a-week, resumed the use of shoes and stockings, yet his dress had a very singular appearance. In hot weather he would hang his short, green jacket across his arm, and he would carry his large, full-brimmed hat in his hand. While walking, one close and sultry day, in this manner, he was met by an opulent manufacturer, a member of the Society of Friends, who being well acquainted with Fransham, and with the eccentricity of his character, accosted him with, "Why Johnny, thee look cool and comfortable, notwithstanding the heat of the weather." "Most likely," said Fransham, "but thou lookest very hot and uncomfortable, and verily thou wilt continue to look so, for thou hast not courage enough to follow my example, since thou darest not show thyself at Friends' meeting-house with thy coat on thy arm, and thy hat in thy hand, although thou professest thyself to be indifferent to the customs of this world." To this the Friend replied, "No, Johnny, no, decency forbids it, I like to have some regard to decency." "Well then," rejoined Fransham, "do thou, for the sake of decency, continue to wear thy thick cloth coat and great, heavy hat, on a hot, sultry day; and I, for the sake of comfort, will continue to carry my jacket on my arm, and my hat in my hand." The singularity of Fransham's appearance, and the fame of his learning, obtained for him, among the ignorant, the reputation of a fortune-teller. His reception, however, of two ladies, who visited him in that capacity, was such as to put a stop to all similar visits for the future.

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Fortune smiled on Fransham. He saved a hundred pounds. Like many before, and since, he was much perplexed as to how this large sum could be most profitably employed. Banks and bankers did not stand high in his estimation. He used to observe that Virgil had no faith in banks, as might be seen by his third Eclogue, where he says, "*Non bene ripæ creditur*—it is not safe to trust the bank." He resolved, therefore, to place his money in the hands of a merchant to whom he was known, and in whom he had confidence. Unfortunately, this merchant failed. Fransham, however, had, from some cause or other, withdrawn, only a few weeks before, seventy-five pounds. Still there remained twenty-five pounds, which, to a man in his situation, was a considerable sum to lose, and the loss of which to most people, would, under such circumstances, have been a subject of grievous affliction, and loud lament; not so, however, with Fransham, for no sooner did he hear of the event, than he hastened home, and calling Mr. Robinson, he burst forth with exclamations of joy at his singular good fortune, telling him that he had saved seventy-five pounds." "How so?" said his host. "Why!" said he, "a gentleman, in whose hands I had placed one hundred pounds, has failed, and only a few weeks since, I withdrew seventy-five pounds; how uncommonly fortunate!" "Why, yes," said Mr. Robinson; "fortunate in having withdrawn seventy-five pounds, but unfortunate in having twenty-five pounds still remaining, which will prove no gain to you, but a loss." "I tell you, sir," replied Fransham, "it is a clear gain of seventy-five pounds, a considerable part of which I have spent in books. Here; look here!" said he, pointing to his library; "not one of these should I have had if I had not withdrawn the seventy-five pounds, these, therefore, and all the money in my closet, besides, are so much clear gain. Seventy-five pounds actually saved!" Mr. Robinson, finding it impossible to convince him that he had sustained any loss by the event, gave up the argument, leaving Fransham in full possession of the belief, that instead of having lost twenty-five pounds, he had gained seventy-five. Fransham's philosophy was of the right kind—from evil it could gather good. He had early learnt that happiness—according to the poet—

"Our being's end and aim,"

resided in the mind—consisted of something from within, not from without.

Amongst other singularities told of Fransham, was the following. While he lived with Mr. Robinson, a neighbouring out-house was converted into a stable, and the apparent carelessness of the groom, who attended this stable in the evening

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with a lighted candle, excited in his mind the apprehension of fire. This apprehension daily increased, and he, therefore, thought it necessary to adopt some means of precaution against so direful a calamity. After well weighing in his mind the different methods which occurred to him, he at length resolved upon the following expedient. He procured a ladder, which he constantly kept in his bed-room, ready to put out of his window, for his descent, the moment he should receive an alarm. That he might, however, be the better able to effect his escape with despatch and safety, he used to practice himself daily in running up and down this ladder, with a small box or trunk, which he had got made of such a size, as just to contain his five manuscript volumes, and which he likewise constantly kept placed upon his window ready for emergency. This practice soon made him perfect. He acquired a dexterity, unequalled by that of any London lamp-lighter, and as his hour for repeating the experiment was twelve o'clock at noon, he was frequently the object of amusement to the curious; particularly on a Sunday, for many would then, on their return from church, or chapel, step aside into Mr. Robinson's yard, to see our hero at his singular employment. But a new idea struck him—notwithstanding that he had acquired a dexterity which could not fail to have insured his escape, in case of timely alarm, yet from the soundness with which he was accustomed to sleep, he recollected that it was not only possible, but probable, that he might not awake till the fire should reach his very room, and thus prevent him from adopting his expedient. For this new evil there was no remedy, but a removal from the spot, which accordingly took place.

Fransham enjoyed a sound and uninterrupted state of health. It was his opinion, however, that the value of health could only be estimated by a comparison with sickness,—that happiness was increased by contrasting it with misery. In conformity, therefore, with this opinion, he would sometimes call, in his walks, at the shop of a confectioner, where he would eat to repletion, of the various tarts, cakes, fruits, etc., till he produced a violent head-ache, that he might have the felicity of curing this head ache, by copious draughts of strong tea, and that thus he might be reminded of the inestimable value of uninterrupted health. With Dr. Armstrong, Fransham thought—

> "Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
> Nor every trespass shun. The fev'rish strife,
> Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
> The loitering crudities that burden life;
> And, like a torrent, full and rapid, clears
> The obstructed tubes."

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Fransham kept up his simple habits to the last. At the age of three score years and ten, he would never allow his bed to be made but once a-week; it was in his opinion the height of effeminacy for a man to have his bed made every day, and he would maintain that such a custom was the nurse of idleness and luxury; nor did his love to the brute creation diminish with age. In proof of which, let the following story suffice. He once hired a horse, with the intention of visiting a friend, who resided at a few miles distance from Norwich; when, however, he had got about a mile out of the city, the horse took him into a pit which was by the road side, for the purpose of drinking; and after the animal had taken his fill, and turned himself out of the pit, instead of pursuing the direction of his rider, he gave visible signs, by the inclination of his head, of his desire to return home. "Well," said Fransham, "I thank you, my honest creature, for having carried me thus far, and I certainly have no right to make you go further, if it be against your inclination, and therefore we will e'en go back again." On his return, he explained to the owner the cause of his sudden reappearance, and paid him the fare of the horse for the entire day for which he had hired him. Tea and bread and butter constituted the principal part of his daily meal. Sometimes his butter proved bad; on which occasions, he would put the whole into the fire: —"What!" said he, "offer that to a fellow creature, which I cannot eat myself! no: I should think myself a monster, were I to be guilty of such an insult. This may be the charity of Christians, but not my charity. If, however, you know of any useful purpose to which bad butter may be applied, I will inform you the next time I happen to have any, and you shall have it, and be welcome."

In January, 1810, poor Fransham found that the great change was approaching. On the 1st of February, he requested to be moved from his bed to the chair. His last observations were in accordance with the eccentricity of his life. He told his nurse, that he had a great horror of being buried alive, and that therefore he would be obliged to her, when she perceived that he had ceased to move, if she would first shake him well,—then place him by a large fire, with a hot apple-pie within the scent of his nose,—and finally, if the former expedients should not produce any motion in him, to ask some beautiful woman to sit by his side,—"for," said he, "if this last experiment do not succeed, then you may safely conclude that I am dead." A few minutes after this, his nurse, not having heard him cough, approached his chair, and found him a corpse.

In conclusion, we may note of this worthy man, that he was remarkable for industry. He left behind him five manuscript

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volumes, in quarto, most neatly written, which contain original essays and disquisitions, both in verse and prose, on theology, ethics, civil polity, mathematics, metaphysics, education, &c., together with compilations from the best authors. He accustomed himself to rise at five o'clock in the morning during summer, and at six in the winter: in his diet and regimen he was peculiarly temperate, eating but moderately of animal food, and abstaining from the use of all strong liquors; he consequently enjoyed a sound state of health, and retained the perfect use of his faculties to the last moments of his existence—indeed, till within a few days of his death, he continued to give instructions to his pupils. As a metaphysician, he was an ardent admirer of Newton, whom he would sometimes call the prince of philosophers, and whose "Essay on Natural Religion" he considered one of the most masterly productions of the human mind. This was the only modern metaphysical writer he read with satisfaction. Plato and Cicero were the two gods of his idolatry. As a mathematician, he appears to have been eminent for the solidity, rather than the extent of his knowledge; in this, as in other matters, he said the ancients were better than we; had he lived during the time of the famous controversy between Bentley and Boyle, the latter would have found him foremost in his cause. Like a good judge of wine, he preferred what was old to what was new. He had, says his biographer, a much higher veneration for Euclid, than for Newton, and preferred the "Elements of Geometry" of the former, to the "Principles" of the latter. Indeed, he never could understand the celebrated doctrine of Fluxions, and he has been heard to pronounce the analyst of Bishop Berkeley (a work written in confutation of that doctrine) as one of the finest specimens of reasoning to be met with among the productions of the moderns. The mathematical authors whom he most esteemed were Euclid, Apollonius, and Archimedes. It must, however, be confessed, that he carried his veneration for the ancients to an unreasonable pitch, since he could seldom be induced to look at any modern book on mathematics.

His religion is best described by negatives. He was not a Christian in the common acceptation of the term, though his was a life far more Christian than that of many who glory in that name. With the moral speculations of men who wrote prior to the advent of Christianity he best sympathised. He was neither an epicurean, or an academic. Like the Stoics, he placed perfect happiness in virtue,—like the Epicureans, he held pleasure or happiness to be the chief good of man,—and like the Academics, he resolved some good out of every ill. He had no yearnings for the future—no ardent aspirations—no

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inspiring hope—sceptical to the last, at the age of seventy-eight, he fell into what he deemed an eternal sleep. Nevertheless, so pure, and simple, and honest was he, that the observer might have thought that he trusted by good works to win eternal life.

Fransham was a poor man, but, like Dogberry, he was a man that had had losses; more than that, he had feasted at rich men's houses. There is every reason to believe that he had been for some time tutor to Mr. Windham. He had once spent a day with Dr. Parr. Many of his pupils became professional men. With one of them (Dr. Leeds) the reader of "Foote's Comedies" is already acquainted. The tutor and his pupil, as Johnny Macpherson and Dr. Last were, actually exhibited on the stage.

We have thus resuscitated a memory that had almost passed away. For a few minutes, Fransham may again live, and he, and his bandy legs, and green jacket, may arrest the eye, ere he vanish in the palpable obscure for ever. There have been greater—better men; men more rich in the gifts of fortune, and of head; nevertheless, lessons may be gathered even from his life. He had been wiser had he learned with the poet, that—

> "Life is real, life is earnest,
> And the grave is not our goal;
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul."

Still he taught how devotion to learning, like virtue, is its own reward—how learning is within the reach of all the poorest and most obscure—how persevering industry must eventually succeed. The favoured sons of fortune, nursed in opulence and ease, dressed in fine linen, pampered with sumptuous fare, are too far from the masses to teach them the lessons of perseverance and hope, though all learning and genius be their's. But such men as bandy-legged Fransham, Norwich weaver-boys, and such like peasant lads as Nicols; these speak trumpet-tongued to the fustian jackets, to those from whose ranks have sprung some of the greatest benefactors of our race.

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SONG.

THOU ART GONE FROM US ALL.

From "Echoes of Home."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOU art gone from us all, we shall see thee no more:
Thy bright eye is turn'd from the land of thy birth;
Thou art gone from us all, to a far distant shore,
And we weep for thee, dearest! beside the lone hearth.
Oh! how dark is that hearth! what a blank it appears!
That face beaming sweetness, that lip breathing song,
That we've looked on, and listen'd to, many long years,
Now tell but of joys that to mem'ry belong.
Thou art gone from us all.

Thou art gone from us all, that have loved thee so well,
For the land of the stranger, that knows not thy worth;
Thou hast broken the circle of home, and the spell
Of thy sweet voice no more can awaken our mirth:
Oh! it seems like the darkness that death leaves behind,
As he wreaths with his cypress some well-beloved urn;
When, parting for ever, the lovely and kind
Leave the home of their childhood, no more to return.
Thou art gone from us all.

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THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER II.

NEITHER the girl nor the gallant were aware that they had been watched during their brief conference by a woman, whose tall figure was completely enveloped in a cloak, having the hood drawn across her face. In the eyes that thus looked stealthily on, there was an expression of malignancy that, had it been observed by them, might well have startled both. A visible emotion shook her frame, as the girl received the card; and when the two separated, the woman laughed aloud, and shook her uplifted hand with an air of savage triumph, and slunk out of sight into one of the numerous alleys, with which the Strand was intersected. The girl, meanwhile, pursued her way hurriedly, until she reached the door of a dirty-looking, dilapidated house, situated in a narrow lane, that ran into Holborn. The door was approached by a flight of worn-out steps, fenced with an iron railing, rotted with rust, and partially broken down. The passage and staircase were in appearance so desolate, as almost to excuse the entire absence of cleanliness, which they betrayed; and the accumulated filth of half a century, supplied the place of paint to the heavy balustrade, running to the top of the building. On the broad landing-place of the first floor, the girl encountered two coarse-looking, ill-clad women.

"Well, Jess!" exclaimed one, "if you'd come home half-an-hour sooner you'd have seen your grandmother; she wasn't half pleased at your being out, and went to look for you: have you met with her?"

"No!" said the girl, shrinkingly, and, if possible, looking whiter than before; and without further parley, she passed up another flight of stairs, and then paused for an instant, as if to recover breath, or recollection, or both; and at length opening a door, she entered, and closed it behind her. The room in

* Continued from p. 99, vol. liv.

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which she now stood was scantily furnished with a small table, and a few ill-matched chairs; and on a low, truckled bed, covered with a course rug, lay a woman, aged, and an invalid. A good fire was burning in the small grate, and there was an appearance of order in the poor arrangements. On a large chest, placed by the bedside, serving the purpose of a table, some needle-work, and an antique bible, fastened with silver clasps, were placed.

"I thank heaven for your safe return, child," said the invalid; "I have been very uneasy on your account, for I have learned since you left me that the city has been thronged,—indeed you should not have gone out had I known this;—but what is the matter? You have met with some misfortune,—speak!"

The girl had thrown aside her hat, and, kneeling by the bedside, bowed her face upon her clasped hands.

"I was born to misfortune," she said, in a choking voice, "and shall bring it to all connected with me. I dread to tell you of my loss this day!"

"Nay, child," said the woman, soothingly, placing her hand on the girl's bowed head; "never droop thus for a trifle; we are all pretty equally inheritors of sorrow in this world. Come, thy loss cannot be great—is it the money?"

"No;" faltered the girl, drawing forth what she had received for the work, and placing it on the chest; "worse than that: I have lost the work which I should have brought to you."

The woman was evidently affected by this intelligence, but she mastered her emotion, and again spoke in the same kind tone.

"Well, it cannot be helped, Jessy; it was my fault for sending you out on such a day. Do you know how much work there was?"

Jessy did know, and described it. "Oh!" she said, in conclusion, "how good you are to me, and how sad it is that I can only know such as you to involve them in trouble!"

"Do not take these casualties so much to heart, child; this accident will only accelerate what must have happened, ere long, as these failing limbs have well warned me;" and Mrs. Carr glanced, as she spoke, at her hands, contracted by rheumatic pains, until they had almost become useless. Jessy, meanwhile, retained her kneeling posture, and looked up with reverence into the pale, placid face of the invalid. The age of Mrs. Carr appeared to be about sixty years; she had evidently been what is called a fine woman; her countenance wore a singularly noble air, and her speech and manner were the perfection of feminine and Christian gentleness. She returned the

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gaze of the girl, and placed her hand on the latter's arm caressingly.

"Know you that your grandmother has arrived?" she asked; "I have but just learned the news, and that she is angry with you for having passed so much time with myself. It augurs ill for you, poor child, that your only relative (I think I have heard you say that she is so) should object to your associating with any save those from whom you could only learn evil."

"Oh! my kind friend," cried the girl, passionately;" you cannot know what reason I have had for dreading this, for praying, as I have done, that I might never again be placed under her control. What shall I do, and whither shall I fly?"

"Be calmer: I have never questioned you respecting your past history; that ingenuous countenance was to me a sufficient recommendation, and all that I have seen of you has tended to confirm the good opinion I entertained from the first. But your situation seems so singular, that the interest I really take in your welfare makes me wishful, nay, anxious, to learn more than I can possibly divine."

The girl's pale face became red as scarlet, and she looked at once pained and embarrassed.

"Do not believe I wish for any disclosures that would occasion you distress," continued Mrs. Carr; "let us dismiss the subject. Without knowing anything of the past, I may be able to render you some service in the future,—at least so long as you remain here."

"How good you are, and how few in the world are like you!" exclaimed the girl, looking up wonderingly in the invalid's face; "I have done nothing to deserve your confidence, and every circumstance of my situation is suggestive of suspicion and distrust. I cannot enter into any explanation of the past—I can make no engagements for the future; in every way my tongue and my hands are tied. Of this only I can give you assurance; if I am allowed to work quietly for my daily bread, I shall feel thankful and happy indeed.—Oh! how thankful if I can restore you the value of my loss this day."

"And what occasioned that loss?" asked a harsh voice, and the woman who had watched the girl in the Strand burst into the room. "You are mighty clever with your tongue—you know where to stop—I ask you again what occasioned that loss? Why don't you speak?"

The suddenness of this appearance and attack seemed to have paralysed the girl; a tremour had seized on her whole frame, and her face looked cold and white as marble; but she speedily recovered herself.

"I missed the parcel whilst in the crowd," she said, ad-

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dressing herself to Mrs. Carr; "I have not yet explained this as I ought to have done. I fancied, when I found it was gone, that some one must have snatched it from me, for I had a confused recollection of having felt a sudden pressure on my arm, at a moment when I was too much interested in the scene passing before me. Alas! what had I to do with sympathy for others? I acknowledge my remissness, and oh, believe that I am most anxious to atone for it!"

"You thought that some one snatched it from you, did you?" said her grandmother, with a sneering laugh; "you never thought, I suppose, that you might have dropped it whilst making an assignation with the gallant you stood talking with so long? I dare say you did'nt lose the card he gave you; you've taken care of that, I'll warrant."

The girl bounded up as if a shot had passed through her heart. Another low, bitter laugh of derision escaped the old woman, and a cloud of painful suspicion shadowed the face of Mrs. Carr. Jesse saw and heard both, and stood looking from one to the other with her white lips apart, yet incapable for the moment of speech. Mastering her strong emotion, she drew the card from her bosom, where indeed it had rested forgotten. "This is cruel," she said, glancing at her grandmother; "to be suspected thus is worse than death. It is true I received this card; true that I replied to the questions of him that gave it me; but not as you would insinuate. I could explain all——" gasping for breath convulsively, she essayed to speak on, and her face grew livid with the effort.

"You are wronged, my poor child, I know it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carr, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. As she spoke, the girl fell on the floor senseless.

"You have helped to give me trouble," said the old woman, glancing at the invalid malignantly. The next instant, she was out on the landing, calling aloud for some one to assist in removing her granddaughter.

CHAPTER III.

At a later hour of the same day, on a wretched bed, heaped in one corner of a damp cellar kitchen, her cheeks flushed, and her breathing quick and laboured, lay the girl Jessy. Daylight, which was fast dying away in the streets above, had long ceased to cast a shadow over that dungeon-like abode, and a small fire revealed its poverty-stricken appearance. Seated on

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chairs, the backs of which had long since disappeared, and leaning over a ricketty table, on which stood a pitcher and a broken tea-cup, were two women, one in the prime of life, the other aged, and both exhibiting the coarsely visible signs of ignorance and depravity. Two large piles of rags and bones, thrown in a corner to be sorted, rendered yet more offensive the foul air of the place, and denoted the profession of its occupant, the elder of the two women. Apparently unconscious of their presence, the girl lay as if in a deep trance, her hands clasped before her over the coarse coverlet, her golden hair lying around in neglected luxuriance, and her darker lashes resting, as with a leaden weight, on her burning cheeks. The indisposition lingering about her for some time past had been accelerated by mental distress, and the fever that was now wasting her strength, and drying up her young blood, had also happily taken from her all consciousness of her situation. Glancing suspiciously at the sleeper, as if fearful of being overheard, the ostensible tenant of the cellar, who went by the name of Mother Peg, continued the thread of her discourse.

"She may say what she likes, but she'll never make me forget that I've seen her with gold—a handful of gold!" and she clutched with her own bony fingers as she spoke. "I wonder what the parish doctor would say, if he knowed that."

"She's a long time a-fetching him," said the other, a fat, red-faced woman, who wore a heavy link of common beads round her thick neck, and whose gruff, loud voice was more than masculine.

"There's another a been here sin' she went out," said Mother Peg; "the clargy chap that comes to see Missis Carr. He looked at the girl, and axed if we warn't a going to get the doctor; and when I told him where the old un was gone, he said he'd fetch somebody hisself; so we shall have some on em here presently."

A low, heavy moan caused the speakers to turn and look at the girl, whose arms were now tossed back, and rested amid the sweeping curls of her long hair.

"What did the old un give you for her keep while she was away?" asked the younger woman, jerking her thumb behind her, in allusion to the sleeper.

"Nothin', nothin'—seeing she's got so much to pay with; though for the matter of that, the girl's been all the month with Missis Carr, and, as I told you, I believe it's the old woman coming back as 'as made her ill. She's no more her grandmother than I am."

Footsteps were now heard above; they descended the stone steps, and presently the cellar door was opened. The two per-

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sonages who advanced in the dim light were each distinguished by the dress peculiar to their respective professions. The red cloak of the foremost, a grey-headed man, marked him out as the doctor; whilst the black dress of the other, a very handsome young man of about twenty-five, gave evidence of his being a servant of the church.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor, "what an atmosphere! no wonder that people are ill here—have you got a light?"

"A candle?" asked Mother Peg; "no, we arn't—nor money to get none."

The young clergyman hastily handed the woman some money.

"Here, Nance," she exclaimed to her companion, "fetch us some candles; you can move faster than me."

During the absence of Nance, the doctor bent over the girl, who had again changed her position, and as he placed his hand on her burning forehead, and felt her pulse, she again moaned heavily, and tossed wildly about in her restlessness.

"We must have this off directly," said the doctor, passing his fingers carelessly through the girl's bright, clustering hair. The clergyman, Mr. Herbert, stood looking on with folded arms, and his pale, benevolent face grew paler.

"Egad, you made no mistake, Reginald, when you told me that the girl seemed above her station," said the doctor, after having surveyed his patient more attentively, by the light of the candle; "she's a beautiful creature—are you her grandmother?" he added, turning abruptly to the old woman. She answered in the negative.

"Well, bring a pair of scissors here directly; and you," turning to the one called Nance, "fetch some vinegar and clean water, and both be as quick as you can."

Mr. Herbert again handed money to the younger woman; and mother Peg, after some delay in the search, produced a dilapidated pair of scissors.

"It seems a pity," said Mr. Herbert, gently lifting up one of the shining curls that lay floating about, and looking indeed like a "glory" of God's own giving.

"A pity!—nonsense!" said the doctor; "it will grow again, won't it? it would be a greater pity to leave it on, and let the girl die. You might as well have given me an old saw, as these things," he continued, addressing Mother Peg, and dashing the scissors to the ground impatiently. Mr. Herbert dispatched the younger woman to fetch a pair from Mrs. Carr, and returning, she encountered the grandmother of Jessy, who had come back alone, and the two entered the kitchen together.

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"What is all this about?" she asked, in her strong, harsh voice. "Who gave any one authority to attend the girl, or to disfigure her in this way?"

"I must use my own discretion, just now," said the doctor, after ascertaining who she was; "I understand that you have been for medical aid yourself; how is it that no one has returned with you?"

"The poor may not be choosers under any circumstances," answered the woman; "the parish doctor was engaged, and I was told to wait his leisure."

"Well, never mind; you see, we can do without him," said the doctor, in a cheerful tone, clipping away at the heavy masses of hair, and carelessly sweeping them to the floor, as he spoke.

"And you say that this is necessary to save the girl's life?" asked the woman, who looked sullenly on.

"I don't say that doing this *will* save her life," answered the person she addressed, briefly.

"I have a right to demand, who gave you authority to attend the girl at all," persisted the woman, who gazed on the scene before her, with evident displeasure. "Am I expected to pay for your services? or if not, to whose charity are we indebted?" and as she spoke, she cast a sinister glance at Mr. Herbert.

"Bless my soul, woman!" said the doctor, turning fairly round, and gazing on her with evident curiosity; "cannot you be satisfied for the present with knowing that your granddaughter is receiving the aid she stands in need of? I promise not to ruin you in fees; and to deal plainly with you, I think you ought to busy yourself with other matters:—the girl's life is in danger; she may die."

"And what if she does?" asked the woman, in a hard, emotionless tone; "who cares when the poor die, or where, or how?—unless, indeed, people have a motive for caring, in which case they would consult only their own interest or pleasure;—a long life of trouble has taught me distrust."

"You seem, indeed, to have no very flattering opinion of human nature," said the doctor, eying her with instinctive dislike.

"You may say that," answered the woman, with a bitter laugh.

"Well, we won't trouble you for your experiences, just now," said the doctor, good-humouredly; "we have decided, without consulting you, as we should have done had you been here, that your granddaughter will stand a better chance in one of the upper rooms—the air of this place is pestilential. Mr. Herbert, here, whose character, as well as profession, is entitled to re-

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spect, has arranged with one of the lodgers, and your granddaughter is about to be removed to the back-room on the first-floor. I will, myself, send a fit person to attend to her."

"You are doing as you please," said the woman; "some of you are acting under mistaken notions, as you will find out before long;—but go on in your own way;" and seating herself by the fire, with her face turned from those present, she silently intimated her resolution to have no hand in their proceedings.

Mr. Herbert looked uneasy and annoyed; but the doctor, without taking further notice of one who appeared to be unmanageable, continued giving is directions, and shortly afterwards, a decent, matronly woman made her appearance, closely followed by a man carrying a large wicker chair.

"Your own easy chair, Reginald," said the doctor, glancing at Mr. Herbert; "that's just the thing we want;" and whilst the good man superintended the removal of the girl, from her wretched pallet, to the bed prepared for her above, the young minister hastened to the apartment of Mrs. Carr, who had been waiting with anxious solicitude for some tidings of her young friend.

The kitchen was deserted during some hours by all save the grandmother of Jessy, who kept her seat beside the rusty grate, long after every spark of the low fire was extinguished. Before this happened, and having cautiously looked round, to make sure of being alone, she had drawn from beneath her cloak, a parcel, wrapped in a handkerchief, the same that the girl had lost in the Strand. Taking from it, piece by piece, the rich lawns, laces, and muslins, which it contained, she had placed them on the fire, allowing them to consume slowly, and raking away at intervals the light ashes to which they thus became reduced.

"I have had more trouble than I reckoned on," she muttered over her task; "and after all, the game may slip through my fingers,—it is possible that she may die! But this is only a possibility; she may live; and if she does, she shall pay for the terror this risk has caused me. I have been a fool, trying to bring about by slow degrees, what should have been accomplished quickly. Meanwhile, everything is going against me: this Mr. Herbert, with his solemn face, is thinking more of the girl than he is perhaps himself aware of;—he did not dream that any eye was upon him, when he stealthily hid away one of the long links of this shining trash;" and she spurned with her foot, the spot where the hair had fallen, for the hair itself had been removed by the occupant of the cellar. "Well, well! fate seems to be fighting against me just now, but I am ready to continue the battle:—all I ask, is life—life for her, and life for me!"

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CHAPTER IV.

THE hostile feeling, exhibited by the fickle London mob, towards the rebel leaders, had undergone a change, when on the morning of the twenty-fourth of February, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmore were led out to execution. The virtuous character, and magnanimous bearing of the young earl, not less than the calm resignation of Kenmore, had gained upon all hearts; and the same populace, that only two months before had joined so readily in the cry for their destruction, was now loud in its invectives against the king and his ministers, for having resisted the earnest appeals that had been made for mercy.

This disposition to leniency was also manifested by the better classes—those who were influenced rather by principle than impulse—and it is a notorious fact, that the government knowingly allowed many to escape, unscathed, whose share in the struggle called for especial notice, rather than incur further odium by prosecuting persons, whose enlargement involved no apparent risk to the state. Rendered conspicuous amongst these, rather by the peculiar circumstances attending her delinquency, than by the delinquency itself, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Greystock; in connexion with whom, an exaggerated story had gone abroad, which, coupled with her extreme youth, and reputed extraordinary beauty, made her an object of much public interest. In addition to the selfish policy which prompted the ministers to show clemency, in all cases where an opposite course would have involved useless trouble or loss of popularity, there was an inclination at court, to extract as much entertainment as possible, from an affair in which so many persons of note were concerned, and which, consequently, presented so extensive a field for the indulgence of gossip, to the many whose sole intellectual aliment was drawn from such pursuit. If the chief promoters of this latter movement were women; so also had women been the strongest advocates in the cause of mercy, returning, with consistent fickleness, to their ordinary level of thought, and with much quiescent satisfaction, to the sources of excitement yet remaining open to them. On this set, the story of Alice Greystock had made a great impression, coupled as it was with the names and histories of two lovers, one of whom she was reported to have deceived, in order to favour the flight of the other. Many a disappointed prude, many a desperate coquette, many a prudent matron, and dowager of high honour, had sat in judgment on the misdeeds of the Lancashire baronet's daughter; and all were unanimous in allowing that the heroine

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of such a story, would be an acquisition to their circle for at least the space of a season. The baronet himself, apart from his political misdeeds, and the pungent addition afforded by the accusation of the old hosier, Ephraim Oates, was criticised with much impertinent scepticism on the score of his boasted lineage; a genuine scion of the Saxon heptarchy being looked upon in much the same light, as would have been a veritable descendant of Ishmael. Altogether, there was much that was novel and exciting in the entertainment promised by the breaking up of the establishment at Darren Court, and at any price, Alice Greystock must be brought out, and exhibited in the fashionable world.

Happily unconscious of the speculations concerning herself, with which the, so-called, world of London was filled, Alice remained quiet at Hagley Park in Essex, the house rented by Lady Derwentwater during her lord's imprisonment, and in the severity with which the rebel leaders were treated and judged, she found daily cause to be thankful for the timely escape of her father. This thankfulness was increased when at length she received assurance of his safety by the hand of no less a personage than Laithwaye Oates. The letter, of which he was the bearer, was as follows:—

Paris, Jan. 16.

My own Darling,

"Having been compelled to keep silence so long, it is with great satisfaction that I trust this letter to the care of one who will, I know, if his own life be spared, deliver it safely, and with as much speed as may be. After our departure on that dreadful night, I had great cause for thankfulness in the knowledge that you were safe ashore, and I beg you to bear the expression of it to my Lady Derwentwater for the part she had in detaining you, which indeed was a great mercy, as we were tossed about all night at the will of the winds and waves, and finally driven to the coast of Ireland, where we were all but lost. Our vessel was sadly disabled, and we had to wait three weeks, before we could proceed to our destination; but at length we landed at Brest, after a good passage. Things have gone contrary here: it is one thing for a prince to have followers about him, ready to prove their devotion by the jeopardizing of life and fortune, and another to be overrun by a pack of needy retainers, as the Chevalier is at this present; and I have no inclination to swell their ranks. I have had an interview, and was most graciously received. I hear that my estates are confiscated, and I expected no less; I only grieve for thy sake, dear daughter of my heart, though I do trust that thou

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wilt ultimately be no loser. My Lord Duke of Ormond, who is in great strait for money, borrowed ten pounds of me last week. He is in high hope for the future, and says we must look to Spain for deliverance. Of poor Talbot I have to give bad news: I had told him, before the affair at Preston, that I saw no hope of winning thy consent to his suit, whereat he drooped mightily, but he is an honourable gentleman, and desisted to urge the matter, when I had spoken so seriously; but that, as well as other grievances, weighs heavily on his spirit, and he sinks daily. He was wholly unprovided with money, which makes my little stock visibly diminish; of this I do not complain, trusting to be replenished somewhere. I am stricken to the heart for my brave fellow-workers now in durance, and soon, I fear, to be brought under worse condemnation. Commend me to my Lady Derwentwater, and say for me, all I can find no words to say of affectionate good will, towards her and hers. I write to my sister, by the same hand, and trust to hear from you both, and that you are together. I have particular reasons, Alice, for urging upon you that you cultivate the favour of your aunt, who has much interest, that may be hereafter useful, if she only choose to employ it. Laithwaye, who has extraordinary modes of communication of his own, has heard privately from England, and from him I learned the lamentable catastrophe of Arthur Breck, which no one can regret more than I do, and that you had been unmolested, which is a great comfort. If you are still with my Lady Derwentwater, lose no time in seeking the more natural protection of your aunt. Laithwaye has in charge to deliver verbally what I would further say, as I do not like writing names, nor giving written instructions, respecting matters in which you can aid the cause, and at the same time, your most affectionate father,

THOMAS GREYSTOCK.

For the first time since the commencement of her troubles, Alice saw the full extent of the evil which her father's adherence to an unfortunate cause had brought upon him, and on herself. In a foreign country, almost without money, and wholly without any reasonable hope of a supply;—herself, a dependent on the bounty of others; compelled to humble herself, by suing for favour where she had already met with repulse; these were trials for which she felt she had not been prepared, when in the fulness of her own enthusiasm, she had girded on her father's sword, and thought that even to suffer in such a cause, must be glorious. She began to perceive that it depended much on the particular kind or degree of suffering, whether or not it was to be borne with the pride of martyrdom,

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or even with the tame resignation which is so desirable, when to what fate has willed we are compelled to submit. There was something ignoble in the constraint, which she felt must thenceforth shackle her very thoughts; worse still, there was much that was unworthy to be developed by the false position in which circumstances were about to place her. As a foreshadowing of the dark future, a consciousness came upon her, that the next best thing that we can do, when to do what we deem right appears an impossibility, is the first downward step to the dark gulf, wherein self-respect and happiness alike lie buried.

Alice applied herself to Laithwaye for the additional information with which he had been charged; and inclined as the young man was, to put the best possible face upon matters, he could not conceal from her the stern truths of a picture, whose uniformly sombre tints baffled him. The hot blood mounted to Alice's cheeks and temples, leaving her heart cold, when she learned that her father's sole chance of pecuniary assistance was from his sister, Lady Shirley. A few questions respecting the Brecks, did not tend to dissipate the gloom of this intelligence, although Laithwaye touched lightly on the stern grief of the father, and the broken-heartedness of the mother; and Alice for a moment wandered from the thought of her coming trials, while recalling the kindness they had shewn, and were prepared to shew her at the time of her abrupt departure from Darren Court. Starting up from a deep fit of musing, Alice again spoke: "And you yourself, our kind, true friend, how does it fare with you that have risked so much in our behalf? Alas! alas! how wide-spreading has been this calamity!"

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Mrs. Alice," said Laithwaye cheerfully; "Sir Thomas was kind enough to express the same anxiety, for which I satisfied him there was no need. You know I have been accustomed to live in fifty different ways; as my father said, there was no chance of keeping me steady at anything; and to this fact, which he is always lamenting, I owe my present security."

"But you have been on our service, and must have needed money; I have still plenty, with no present use for it."

"Mrs. Alice," said Laithwaye, "you would not persevere in such an offer, if you knew how much you hurt me by it. What need should I have for money, that can get a living in so many ways and anywhere? I hope yet to convince you how inexhaustible my resources are."

Compelled to yield this point, Alice could only listen whilst Laithwaye gave her the verbal instructions with which Sir Thomas had intrusted him. These referred chiefly to intimacies he wished her to promote with persons of rank secretly favour-

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able to the cause in which himself had embarked; and to matters respecting which she was to obtain and transmit information whenever opportunity offered. Even to Alice, brought up amongst political intriguers, this appeared a heavy, if not altogether an unsuitable task, now that she was called upon to pursue it alone, in the midst of strangers and adversaries, beneath the pressure of dissimulation, and at the risk of detection, and under the shadow of the many sorrows that crowded upon her. Alice, however, had been taught not to shrink from any obstacle in the performance of a duty, and without being able to fix upon any tangible purpose to which her energies were to be directed, she mentally devoted herself to such accomplishment of her father's views as chance or opportunity should throw in her way. Of this ready obedience to his wishes, Alice gave her father assurance, in the answer to his letter, of which Laithwaye took charge; and stilling as she best might the proud, impatient throb busy at her heart, she once more addressed herself to her aunt, who had left unanswered her last communication, sent from Hagley, and who had scrupulously kept aloof from the unhappy Countess of Derwentwater; whilst the Duchess of Cleveland, and Bolton, and other ladies of the highest rank were zealously interesting themselves in her behalf—accompanying her into the presence of the king, and to the lobby of the House of Lords, whither she carried her supplications, and furthering in every way her unavailing efforts to obtain some commutation of her husband's sentence. To this letter, also, Alice received no reply, and she was ultimately indebted to far different feelings from those to which she had appealed, for the notice and favour accorded her by Lady Shirley. The public interest excited by the history of Alice Greystock had quickly assumed the form of a mania. The selfish and venial Duke of Sunderland was himself infected by it, and it was whispered that even a higher personage had a share in the general feeling. Lady Shirley was too much the woman of *ton*, too much the worshipper of royalty, to turn long a deaf ear to the appeals made to her on every side with regard to her niece. Always thirsting, in her little way, for popularity and court favour, a mode of gratification was thus offered that she had not dreamed of; and as a means of furthering her peculiar, though not uncommon ambition, she found it advisable to step forward and patronize the portionless child of her disgraced brother. Alice, on her part, happily unconscious of the eclat connected with her name, was thankful to feel something of gratitude and confidence where such sentiments had seemingly least chance of being called into existence;

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and, though much astonished at its contents, she felt gratified when at length the following letter from her aunt was placed in her hands:—

Spring Gardens,
"My dear Alice, March 10.

"I have been mightily astonished at hearing so little from you since you went to Hagley, and not much pleased with your so long residing there, which has afforded me no opportunity for speaking on matters that lay only between you and me. I trust you do not contemplate throwing yourself entirely on the protection of so distant a kinswoman as my Lady Derwentwater (whose late lord's particular relationship to your mother I myself never understood, and of which the world knows nothing), and that you will remember you have a home in my house whenever you choose to come to it. I have lately got a letter from your father, in which he expresses a hope that you are at this present with me, and I defer answering him until I hear from you. If you say you will come, and on what day, I will send the chariot, and remain your affectionate aunt,

Louisa Trevor."

Shortly after receiving this communication, Alice took leave of the sorrowing Lady Derwentwater, and proceeded, in accordance with the joint request of her father and her aunt, to the residence of the latter in Spring Gardens.

CHAPTER V.

Perhaps few young persons, whose previous lives had been passed in the country, ever entered upon the busy scenes of the metropolis with such apathy as did Alice Greystock. Connected as London was in her thoughts with her own misfortunes, and the heavier trial of others near and dear to her, she experienced no joyous emotion at the great change, and but little of the eager curiosity with which a young mind might be supposed to contemplate, for the first time, a scene so new, and apparently so interminable. Subdued by the sudden falling of so many and great calamities, and sensitively conscious of her own altered position in life, it was with much astonishment and a keen sense of outraged propriety, that she learned Lady

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Shirley's intention to introduce her immediately, and in as public a manner as possible, to the court circle.

"I know Sir Thomas Greystock's policy better than you do, Alice," said the countess; "and you, having once entered upon a part in life, must not quit it until somewhat be achieved. Your father is now a beggar; this is a hard term, but there is no better to designate truly what he has become. If, through my remaining influence and any attraction of your own—nay, start not—if, I say, by any fair means, we can soften matters for your father here—perhaps ultimately obtain a pardon—surely, the experiment is worth making. Above all things, enter not into, nor believe possible to prosper, any future plottings against a government so firmly established as ours. Yield yourself entirely up to my guidance, as your father in his letter to me expressly desires you should do, knowing exactly what line of conduct I should pursue."

"I cannot just now enter into the spirit of your meaning, dear aunt; give me time. How can these people receive me cordially? how, indeed, at all? Or how can I put off my present sentiments and feelings as an old garment, vainly striving to hide a false heart beneath the new?"

"Your sentiments and feelings are too romantic, Alice, as I have told you. Who will suppose that you ever had any in the matter at all? Women are not held responsible in such cases. You were a child, and acted under the guidance of your father; removed from his evil influence, you are now under other controul. Nothing is easier than all this—nothing more natural."

"What!" exclaimed Alice, her cheeks flushing, and her eyes emitting an unwonted light, "nothing easier or more natural than to yield up, at a moment's notice, all claim to the possession of good faith or good feeling!—to become, or even consent to appear, a mere puppet, moved only by the hands of others! Aunt, aunt, I have, and you know it, strong ties that bind me irrevocably to those from whom you would thus violently wrench me away; and if it be nothing to yield up the faith of a life in these merely human matters, how, say you, am I to put off the faith that binds me to higher beliefs, against which also you make war?"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Shirley, lifting up her eyes with a look expressive of horror, "here are the fruits of a bad bringing up. Your poor dead uncle always said it would come to this. Now, listen to me, Alice; you have, unfortunately, been allowed to grow up with strong, untamed passions, much after the manner of a savage; and as to crush them is now, I fear, impossible, the next best thing is to learn the art of

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mastering, disguising—altogether hiding them; and this must be done before we can do anything else. You'll not find in one woman of fashion any more outward exhibition of feeling than you would in a figure of wood or stone."

"And mean you to say, that even amongst people of fashion any can hold me excused for boldly entering such alien scenes of gaiety as those you propose, whilst the scaffold yet reeks with the blood of my kindred, and whilst other victims, my father's best friends and comrades in a noble cause, are waiting their turn to be led to the gibbet or the block?"

"Tut! tut! people are not so preposterously over-burdened with feeling as you seem to imagine. Cannot you understand that to most, all this is merely an exciting spectacle?"

"Aunt," said Alice, after a short pause, "you lead me to sacrifice, not triumph; but be it as you will."

The magnificent apartments at Shirley house contained above five hundred select guests, on the night of Alice Greystock's first introduction to fashionable life. No system of worldly training could more effectually have repressed every visible manifestation of feeling on her part, than did the circumstances under which she was brought out. The sudden closing up of almost every channel through which her thoughts had been accustomed to flow; the deadly chill that had reached her heart through its earnest sympathy with others; the bitter consciousness of being held in unworthy and helpless thrall; and the rapid unfolding of so many stern realities, by which her quick perception had discovered much of the fallacy of the past: these vicissitudes, throwing her altogether on the secret resources of her own spirit, had opened up to her those solemn revelations of the mystery of inner life, before which the outward senses are perforce still; and Alice, brought up in comparative solitude, and altogether new to the etiquette and the glitter of courtly life, moved about in the motley throng as might have done an automaton, delighting Lady Shirley with the statue-like repose of her demeanour, the evident absence of all rustic wonder in her calm gaze, and the unruffled and dignified quietude with which she entered into converse with those who occasionally addressed her.

"And you are really ungallant enough to decline an introduction to this new divinity, before whom, for at least the next six months, every head will bow?" asked the Duchess of Bolton, addressing herself to a noble-looking man of about eight-and-twenty, whose military garb bespoke his profession.

"It is even so," replied the gentleman, carelessly, if not contemptuously.

"Colonel Seymour has never been a woman-worshipper, as

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some here can testify," remarked an elderly beau, dressed in a lavender-coloured silk coat, and distinguished by a profusion of lace ruffles.

"I plead guilty to having been no worshipper of woman's faults or follies," replied Colonel Seymour.

"Oh, you wretch! stop till I am out of hearing; you are going to utter some atrocity, I know," exclaimed the pretty little Lady Fulton, holding up her fan deprecatingly, as she hastened away.

Colonel Seymour was silenced; he folded his arms, and for an instant smiled disagreeably. Some one touched his shoulder—it was the Duchess of Bolton.

"I should like to punish you," she whispered, "for the unmeasured contempt expressed in that smile."

"I shall indeed be punished, if you can assure me that I stand convicted of error at the bar of your better judgment," he answered.

"Nay, a truce to your compliments," said the duchess; "lend me your ear for a moment. You have allowed yourself to be unjustifiably biassed against this young girl; you have heard——"

"I have heard her story."

"Yes, with additions and exaggerations. Witness the tenacity with which people cling to the first accounts of Sir Thomas Greystock himself, in which he figured as a common housebreaker. This infamous falsehood has been contradicted, in a fit of remorse, by the very person who invented it. Yet people affect to believe the first story—they have not heard the second, or it has not been authenticated. Oh, we live in a charitable world! He that sets himself up for a judge, should never form an opinion from one side of a question. He should act deliberately, and above all things, dispassionately."

"You are severe."

"Am I not also right?"

"Doubtless. *I* am only conscious of being perfectly indifferent."

"And that is just what I wish you not to be," answered the duchess. "It is asserted of Alice Greystock, that she has already played deeply at the game of hearts; that she is a practised political schemer, an adept at deception. These amiable traits, in addition to her youth and beauty, have ensured for a time the attention of the great world. Now, I have it from unquestionable authority, that none of these assertions are true. Lieutenant Breck was no more her lover than you are; his death was brought about by circumstances over which she had no control. I declare, of my own knowledge, that the other

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reputed lover never received any encouragement from her; and that long previous to his joining the rebel forces, he had abandoned all hope of her favouring his suit. Further, I dare pledge my life, that if by forfeiting her own, Alice Greystock could have avoided the public exhibition of this night, she would not have been here to meet either approval or condemnation."

"But why here at all?"

"Because her father and her aunt have so willed it."

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders. "She has, at least, been brought up in a bad school, and betwixt the differing political and religious creeds of the two, will most probably degenerate into a nonentity or a hypocrite: anything more?"

"Yes, this much," said the duchess, energetically; "that had I not been accustomed to consider you as being something superior to the heartless herd around us, I should not have attempted to place before you, in proper light, this really noble girl, against whose future well-being, every circumstance of her present fortune is, I am persuaded, conspiring."

"Stop one moment!" exclaimed the colonel, placing his hand on the arm of the duchess, who was passing on; "do not think me so devoid of good taste or good feeling, as to believe that one whom you have so nobly defended, could be unworthy. You have beguiled me into a feeling of interest, and must not leave me thus: will you introduce me?"

"No: pay your devoirs to Lady Shirley, and leave the matter in her hands. See, she sits yonder, and her niece is standing at her side."

Colonel Seymour gazed with something of interest, if not of admiration, on the beautiful face and figure to which his attention was thus drawn. Alice was very simply attired, in a grey silk gown, a white lutestring petticoat, and a black satin stomacher, embroidered with small pearls. This was the gayest dress Lady Shirley could induce her to adopt, after putting off the deep mourning which she had worn for Mrs. Dorothy, and after the death of Lord Derwentwater, wished to retain. Her face, although pale with suppressed emotion, and from the same cause deficient in variety of expression, was too delicately lovely to be seen and lightly forgotten; and its touching repose and its pallor were alike heightened by the undimmed lustre of her eyes, and by her unadorned, luxuriant black hair.

"One word more," said her Grace of Bolton. "The first time I saw Mrs. Greystock, was at Dilston, above a year before these troubles broke out. I then beheld her in her natural character, full of the joyousness and the enthusiasm of youth, with the glow of health upon her cheek, and the elastic grace of opening

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life in all her movements. If she be now playing a part, remember, it is not one of her own choosing."

Thus admonished, the colonel approached the group collected round Lady Shirley, who hailed him in her peculiar manner.

"Ah, you truant! I am inclined not to speak to you; therefore, it is hardly worth your while to come nearer. Positively, I did not send you an invitation for to-night, as I had not forgotten your defection on former occasions."

"Then is my voluntary appearance an acknowledgment on my part, that for the future I wish to be better remembered," said the colonel.

"Ah, well: I believe there's little faith in you.—My niece, colonel, whom I think you have not before seen.—Alice, you will look with some interest upon Colonel Seymour, when I tell you, that he is a relative of the great Duke of Marlborough, and that he has just lived long enough out of his native country to feel any thing but at home with at least the female part of its population."

Alice had lifted her eyes to the face of the new comer, as she returned his salutation.

"I trust the young lady will not judge me according to your report," said the colonel, earnestly; "I have ever acknowledged that the better portion of my countrywomen came nearest to my own ideas of female excellence."

"How like you is that qualified praise!—you show the cloven foot at every turn:—prithee be quiet."

"We were just talking over the affair of Mrs. Jane Gostick, the niece of the rich city merchant, who has run off with one of her uncle's clerks.—Have you heard of it?" asked Lady Peterborough, by way of changing the discourse.

"Yes:" answered the colonel; "that she has wisely chosen as a partner for life a person in her own sphere, instead of the needy young scion of nobility, for whom her uncle had destined her and his wealth. I admire her disinterested attachment, and wish it may meet with a proper return; to a sense of right she has voluntarily sacrificed the certain possession of rank and riches."

"To a sense of right! fiddle dee dee!" exclaimed Lady Shirley; "to a foolish fancy, rather, of which she will shortly repent. I am sure I don't wonder at Mr. Gostick disinheriting her. It is said that he has made another will, and has left all his money to Bedlam and the Charter-House. Lord Leighton will miss the property, sadly."

"So will his creditors," remarked Colonel Seymour.

"True: so will his creditors. I cannot upon principle approve of our nobility allying themselves with persons of no

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blood, however rich, although we have a good precedent in the case of my Lord Northampton, who married the Lord Mayor of London's daughter, with a mine of wealth."

"By which, and by his wife's fancies, my Lord Northampton was driven mad," said Colonel Seymour.

"You monster!—you are always inclined to dwell on the worst features of a case. The wealth remains, at all events, to this day. Now I should not be surprised, if old Gostick was to burn his will, and marry." The idea was hailed with a general laugh. "You may laugh," persevered Lady Shirley, "but let me tell you, the woman would not do badly, that should get him."

"Not according to worldly wisdom, perhaps," remarked the colonel.

"And what kind of wisdom do you patronise?—but, positively, I won't exchange another word with you.—Hush! here comes the very person we were talking about. Mr. Gostick, I am delighted to see you."

Mr. Gostick, who was admitted into the first circles by virtue of his immense wealth, was a small-made, wizened man of seventy. His chief characteristic was a sort of nervous twitching, under whose influence his little body appeared to suffer grievously. Whilst returning the salutation of the mistress of the house, he wriggled from side to side, peering into the circle with his small grey eyes, and speaking rapidly, as he recognised each person there:

"Her Grace of Cleveland, I think; how d'ye do? havn't seen you for an age. Mr. Arthur Boyle, I want to have a word with you in a corner, by and bye" (Mr. Arthur Boyle winced). "My Lord Duke of Richmond, the horses you purchased for me are superb; but the price! the price! Ah, Mrs. Howard, don't move, pray: I am seeing by the light of your eyes. This young lady—your niece, I am sure, Lady Shirley, and you know I am dying to be introduced."

He was introduced accordingly, and succeeded in attracting more of the notice of Alice than had any other individual, so much more fit for a coffin or a charnel-house than for that brilliant assembly did he look. The Babel of tongues went on, and Alice experienced all the weariness attendant on listening to the smooth nothingnesses of ordinary gossip, with a mind worn by anxious thoughts, unconscious that eyes were gazing upon her whose glance was directed by hearts throbbing with deep and strange interest in her fate.

Repulsed by Lady Shirley, Colonel Seymour had fallen back and with folded arms stood leaning beside an Indian screen, that partly shielded him from observation. At the end of the

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saloon near which the principal group of persons was gathered were four glass doors, opening upon a balustraded terrace, from which a flight of steps led into the park. The velvet drapery by which these outlets were covered, was partially withdrawn, and behind it and the glass were two piercing black eyes, whose sole business there appeared to be noting how that those of Colonel Seymour never wandered from the figure of Alice Greystock.

Fresh arrivals occasioned new introductions; and in an interval of the confusion, Alice was seized upon by Mrs. Howard, a pretty young lady in her teens, and the daughter of a lord.

"Do come this way, dear," she whispered; "those horrid women will talk you to death. I have promised to introduce to you Lady Di Rance, positively one of the best natured creatures you ever met with, for an old maid; and so odd!—I don't mean in being good-natured, you know—ha! ha! though Colonel Seymour does say that most women are deficient in that quality. What a brute it is! How do you like him? Would you believe it," she continued, without waiting an answer to her question, "half the women are dying to obtain his notice; but he treats them all alike. For my part, I hate the sight of him."

"Oh, ma chère Howard, adorable creature, I am beholden to you for ever after this!" exclaimed one of the party to which they advanced, a very young, very short, and very slender man, who seemed made up of wig and ruffles.

"Sir Hildebrand Boyer," said Mrs. Howard, "Lord Royston, the Ladies de Vere, Mrs. Greystock—there, that'll do, Mrs. Greystock; Lady Dinah Rance."

"Sit down by me, my dear," said Lady Dinah, a large-featured, masculine woman, of about fifty, but the possessor of a sweet, gentle voice, and a most pleasing countenance, and Alice obeyed her instinctively. This second group was within the range of the eyes looking from the glass door, and from the screen.

"I can only just hope, Mrs. Greystock," continued Lady Dinah, "that you have not already seen enough of what is called the great world, to be conscious of its frivolity and hollowness."

"That's downright treason from you, Lady Di," exclaimed Sir Hildebrand Boyer, who was sitting cross-legged, in order that he might more readily comb out the long curls of his wig.*

"I have hitherto met only with kindness," said Alice, "and beyond that I am unwilling to judge."

* Picking the teeth, and combing out the curls of the wig in public, was the height of fashion, in the reign of George the First. Doubtless, the greatest fools adhered most pertinaciously to the custom.

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"Ah, the confiding simplicity of youth!" pursued Lady Dinah. "I myself often urn back in thought to the wild mountains, and the bright lakes and green woods of Cumberland, from which I was transplanted at an earlier age than yours, and those glimpses of fresh feeling have helped to keep me alive during the last thir.y years. London society is a hot-house in which none thrive; its fairest flowers are ephemeral, blooming only for a season."

Lady Dinah *was* odd; her ordinary speeches bordered upon sermons, distinguished, withal, by much unpalateable truth. The younger ladies did not interrupt; they were evidently enjoying their friend's peculiarity. Lord Royston looked about for a convenient place against which to rest his back; and Sir Hildebrand took out and flourished a capacious handkerchief.

"But," continued Lady Dinah, in her soft, measured tone, "in the midst of the lassitude you may shortly feel, I trust you will not forget that, even here, there are quiet spots dedicated to better feeling, in which your spirit may find repose. Should you ever stand in need of such a sanctuary, remember that the house and heart of Lady Dinah Rance will always be open to receive you."

"If I did not believe that both were ever ready to receive the unfortunate, I should die of despair," said Sir Hildebrand, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Hang you!" exclaimed Lord Royston, "that's just what I was going to say myself."

Alice felt shocked by the coarse familiarity, bordering on ridicule, in which the gentlemen indulged. "I beg you to believe that I feel most grateful for your kind offer," she said, earnestly, "and doubt not but that I shall be inclined to avail myself of it."

"Alice! Alice! where have you hid yourself? Come this way directly; I want to introduce you to the Duke of Sunderland."

Weary hours passed away, and the crowd of visitors began to disperse. The large saloon was at length cleared, and for a few moments Alice stood amid the failing lights, alone. On the mantelpiece beside her was a beautiful timepiece of Geneva workmanship, having around it a representation of the winged hours, scattering alternately flowers and tempests; her eyes were fixed upon it, but her thoughts were far away.

"Few amongst those who have been here to-night would have looked upon this emblem of time in search of its moral," said a deep voice beside her.

Alice started as if she had been electrified, and Colonel Seymour's heart smote him, for he felt that the young girl's

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reverie should have been sacred. She recovered herself, however, instantaneously, and lifted her eyes to the object of which he spake.

"True," she said, "and fewer still might be inclined to search for the same moral in their own hearts, round which the hours are also ever passing, bringing with them joy or sorrow, storms or flowers."

"Yet the many who are incapable of the pure feeling, properly called joy, are also invulnerable to real sorrow," said the colonel. "The misery of most here is satiety,—a waste of the talent, in lieu of hiding it,—the ennui that craves a remedy. Sorrow seeks a resource, and may find even the highest."

"You speak deep truths, and have doubtless felt their power," said Alice, lifting her eyes to the colonel's face.

"For others, if not for myself," he replied. "May I ask how you like Lady Dinah Rance?"

"I like her much. Her kind words alone dwell with me, out of all that I have heard this night."

"I am glad to hear you say so. She is eccentric; but frank, and kind-hearted to excess; and her experiences, of which she is sometimes too liberal, have much in them that should find way to a listener's heart. She is one of the few in whose friendship I myself rejoice."

At the appearance of Lady Shirley, the colonel took leave; the eyes behind the glass door disappeared at the same instant, and two arms were waved about in the air, as if in triumph, and a dark figure fled down the stone steps into the park.

THANKFULNESS TO GOD.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Written after reading a "Hymn to God," by C. Cowden Clark.

If it be questionless gratitude to lift
The heart in prayerful praise, for mercies dealt
With a free hand, making of life a joy,—
O Thou, that seest not as others see;
That metest out to each th' allotted share
Of trial and temptation,—unto Thee

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Not less acceptable is that breathed forth—
Not in the quiet of thorn-scented fields,
But in the solitude of haunted spots:
Where the low murmur of rage-wasted storms
Ever makes mournful music for the heart,
Filling the present with the past. That sees,
And owns the wonders of thy providence,
Beneath the shadow of a fading dream;
And praises Thee for the strong power to bear
The blighting of love-hallowed hopes: the waste
Of ill-repaid affections; and the toil
Of an unending pilgrimage, amid
Wild, arid places, whose unfrequent springs
Have nought of sweetness, save by grace of Thee,
The all-wise Giver! That bows down in awe
Beside the hidden and the unfathomable,—
Ever owning as best the bitter growths
That reason looked not for from healthful seed:
And the mysterious triumphing
Of evil over good. That blesses Thee,—
Not for youth, mirth, or health, or earthly hope;
Not for kind faces, or indulgent hearts;
But that, in place of these, Thou freely com'st
To fill the solitude with holy words,—
"*Be still! 'tis I!*" This is true gratitude,
And this true faith: none truer, until tried.

THE RING OF BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I give thee, beloved one, in faith and in gladness,
This ring, brightly flashing with emerald light;
Love's tokens, alas! are oft proffered in sadness,
And hastily screened from the world's piercing sight.
Not such is this tribute,—it asks for inspection:
Thy friends are around thee, a gay, joyous band;
Look, dearest, they greet thee with smiles of affection,
As the ring of betrothal is placed on thy hand.

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This mute little herald our secret discovers;
To-night, at the revel, the truth shall be known,
And sighs, hopeless sighs, shall be breathed by thy lovers,
When they see that it marks thee, my plighted—my own!

Our thoughts swiftly fly. In the mind's mystic dreaming
I picture a ring yet more dear to behold;
'Tis quiet, and dazzles no eye by its gleaming,—
'Tis plain, slight, and simple,—a ring of pure gold!
Yet, hold! though such visions be lovely and pleasant,
'Tis wrong on the future fond fancies to cast;
While love sheds so blissful a charm o'er the present,
And softly dispels the dim mists of the past.
Though time's onward footsteps may tediously linger,
I never will chide them by look or by tone,
While I view the bright talisman shine from thy finger,
The ring of betrothal that marks thee my own!

THE "GRANDE FETE DE LA FRATERNITE" OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, AND INAUGURATION OF THE PORT OF CAEN.

BY FRANCIS LLOYD, ESQ.,

Author of "Hampton Court."

During an excursion in Normandy, in the months of September and October last, I found expectations greatly excited by an approaching grand fête, to be given in honor of the tenth legion of the National Guard of Paris, who, having prepared a splendid

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banner for presentation to their northern comrades, were coming themselves in great force, to give effect to this demonstration of their grateful sense of the assistance rendered by the former at the insurrection in June last. In the meanwhile, making acquaintance with some gentlemen of the Guard, I was warmly pressed to accompany them, and assured of a right soldierly greeting, from having been myself *a Nationale Garde Anglais*, as they were pleased to entitle the corps of which I was for several years an officer, the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. This was at Havre, where the National Guard from Paris by the railroad were expected, and from whence two large steamers were expressly engaged to convey the metropolitan and Havre legions to Caen, the chief city of Normandy, the destined scene of festivity.

An additional interest to the projected visit was the opening of the great dock, or basin, which has been constructing at Caen for a period of twenty-five years. The banks of sand at the mouth of the Orne have gradually accumulated so as to impede, nay almost destroy, the trade of Caen, to which at one time ships of five hundred tons burden could sail, but which now scarcely sees one of two hundred tons. A ship canal, constructing from the basin, will reach Caen independent of this part of the river.

The advent of local prosperity and national regeneration was to be celebrated simultaneously. The feelings of the whole of Normandy were excited on the auspicious event. Some people imagine Caen to be but an old sleepy dormitory of archæological giants, entombed in Gothic mausoleums, attracting the pilgrimages of architects and antiquaries, the quiet hiding place of dissolute *roués*, the last retreat of Brummel and the spot of his burial, as well as the cheap residence of very small English incomes.

Well, it is so, and these are no mean characteristics when they are co-existent upon ground whereon the hands of a new and enterprising generation are raising edifices of utility and comfort, and availing themselves of every development of modern civilisation, are creating commerce and wealth amid matchless monuments of intellectual cultivation. I will not lose myself in a rhapsody on Caen, but if rhapsodies be excusable digressions, the fault must be most venial under the shadows of St. Etienne and Saint Pierre, and the tower of the latter flooded with moonlight in face of my window.

"Paulo majora canamus," saith your Gothic-stricken Paul Pry, and hoping to be excused, recommences, "Arma virumque cano," the National Guards and President Buonaparte.

The Colonel Bredart of the Havre Guard is a fine, noble fellow, respected as a civilian as he is admired as an officer. He is a

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perfect master of infantry exercises, and field movements, and has worked indefatigably to raise the corps to its present high state of discipline.

They are a jolly set, some thousand strong, hearty fellows, including all grades of housekeepers in this great northern sea port, the Liverpool of France, as Havre calls itself not without reason. The shopkeeper, the shipowner, the merchant, the maltster, the duke, and the drysalter, all must do their duty in the national guard. Men with such important avocations will be at times flinchers, but absence from muster call is by no means tolerated, nor can it be commuted by fine, if the delinquency be repeated, or the *Ægrotats* suspiciously numerous.

"Malade, malade,—vous l'êtes donc toujours, qu'on vous voit jamais dans le rangs," said the captain of a company to a portly merchant who preferring the desk to drill, was unaccountably often on the sick list. The merchant was entering the Lloyd Francais, for a well laden Indiaman of his property had just been telegraphed to that cosmogonous institution. He could not escape, so turned round stammering, "Mon capitaine—j'vais vous dire—sitot que j'entends le rapel, ce m'incommode."

At half past four a.m., the rappel was beaten in all the streets of Havre. Of course I was roused; who could help it, with the ear-numbing bumping on the tightened parchment? The national guard, such as went to bed at all that night, crept out of it, and giving a holiday to their ordinary costume of banker, merchant, and shopkeeper, buckled on their armour.

In the dark they hurried to the parade ground of their respective companies, which when slowly formed, were marched with drums and colours to the Place Louis XVI., where in the course of an hour the regiment managed to muster. Their Parisian brethren in arms were already arrived, and taking their breakfast to the number of five hundred, in a sort of temporary café erected on purpose.

Daylight broke on their welcomings and felicitations, a thousand citizen warriors were shaking hands on the quay of the Bassin de Commerce. The coquettish vivandieres, in their crimson short petticoats and plumed hats, were gliding merrily through the ranks to the call for a petite verre, biscuit, or cigar. I supplied myself with one of the latter from a rosy cheeked, bright eyed Cantonier, who had been installed with regimental honours for woman's daring and woman's tenderness amidst the flames and sulphureous smoke of the awful days of June, at the barricades of the Rue St. Antoine. I warrant she could step gracefully the Redowa polka with the young fellow between whose breast and a thousand levelled guns she interposed her pretty person in that deadly fight.

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By seven all were marching down the principal street, the Rue de Paris, and by eight were on board the two steamers alongside the *Grand Quai*. An immense multitude of people were by this time collected, and lined the quay to the extremities of both jetties, with those of the national guard who did not join in the trips, drawn up in time and presenting arms. Here I was struck at the difference between a crowd of my countrymen and a crowd of Norman French, so greatly for all the purposes of effect in favour of the latter. Instead of the gloomy, uninteresting line of dark coats and hats which even the dress of women relieves not, there was the almost universal blouse of the men, and entirely universal *bonnet de cotton*, of the women. A blue and white border to a picture is gayer than a black one any morning, especially when the sun glances smilingly on these his own primitive colours.

As we glided from the port across the wide mouth of the Seine, some five miles wide at this point, Havre never put on a pleasanter look. Its great outworks of stone, rows of lofty houses of every possible altitude for foundations to bear without a topple, grey and white stone ones, interspersed with the black and white streaks of its half timbered ancient erections, the forest of masts in the basin, the wide prospect crowned with a verdant horizon dotted every where with country houses, like patches of snow, a bold cliff as lofty and steep as that of Sandown, which faces it on the British coast, crowned with its lighthouses stretching to the left of the prospect, and the woods overhanging Honfleur and the banks of the Seine, its right.

Amid congratulations, good wishes, and huzzas, we steamed proudly away, the good boat Calvados, with its crack Dutch captain, leading the van into the Channel. Happy king Henry the Eighth had been in all the pride and pomp of his royal tub (tub in a nautical not a corporate sense) the *Harry, grace de Dieu*, as we see his expedition drawn by a cotemporary artist at Hampton court, if he could have led his royal fleet to the field of the cloth of gold, with as joyful a heart and as unsmiting a conscience, as worn in the breasts of those who surrounded me in their progress to *their* field of greeting. Harry-the-hog and his ministers were plotting in their unwieldey tub, holding one thousand men aboard, and a course of one mile an hour, how they might entrap their host the gallant Francis the First, on the same waters that were bearing a thousand laughing, smoking, and singing descendants of the subjects of the said Francis, single hearted in their purpose, disdainful of diplomatic reservations. We had two military bands of music in the steamers, with two pieces of cannon for saluting. The cannon on shore fired, the music on shore played; we responded in kind, and thus, after three hour's smooth transit, we passed Toques and Dives,

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and entered the river Orne. It was at Dives that William the Conqueror collected his three thousand vessels and fifty thousand men for the conquest of England. To better purpose was his rendezvous than Bony's at Boulogne. It was from Saint Valery-sur-Somme, a little further down the coast, that the fleet set sail.

The rocks of Calvados, famous for finding a bed gratis for shipwrecked mariners and oysters, were next passed, then the marine village of Amfreville, and on the opposite side Port, Ouistreham, and Sallenelles, towns of some size, would have turned out their national guard to return our salute, but not a guard was within ten miles— all, at Caen, with the rest of military Normandy, to hail the first entrance into the harbour of a ship and a regiment of real Parisian veterans of the barricades. Since their renowned duke summoned around him his barons, knights, and vassals, to join in his triumph, Normandy had never seen a more auspicious day. A double rank of national guards lined the entire quay on either side. The sun shone, bayonets and accoutrements glittered on the persons of nearly six thousand soldiers. The autumnal tints of the Avenue Caffarelli, and the shrubberies on the banks of the Orne, formed a varied relief to the sparkling refraction. A more animating scene it is impossible to suppose. Then what a host of grand historic monuments burst on the sight as we rounded the pier! The Abbayeaux-Dames, in all its vastness, its two towers (what Westminster's ought to have been but for Wren's Italian penchant) rising as pillars of glory to the memory of the foundress Matilda, as the pyramids of St. Etienne far away to the left immortalise her husband the Great Duke.

This royal pair had married in contravention of a canon of the church which prohibits marriage of first cousins, and Lanfranc, then resident at Bec, reprehended the duke in harsh terms.

The duke, incensed at his insolence, banished the "proud priest," but shortly finding it no joke to quarrel with the church, came to an understanding with him, when Lanfranc engaged to visit the supreme pontiff, who granted a dispensation to the duke and duchess on their founding two abbeys respectively for monks and nuns. By the Doomesday Survey it appears, the abbey possessed many estates in the counties of Essex, Dorset, Devon, and Gloucester, which the Lady Abbess occasionally visited. M. De la Rue tells us that he saw a diary of the abbess Georgetta du Molley Bacon, in which it is recorded that she embarked at the port of Caen, Aug. 16, 1370, with fifteen attendants, and landed at London, where she proceeded to Felsted in Essex, and that she returned home the following year.

The Nuns of this house were mostly of noble birth, and were invested with many privileges and exemptions.

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They were not bound by vows, and were allowed to see their friends in private apartments, had the charge of younger relatives, and were permitted to eat meat at their meals in days when fasting was enjoined in other houses. Between these churches rose the matchless spire of St. Peter, a work of elegance and grace unsurpassed by any erected during the six hundred years which have since rolled on. The leaning tower of St. John, with those of St. Michael de Vaucelles and the Chateau, form the intermediate background, while grotesque houses, like those of Havre, left not the eye to tire a moment on a continuous parallel. Every eminence, unfinished building, scaffolding, waggon, heaps of material from the dock, excavations, was garnished with folk having a predominating cerulean hue—they were as banks of animated convolvoluses, bordered with dew-sprinkled, glistening spike-grass. A new ship, the *Coralia*, built at Caen, entered the new port before us. It was manned with the flags of all nations, and contained the Bishop of Bayeux, in his golden mitre of prodigious altitude, and embroidered robes of purple and white satin, surrounded by thirty of the clergy of the diocese in white frocks, four large banners, with the crozier and staff, being borne aloft—the prefect (the lord lieutenant) of the department, the mayor in their scarfs of office, —judges in robes of crimson and ermine, the council of the department (a body equivalent to our bench of county magistracy) barristers and municipal officers, all in official costume. The bishop, a hearty florid man, a staunch pillar of the church, is deservedly popular. He was rector of Havre prior to his installation, which those of his late flock who filled the steamer which followed in his lordship's wake did not forget. "Vive le curé du Havre!" "Vive l'Abbé Robin!" "Vive la réligion!" burst forth when we drew alongside the quay. With the readiness of the bishop of Norwich, and with infinitely more dignity, the bishop of Bayeux commenced an harangue upon the felicitous visit of the Parisian fellow soldiers, at a moment when the port throws open its gates for the first time, to receive the products of industry and the defenders of law and order. He then drew a glowing picture of the future prosperity of Caen, worthy of a place beside the Birkenhead inauguration speech of Lord Carlisle. The church is never so popular as when a dignitary has sense and genius to enlist universal sympathy, by sympathising itself with popular feeling the exceptionable occasions of festivity. When he fervently and singly hoped the revival of prosperity to this ancient city, and single hoped that though the religion of Jesus Christ was a stranger to national revolutions, it never was to the real welfare and happiness of man, and that "equality, liberty, and fraternity," practised in their true acceptation, could not fail to be an "Egis after t

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of security and happiness," enthusiasm was at its height; the doubtful, suspicious, distrustful Louis Philipists, Henry Cinquists, all joined in amen to this prayer of their bishop. Caen, it should be told, is the heart of conservative, monarchical France. The visit of the national guard would have failed to draw many of the old, wealthy titled inhabitants who attended the cortège to day, but for the civic portion of the rejoicings, and the character the bishop was determined to give it. In my opinion it is the church, and the church alone, that has stayed the down hill tendency of the revolution. It was a dexterous and thoughtful speech of Lamartine attributing to Christ the authorship of all republicanism. The character of republicanism has been so often blasted as to be entirely lost amongst men of reflection, and this desperate effort to set it up again for a short time, has only been sheltered from contempt by the universal benevolence of the church with whom it has contrived to ally itself. The church never had a chance of being so truly catholic as at this era, and aware of its opportunity, is zealous and eager to acquire a permanent ascendancy before the rattletrap fools-cap constitution is shelved on the top of the twenty one constitutions that have been consecutively the law of France during the last sixty years.

But, bless me, what is that salute so altogether im-*propria maribus?* on both cheeks too! a Bayeux grazier has mingled the essence of Norman tulips with the mille fleur cosmetic that laved the Camellia-cheeked guardsman of the Boulevard des Italiens. Not proof against Provincial cordiality, the Parisian platoon gave way before an attack altogether superannuated in the code and signals of field saluting. What a shaking of hands! what embracings! not one of my companions put his feet on shore unwelcomed or unnoticed. Even when I (alien as I was) touched the pier, some hands grasped mine, and Vive les Havrais was cried in a kind, assuring tone—the utterer supposing me some Havre "follower of the army." Of course I put on the air of a visitor on the threshold of his host, well pleased to pay my respects. The whole cortège ecclesiastical, municipal, medical, and military, moved on to the fine square called Place de la Liberté, (the fifth liberty taken with its name since Louis XIV. gave it his) making a column of about a mile and half, with music and artillery, traversing the quays to the Pont de Vaucelles, and the whole length of the Rue St. Jean, the Rue St. Pierre, and La Venelle aux Chevaux. No idea of the procession along this latter street can be given but by the animated pencil of Maclise for the military groupings, while that of Prout is needed for the grotesque buildings that rose above the joyous throng, while in balconies to the sixth and seventh story, were delighted faces smiling in the sunshine upon the beautifully commingled spectacle of curious unique monuments of the glories of past centuries

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surrounding a congress of the latest elements of all that is restless and hopeful in the present. The ball room at the town hall saw two thousand of us making waltzing and polking acquaintance with the ladies of Caen. We had introduced ourselves favourably to them on the triumphal march, through the town by saluting the fair freighted balconies with "Vive les Caenaises!" may they live and grow handsomer—for that is all they need do; better girls—"nicer sort" of girls, or more domestic darlings, no English country ball could exhibit. I saw a score ready to be sweet wives, and ever remain such:—

> Creatures not too bright or fair
> For human nature's daily fare,
> For transient griefs or simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, griefs, kisses, tears, and smiles.

They all had a very English cast of countenance, too, quite as many blondes as amongst the same number in London, perhaps more so.

The Caen ball room has a raised corridor separated from it by a colonnade. This enables promenaders to enjoy a full view of the dances—while seats are raised above each other from the floor of the room to that of the corridor.

The cause of the fête was introduction enough; formality was banished; everyone addressed each other as brothers and sisters; all were determined that the Fête de la Fraternité should not belie its name; and resolution was never more scrupulously kept.

If the appearance of the room at midnight might be an index to the opinions of the present hour, the poet's sensible query must receive an infinite number of echoes,—

> Who would ask a heart to dulness wed,
> The wavelet's calm, the slumber of the dead?
> Without the smile from partial beauty won?
> Oh! what were man? a world without a sun.

If it be true, as Campbell says, that beauty is the sun by which existence is rendered tolerable, where does this beauty shine with more genial ray than in a ball room? the fireside is the home of the affections, and in the war of words the intellect may send forth its bright scintillations, but under the influence of the pleasing excitement of the dance, beauty evolves its magnified attractions and realises the poet's simile. When a man is on his travels, his time limited, his chances precarious, his opportunities fortuitous and accidental, he must seek a specimen of each leading characteristic to "lay up in the book and volume of his brain."

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Permitted to gather a bouquet in a given time in the Duke of Devonshire's garden at Chiswick, or Frogmore, or Ealing Park, who would not secure the sweetest rose, the noblest camellia, the most odoriferous pink, and most graceful lily, for the first positions in the group—so to say of your partners for polka and waltz; while you lean in quieter rapture over the modest fragrance of the mignionette, the jessamine and the violet—as you listen and gaze less uninterruptedly upon the companion of your quiet walks through the quadrille. As I said before, the Caenaise are not "the fairest women under Heaven," still I can find a passage that describes the female portion of the assemblage more deftly than the stiff formalities of prose, so, to borrow again from the same master of rhyme:

> "Some were calm, severe, and fair,
> Some had locks of auburn hair,
> Some had lips like parted cherries,
> Some had cheeks like autumn berries,
> Some had eyes where pity glowed,
> Some a smile where love abode,
> Comely, ruddy, graceful, tall."

And (in each man's eyes of course) one the fairest of them all. After this luscious picture of varied loveliness, to tell how the time sped till half past four in the morning is quite supererogatory. In the corridor and salle des marriages were tables de jeu, around which select committees were circulating centimes and fraternising five franc pieces. It is customary at all public assemblies where cards are played, for the bystanders at will to put down any stake by the side of a player, and the cards are not reversed from the table until a similar aggregate of stakes is added to his antagonist's. Should there be no disposition to make it up, gentlemen are requested to withdraw their money until the sum is equal on both sides. In this familiar transit, a few thousand francs were changing hands, as pleasantly to all appearance, as the ladies were in the ball room.

Six thousand amateur warriors quartered on the citizens of Caen, were not likely to pass their visit in slumber. From Saturday afternoon till Monday morning the streets of Caen, under the various illumination of gas, lampions, moonlight, and sunlight, wore the appearance of apartments full of promenaders. Parades, processions, demonstrations, half a dozen full military bands, and drums awfully numerous, were everywhere, from sunrise to long after sunset.

From all the innumerable balconies, from the smallest and highest, no less than from the lowest and meanest, were tricoloured streamers fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. The

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buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Windows were all day filled with company, like boxes at a theatre. In every group were sure to be two or three pairs of crimson epaulets. Muslin bonnets, satin ditto, silver mounted shakos, and burnished helmets, seemed to pave the street, and stud the walls of the houses, as if it had hailed and rained helmets, bearskin caps, muslin bonnets and shakos, for twelve hours previous; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced and laughed and sparkled like light in water. Nor were the churches less filled, for the second day of the fête was Sunday. The vast naves of St. Etienne, St. Pierre, and St. Jean, seen from their Rood lofts presented the appearance of conservatories, the crimson epaulets of the national guard, and the bullion ones of their officers, representing the verbenas and marigolds, whilst the lofty steeple caps of the Norman lasses became the magnolias of the gay parterre.

Beneath the roof of St. Etienne the great palm house at Kew could conveniently nestle, nor do the slenderest of its cast iron pillars, or its buttresses, devices, mouldings, for which metal is so available, surpass in elegance and lightness the clustered columns of St. Pierre.

The review on the grand Cours, which is flanked on two sides by avenues nearly the length and breadth of those of Bushy park, followed by a banquet, was the business of Monday afternoon.

Reviews in general are unpalatable affairs, save to those in the centre of operations, near the General reviewing, the why and wherefore of which not one in ten thousand of the bystanders can see at all. This *Cours* seems to have been made for a review ground. A high bank surrounds it, the people stand on it, no one leaves it, for there is no better place to be had, consequently that uproarious scramble, pushing, punching, and kicking, which absorbs the attention during a review in Hyde Park, were altogether missed. But all gatherings for spectacles likely to be popular, in our monster metropolis, become every year less pleasurable from the inordinate increase of population. The Horse Guards must never appoint reviews at less distance than Wimbledon Common. Upwards of a hundred thousand, sitting or standing at their ease, were enjoying the spectacle within the square (longer than the Green Park) and as all the troops defiled close to them, all had an equally advantageous view. The Bishop, wisely mindful to keep alive fraternity with the church, appeared in the midst of the plain, followed by the clergy as before, in the same pomp, his train borne by two acolytes. Amidst rapturous cheering the embroidered banner was lowered,

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embraced, and blessed by the bishop, and a delegation of officers from each squadron and company, forming in themselves a regiment, received it with grateful ardour, and vows of brotherhood were again sworn. The bells of St. Etienne, St. Michael de Vaucelles and St. Pierre pealed again through the air a Norman welcome to their metropolitan guests.

The review terminated, the legion marched to different parade grounds, and from there to a temporary building, or rather open pavilion erected within the whole length of one of the avenues; an immense orchestra in the centre contained the bands of the regiments, who were regaling right and left in exemplary order, which put to shame behaviour at dinners I have attended, where not a tenth of the number sat down. Nearly five thousand were provided with places, each having a bottle of wine by his plate. So admirably were the arrangements adhered to, that no confusion, no crowding took place, which one would think it were impossible to avoid in placing such an immense assemblage, in comparison with which the great conservative and reform dinners in Covent-garden theatre sink into insignificance. It was, as every one exclaimed vraiement un fete de la fraternité. Every Parisian was seated by a Norman, who as the former entered the pavilion took him by the hand and invited him to the table beside himself. A more successful aid to methodical fraternization could not be devised, and pretty was the music of four thousand glasses tinkling against each other, as is the custom when pledging. A la garde nationale de Paris! à la garde nationale du Havre! à la garde nationale d'Honfleur! à la garde nationale de Caen! as well as toasts to those of Lisieux, Caventard, Falaise, Bayeux, Pont l'Eveque, and St. Lo, resounded louder and louder as the wine-warmed hearts of the citizen soldiers throbbed higher. I need not mention that the Prefect made a speech, and gave what he called un double toast, à la République! à l'Assemblée Nationale! and that the Mayor of Caen gave The Army, with a conservative construction of their duties to their country as defenders of order and property, which no Englishman could desire to improve. Then General Massoni proposed "The National Guard," which he gave: "à cette grande famille, dont le patriotisme et le devouement doivent fonder d'une manière inébranlable l'ordre et la liberté." In fact, all the speeches breathed eager admonitions to enforce order, and respect for the law. I could fancy I was at a county conservative festival. Every one who has property knows that the march of revolution has gone too far, and fearful of losing it altogether, upholds order and authority. They well know that Paris is on the verge of "the revolt of famine;" the communists, ultra republican and journalist-led multitude of Paris have no symphathisers amongst the thoughtful Normans, of whom nine hundred and

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ninety nine out of every thousand would be but too happy to see Henry the Fifth on the throne, not only because his right is clear and unquestionable, but because they could now secure a constitutional monarchy on the broadest popular basis consistent with security. The present intact condition of Great Britain proclaims the wisdom of her institutions, and excites the envy of the world. The wildest democrats admit it at their rational intervals. At no time could an Englishman traverse Europe with prouder step than at this moment. Every shock of the present political earthquake is a convulsive compliment from conscience-stricken continental betrayers of their fellow men, to their insular guardians of human liberties, amidst treacheries and tempests, whoever their guilty authors, be they philosophers or tyrants. I was the only English guest at this immense gathering, and my hosts were prodigal of compliments, which I should be very unjust not to declare my belief were perfectly sincere and hearty. "A l'Angleterre! A la Reine de Grand Bretagne! A Notre Hote Anglais!" saluted my ears from moustachiod mouths, whose teeth glistened between their bushy intrenchments as felt spar does below the brake around a Derbyshire Cavern. My glass gingled again and again in contact with those of admirers of England, pressing forward to pay my dear country homage in my person. As fast as I could pack together my French vocabulary, I uttered aspirations "pour l'amitié et l'alliance perpetuelle entre nos deux pays, parceque je sais que c'est le gage le meilleur, le plus sûr, pour les intérêts de la civilisation," and subsequently committed myself to something like the following compliments, as they appear in the Caen newspaper.

The bit about the battle of Hastings, I was indebted to a gentleman near me, who is a national guard of Saint-Valery-sur-Somme, the port whence his countryman set forth for his successful conquest of England.

Messieurs,—Le spectacle si noble et si imposant qui vient d'avoir lieu m'a fait éprouver une profonde émotion.

C'est par la réunion des diverses classes dans un intérêt commun que la société est elle-même maintenue.

Je considère comme un grand honneur d'avoir assisté au *banquet fraternel,* et de m'être assis à la table de quatre mille braves gardes nationaux français. Les sentiments généreux dont j'ai entendu l'expression ont touché mon cœur.

J'ai l'honneur de vivre sous le sceptre aimable d'une souveraine descendue, en ligne directe, de votre grand duc Guillaume.

Du fond du cercueil où il repose, dans la superbe basilique qu'il a fait bâtir, digne monument de sa gloire, l'ombre de ce grand homme a dû tressaillir au bruit du canon et au magnifique spectacle que Caen, cité si chère à son cœur, vient de présenter.

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Samedi, 14 Octobre, était un jour à jamais mémorable dans vos annales ! C'était l'anniversaire de la bataille d'Hastings, qui donna le trône d'Angleterre à Guillaume. Jamais, peut-être, depuis le 14 Octobre 1066, les habitants de Caen n'ont vu luire un plus beau jour, jour de pacifique fraternité.

J'ai assisté à beaucoup de revues, à de grandes fêtes populaires ; mais je n'ai rien vu de comparable au magnifique spectacle qu'offraient, Samedi, les rives de l'Orne, bordées de gardes nationaux, de troupes et d'une population innombrable. Jamais je n'oublierai l'enthousiasme de notre réception, les acclamations, mêlées aux salves de l'artillerie ; cette revue dans votre immense prairie, où plus de six mille hommes étaient rangés en bataille ; ces vivats fraternels ; enfin ce banquet si cordial auquel je me féliciterai toujours d'avoir assisté. Certes, une telle fête valait bien que l'on vint exprès d'Angleterre pour en être témoin.

Je ne suis pas étonné que la plus haute noblesse d'Angleterre réclame l'honneur de descendre d'aieux Normands. Et ce n'est pas seulement par les armes que ce peuple est à jamais célèbre dans l'histoire ; il n'excelle pas moins dans les beaux arts. Nous autres, Anglais, nous sommes bien forcés d'en faire l'aveu. Pour l'architecture, par exemple, nous sommes dégénérés de nos ancêtres Normands ; nous ne pouvons atteindre à la perfection de leurs modèles.

La salle de Westminster fut érigée par un roi Normand, il y a 800 ans : et, depuis, nous n'avons rien fait de comparable.

C'est une œuvre digne du fils du roi qui a fait ériger Saint-Etienne et l'Abbaye de Sainte-Trinité. En entrant dans ces monuments, on éprouve cette muette admiration, ce saisissement secret et solennel, qui s'empare de toutes les facultés de l'âme, en présence d'une œuvre inspirée. La flèche de St. Pierre est, avec l'intérieur de Saint-Ouen de Rouen, la merveille de l'art catholique, et la réalisation la plus parfaite de l'idée chrétienne par l'architecture.

Nous devons être amis, c'est le désir de tout Anglais ; et l'empressement des habitants de Southampton à vous offrir une réception digne de vous en est une preuve suffisante.

Parmi les dames qui s'étaient empressées pour vous recevoir, la belle Vicomtesse Palmerston, et beaucoup d'autres dames de distinction, s'étaient rendues à Southampton dans cette intention. Le contretemps qui vous a empêchés d'aller en Angleterre ne nous privera pas, dans une saison plus favorable, du bonheur de vous recevoir ; par exemple, au mois de mai prochain, où Londres est le plus animé.

Nous sommes heureux sous notre forme de gouvernement. Vous avez dernièrement choisi la forme républicaine. Je désire sincèrement que l'ordre nouveau puisse s'affermir, et que vous

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goûtiez la prospérité dont vous avez tant besoin, et dont vous êtes si dignes.

Comme ancien officier de la garde nationale Anglaise, je veux parler de notre *yeomanry cavalry*, mon intérêt est plus vif pour tout ce qui concerne la garde nationale de votre pays. Comme vous, nous jurons de défendre les principes de *liberté* et *d'ordre public*, et c'est avec bonheur que j'apercois que ces mots forment votre devise. Soyez-en bien convaincus, sans ordre il n'y a pas de liberté, et pour assurer l'ordre et la liberté à l'Europe, il faut que ces deux grandes nations, la France et l'Angleterre, soient amies.

C'est le sentiment de tout Anglais, c'est le vœu le plus cher de notre gracieuse souveraine.

Venez donc nous visiter l'année prochaine, et vous entendrez des milliers de voix bretonnes crier: Vive la France!

The reception this little address met with was beyond its deserts. I could not say less. Colonel Bredart, chef de legion d'Havre, replied to me:

"J'applaudis, tant en mon nom qu'au nom du corps que j'ai l'honneur de commander, aux sentimens de noble fraternité qui respirent dans vos paroles. Comme vous, monsieur, je pense que l'Angleterre et la France, qui occupent le premier rang parmi les nations civilisées, doivent pour le bonheur du genre humain, rester toujours saintement unies en donnant au monde l'exemple de l'ordre dans la liberté, seul regime convenable aux sociétés comprennant véritablement leur dignité.

Marcher d'un commun accord dans cette voie philanthropique est une mission bien plus sacrée pour nos deux pays que d'entretenir de grossieres antipathies faussement decorées du nom de patriotisme, et qui ne sont que de vieilles erreurs à réléguer au nombre de ces prejugés invétéres dont le flambeau d'une sainte philosophie fait justice de jour en jonr.

Les Gardes Nationales du Havre seront heureux de pouvoir, en une meilleure saison, réaliser le projet qu'ils n'ont pu exécuter dernierement d'aller visiter les habitans de Southampton et de Londres, puis qu'ils ont la certitude d'y recevoir un accueil en harmonie avec les sentimens qui motivent cette excursion. Et dans ce cas, veuillez croire que le compliment de notre satisfaction serait d'avoir de nouveau le plaisir de vous voir au milieu de nous.

Were every Englishman to use opportunities that present themselves, favourable to the growth of friendly feelings between our two countries, instead of fomenting national prejudices, chances of war would be rendered as remote as the most Utopian member*

* The writer has been, we believe, Justice of the Peace for Warwickshire nearly twenty years, and recently appointed a magistrate for the metropolitan county. Experience has not vainly taught him, that peace is best preserved abroad as well as at home, by "speaking to thine enemy whilst thou art in the way with him."—Ed.

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of the Peace Congress could desire. This I am convinced is the duty of every one of my countrymen, it involves no loss of self respect, whilst it cannot fail to evoke a desire amongst the objects of our courtesy to know us better, when it becomes our own fault if that knowledge is not to our own advantage.

I returned to London in time to be present at another feast of fraternity in the Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, on the occasion of his inauguration, and heard with delight M. de Beaumont, the French Chargé d'Affaires, giving vent to the feelings which no Frenchman can fail to have, at such a spectacle as that which surrounded him on the ninth of last November.

"England is the land of liberty," said M. de Beamount, and he emphatically repeated it twice; and the sentiments which he heard from the Lord Mayor and his distinguished guests, Lord Lansdown, Lord Palmerston, Lord Hardinge, Lord Denman, and others, must convince him that it is at this moment peculiarly the interest of France to cultivate friendship with a nation where the art of government is alone practised successfully, by upholding time-honoured institutions, proved to secure to its people not only invaluable rights, privileges, but contentment, wealth, and ease. Throughout my rambles in the north of France, I met with no republican at heart, sentiment, from habit, or wish, but on the contrary heard unequivocal expressions of disgust at the late change; for the very evident reason that the condition of all is worse and no better for it. The official organ of government has just proclaimed that out-door relief must be given throughout the winter to 300,000 persons in Paris alone, one fourth its population, and the rate of relief is fixed at from twelve to fifteen centimes, or from three halfpence to two-pence a head; and to pay this relief it will be necessary to have recourse to a loan, the excess of expenses already this year over receipts of municipal and parochial revenues being sixteen millions of francs (£640,000 which any fresh outbreak would increase. Happy! happy England! exclaimed I each day. A gentleman gave me one of Lamartine's republican rhapsodies on his country, to which I reciprocated with this of Tennyson's on mine; and with which I conclude my story:—

"It is the land that freemen till,
That sober suited freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends and foes,
A man may speak the thing he will:
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

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TELESILE.

BY JOHN BAKER.

WITHIN a hall in Nanci's fortress town,
A maiden and a youth together stood;
The sunbeam through the blazoned glass flung down
Its radiance on them, in a purple flood.

Perchance, some twenty years had o'er them flown,
But time had fallen heavily on both,—
For sorrow's hand had marked them for her own,
And in her deepest gloom they swore their troth.

But yet they loved: and as the darkness rose
The thicker round them, still they loved the more;
Even as heated metal brighter glows
The darker be the shade that passes o'er.

Oh! 'twas a feeling surely sprung from heaven,
Pure as the first young love of man might be;
When woman to his aching heart was given,
And earth still flourished in its infancy.

And there they stood,—her head upon his breast,
As if she fain would nestle there for ever;
Their hands together with a fervor pressed,
As though no power should their entwining sever.

And ever and anon you might have heard,
Like the south wind at eve, a low, deep sigh;
And then from either, a delusive word
That vainly whispered—"brighter days are nigh!"

But hark! amid the silence
What bursts on the ear?
Why blanches the cheek
Of the maiden with fear?
Why startles the youth,
As her hands from his fall?
There's a cry ringing loudly,—
"The foe's at the wall!"
While the chimes' backward peal
Spreads a thousand alarms,
And there soars o'er the tumult
The wild shout,—"*To arms!*"

As one that is drowning
In agony clings,
Her arms round her lover
In terror she flings;
As though in the clasp
Of that fervent embrace,
She would bind him for ever
And aye to the place.

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While *he* well nigh wavered,
As closer he pressed
Her half-fainting form
To his agonized breast;
But it was but a moment,—
For loudly and clear
Burst the terrible sounds
Once again on his ear.
So pressing his lips
To her marble-cold face,
Half frenzied he tore
From the maiden's embrace.
And then, without daring
E'en one look around,
He hurried away
As she sank to the ground;
And speeding right on
Mid the rush to and fro,
He stands on the battlements
Gazing below.

There is Oriflamme streaming
Aloft on the air,
And arms brightly gleaming
In myriads there:
And plumes waving white
In the glare of the sun;
Alas! they'll be red
Ere the victory 's won!

Like waves on the sea-shore
They roll to attack,
Like waves from the sea-shore
Again they fall back;
While a handful of men
Stand opposed to the mass,
Like the Spartans of old
At Thermopylæ's pass.
No ceasing,—no flinching,—
But careless of life,
From morning to sunset
Continues the strife;
Till, numbers o'erpowering,
They one by one fall;
And now, mid the roar,
There's a breach in the wall.

As a tempest-lashed torrent
That, bursting its bound,
Foams along, spreading death
And destruction around,—
So poured they in Nanci.
And ere the day wanes,
The place is in ruins,—
Its people in chains.

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The sun shines bright again upon the town,
And pours o'er hill and dale its golden flood;
It heeds not that it flings its radiance down,
Seeming to smile upon a deed of blood.

See! even now it comes—a brutal throng—
Forth from the confines of the prison gate;
And mid them moves that youth in chains along,
Calm and undaunted, to his barbarous fate.

There, neath the headsman's stroke to yield his breath,
Stands the last scion of a noble line;
A patriot—doomed to die a traitor's death!
Why doth the sunbeam still so brightly shine?

See! he is kneeling! how the sight appals
One's every sense. And now there's something gleams
A moment in the sunshine. Ha! it falls!
And his warm life-blood o'er the green sod streams.

And where is now the maiden of his love,
His soul's whole universe—Oh! where is she?
There, while their chief in judgment sits above,
She stands amid the mail-clad soldiery.

There is a smile of calm defiance playing
On that young face, that once so sweetly shone;
While o'er her breast her night-dark hair is straying,
Like shadows over Parian marble thrown.

One of earth's beautiful! and yet she seems
Almost too beautiful to be of earth;
As from her lips she pours, like lava streams,
The burning words to which her thoughts give birth.

"Ye foul barbarians! ye have murdered *him!*
Now ye would vent your fiendish rage on me;
Take me from hence, then—tear me limb from limb:
I hope for nought besides from such as ye!

"Merciless wolves! who love to lap the stream
Of human life blood, *I* fear not your fangs!
Ye know not woman's strength if so ye deem:
She can endure a thousand deeper pangs!

"Know, then, that I defy ye! Do your worst.
With one foul deed ye've shamed the light of day.
Heaven looks down on ye, and ye are cursed;
Ha! ye do tremble now, and well ye may!"

Madly the tyrant shouted,—"Let her go
Back to her dungeon!" But his rage was vain;
Her burning words were but her life's last glow,
Bright'ning as tapers brighten ere they wane.

There is a cold, dark dungeon; on the walls
Hang the damp vapours, and the worm is there.
Ye cannot see: but on the ear there falls,
Amid the gloom, the solemn sound of prayer.

Now it has finished, and there comes a sound,
Like the deep gurgling of a rapid river;
Hush! it has ceased, and silence broods around,—
There soared the maiden's spirit free for ever.

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DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

BY N. HAWTHORNE, ESQ.*

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him, in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentleman, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves

* Our Publishers have just issued the volume, containing the beautiful tales of Mr. Hawthorne: they are advertised on the cover.—ED.

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of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practise. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said —"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champaigne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any

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passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century would ever bloom again?

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See," answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full-blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show: "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the "Fountain of Youth?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" asked the Widow Wycherly.

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"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem," said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story: "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid, as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champaigne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a life-time to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my own experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they

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had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscription which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion! Even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentleman, of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities;

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unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror, curtseying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life

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shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicksomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the blackletter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then they all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me." And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand, fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet

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by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favours, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds: "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a life-time been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

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"Are we grown old again, so soon!" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger; "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well —I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night from the Fountain of Youth.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

TIRED and languid with the summer heat,
  Bēneath a spreading oak my limbs reclined,
Dwelling on fancy or some old conceit,
  And endless nothings floating through my mind.
Methought two figures silently came near,
  Wayworn and weary, as if wandering far,
Seeking the friendship of some calm retreat
  Where balmy woods and cooling shadows are.

One had a voice with melody so fill'd
  That when he spoke, its accents on the ear
Fell like soft notes of music from afar,
  Borne by light zephyrs o'er the waters clear.
His garments were a quaint and oddish shape
  That ere a mind ingenuous could devise
With generous laughter he the stillness broke
  And mirth sat beaming in his merry eyes.

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The other pale and lovely as the moon
Serenely smiling in a cloudless sky,
While in her face a contemplative air
Cast a deep shadow on her thoughtful eye.
A sable robe around her loosely thrown
Fell in rich folds, yet still I could descry
The outline of a fair and noble form,
Matchless alike in grace and symmetry.

They seated them upon a knoll, whose feet
The silver river laved with murmurings low;
Above their heads the soaring lark poured forth
His strains in rich and undulating flow.
Around them lay so calmly in repose
The valley guarded by tall hills of blue,
Upon whose sides the grazing flocks were seen,
And near whose summits giddy swallows flew.

At length Mirth spoke, upon whose brow the crown
Of many a revel and gay dance he wore,
"Fair sister, weep not, dry thy falling tears,
And bid thy heart be merry evermore.
All is not sorrow, though the hour be dark,
And angry clouds of fortune gather near,
Let not their gloomy influence chill thy soul,
Nor wring thy bosom with their blight full sere."

"Unhappy dreamer," Melancholy said.
"Thy worldly vanities are empty show;
Fade they all must; what in the coming gloom
Can cheer the solitude we then shall know.
Some higher thoughts be ours, some nobler theme
Than that which mirth inspires us to feel,
Teach us devotion holy, calm, and pure,
And to the soul its heavenly aim reveal."

"I do not dream," said Mirth—"O that I could!
Such gorgeous visions should my brain then fill
That waking, if one gleam with me remained,
Mankind should happy be, and know no ill.
I'd teach, although no monitor am I,
And apt to linger in life's idle way,
Lessons so fraught with tenderness and love,
That years should pass as happy as a day.

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"I often leave a gay and lighted hall
To sit unseen beside a peasant's fire,
I love to see the merry little brood
Play sad disasters with their willing sire.
I could not for my life restrain their pranks,
Nor loose for worlds the tiny little chain,
Their arms make round his neck—O gentle thrall,
It warms my heart, and I am young again:

"Then on long summer nights, when sleeps the world,
And Heaven has crown'd with stars departed day,
Near to some maiden's shady bower I roam,
Where flitting moonbeams through the branches play.
If on her bosom pensive thoughts do dwell,
And long past pleasures to her memory cling,
Love-songs like this to free her heart from care,
Beneath her casement I make bold to sing—

"'"'Tis good to be loving, come forth, come forth,
All earth is gay, and her carpet green;
The ruined abbey, so lone and dim,
Looks glorious, flooded with silver sheen.
Night is the hour when shines the moon,
For young warm hearts to dream of love;
Haste, haste, for the hours wane all too fast,
And a lover awaits in yonder grove.

"'"'Tis good to be loving, come forth, come forth,
Like fairy revels our dance shall be,
In the soft moonlight, so calm and bright,
We'll carol love songs, neath the old elm tree.
To-morrow may come, and sorrow may fling
Its darts around us, but what care we?
In the calm moonlight, so merry and light,
We'll dance a gay dance round the old elm tree.'"

Then Melancholy said, "Who talks of love
Knows not the canker at the core;
He who so blindly can be led will find
Tears fill the place where smiles were wont before.
A flower so frail as love not long endures—
Born but to wither, blossoming to fade,
A sunbeam playing on the earth an hour,
Ere night approaches with its sombre shade."

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Just then a band of laughing reapers came,
With the last load, which they in trophy bore;
Adown the lane their jocund voices rang,
And echo answered to their tuneful roar.
Mirth heard the strain, and started like a fawn,
Who hears afar the dreaded hunter's cry,
"Those sounds to me, when young, were joy, he said,
And more than ever now breathe extacy."

"Go, then," said Melancholy, pensively and sad,
"Join their loud clamour as the gibe goes round;
But learn too late the blessedness of peace
Can ne'er amid the busy world be found."
She leaned her head upon her gentle hand,
While Mirth, half feeling that the words were true,
Paused in his merriment with comic grace,
And spoke, as awkwardly he waived adieu,—

"Without me what would be this harvest home?
The jest would find no laugh were I not there;
No loving cronies would their stories tell;
Nor flirtings firmer bind the plighted pair.
The song unsung would be, the lively dance,
That happy, happy, fertile source of love,
Would ne'er be named, alike the night's round game
A dreary piece of merriment would prove."

I saw him join them, and I heard the shout
That hailed his coming, as he joined their play,
A dozen girls flew to their prize at once,
And bore him laughing in their arms away.
How long he tarried, needs not to be told,
Nor will I trace the frolics of that night,
For set the sun, and evening came apace,
And closed the busy revel from my sight.

W. B. A.

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SCENES IN SPAIN.—No. II.

ADELAIDA DE SALVADOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

As if to make amends for the misery we had suffered over night, the sun rose in all his splendour on the following day, and truly glad was I in seizing the first opportunity that day-light afforded for quitting my restless couch, where, in spite of all fatigue, I found it utterly impossible to obtain sleep.

By what means I was effectually kept awake I leave to the suggestion of my readers, and those to whom a Spanish *Venta* may be familiar will not fail in speedily arriving at a correct conclusion.

Bright as the morning was, we were destined to undergo disappointment, for scarcely had the greater portion of the party arrived at the *Venta de los Domajos* than the rain descended in torrents.

After a miserable and thoroughly wet drive we at length drew near the town of Loxa, and slightly prepossessing as was its appearance, when viewed amid a heavy fall of rain, there was not one among the party who did not joyfully hail the spot destined for our shelter and repose.

A good dinner will effect wonders, not only by invigorating the frame, but also in adding fresh force and animation to the mind; and if a man harbours within his bosom the least tendency towards communion with his fellow-mortals, it is at *that* period he will cast aside the accustomed reserve of his nature, and launch forth into friendly converse, with an openness and zest foreign to his more cautious hours.

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It was under some such inspiring influence that our party gaily laughed on recurring to the miseries they had suffered, yet, although they made light of the difficulties surmounted, not an individual present expressed the least anxiety for a second encounter, and to obviate so dreaded an annoyance it was unanimously agreed that the whole cavalcade should remain where it then was, be the period ever so protracted, until the weather promised a more agreeable journey.

That point settled, the next question was, in what way the time could be passed, and as the ladies declared seeing sights in the rain at Loxa was quite a different affair to prosecuting our journey in the wet towards Granada, it was impossible to overrule so convincing an assertion, and a guide for the following morning was accordingly engaged in our service.

There were few objects worthy of visitation that escaped our prying scrutiny next day, and so determined were we to behold all that could be shewn, that, ere noon arrived, our guide was sadly at a loss where to turn for further novelties, in order to appease what he justly regarded as the most extraordinary mania for sight-seeing that ever afflicted those whom it had been his fortune to escort.

"Mateo!" exclaimed one of our party, after a long ramble, —"Mateo, what are you to shew us now? for my part I am completely tired; and though we have walked all day, nothing have I seen in any degree sufficient as re-payment for such exertion,—where are you taking us now, Mateo?"

"Wherever you please, Senor," replied the obsequious cicerone, "I will show you whatever you please."

"But what else *is* there to see;" exclaimed another of the group, "you have promised most liberally I allow, but how have you redeemed your word? Badly to-day, Mateo," he continued, laughing, "come confess that nothing remains to be shewn, and you will save your conscience the weight of telling an untruth, and relieve us from much additional fatigue,—come, Mateo, confess."

"Ah! Senors," replied the cunning Spaniard, "you are so impatient you will not give me time; how can I show everything in a moment? Impossible! there is much yet to be seen, I can assure you," and here the poor guide, unwilling to lose such good customers, cast his eyes around, as if hoping that some extraordinary phenomena might arise to justify his assertion. "I can confidently assure you, Senors," he continued, "there is much more to excite your astonishment yet; and now I think of it," he added, his countenance brightening as some lucky thought crossed his prolific brain, "now I think of it, Senors, you have never visited the Church of Saint Juan—a splendid

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edifice, and well worthy the attention of such honorable *Caballeros.*"

As for taking us to see the Church dedicated to St. John, as a sight worthy of notice, so preposterous an idea never would have entered the imagination of our guide, had he not been closely pressed on the occasion, and, moreover, had not the altercation taken place on the steps of the very edifice named. In fact, it was the presence of the building itself, and not the recollection of the miracles and relics therein contained, that brought the proposition to Mateo's lips.

Having upwards of an hour yet at our disposal, we willingly caught at the suggestion offered, and forthwith entered the building.

There was not anything particularly remarkable in the construction of the church, neither were the decorations of the interior in any degree splendid, yet it was a large and somewhat lofty building, having its due proportion of wooden images and tinsel-covered saints thickly distributed amid various paintings, executed no one knows when, and by no one knows who.

At the moment we made our appearance the music had just ceased, and the soft cadence from the organ died away in the distance; and no sooner had the monotonous chant of the priest succeeded the stilling silence which reigned around, than I proceeded noiselessly with my friends along the aisles to view the various altars teeming with foil and trash.

It took but a short time to complete our inspection, and understanding from the guide that there would not be any more music that evening, we were turning towards the entrance when my eyes fell upon an object which instantly rivetted my whole attention. Exactly in front an image supposed to represent the Virgin, and having one silver lamp suspended before it, knelt the figure of a woman; not that there was any thing particularly remarkable in a circumstance which, throughout the twenty-four hours, was of momentary occurrence—but there was an expression in the uplifted countenance so sweetly touching, yet so deeply tinged with melancholy, that none could have passed that fair suppliant without notice; the attitude in which I beheld her was graceful in the extreme, yet wholly devoid of any theatrical effect, and what in another woman might readily—and perhaps with justice—have been laid to the score of affectation and study, was, in the handsome penitent before me, but the natural and spontaneous connection of the frame moving in accordance with the energetic pleadings of the mind.

I had seen many Spanish women in my day, and beautiful ones too, but never had I encountered anything approaching to

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the loveliness I then gazed on; her features were as nearly faultless, as it were possible to conceive, and, her dark luxuriant tresses were parted in profusion across a brow white and smooth to perfection; still there was a touching expression —an intelligence in her countenance, as though in that beauteous face might be read the very inmost workings of her secret soul, that struck more immediately to the heart of the beholder, than did a perusal of her features, unequalled in beauty as they unquestionably were. Her age could not have exceeded twenty, and so intent was she on her devotions, as wholly to disregard the proximity of my companions and myself, all of whom, wrapped in admiration, betrayed more astonishment than good breeding, by pausing, as if rooted to the spot beside her.

From this state of contemplation we were speedily aroused by Mateo, who placing the forefinger of one hand upon his lips, made unequivocal demonstrations with the other of his anxiety to withdraw us from the church. Little as I felt inclined implicitly to obey his imperious summons, I could not avoid being struck at the change which a few moments had wrought on the colour of his complexion, which albeit never of a most delicate tint, now assumed an appearance somewhat between lead and blue white.

"*Vamos,*" muttered the agonized guide from between his closed teeth, and seizing one of my companions suddenly by the arm, in an instant they had quitted the building.

"What is the matter, Mateo?" we all exclaimed on reaching the street; "what is the meaning of this nonsense?"

"Nonsense!" replied the agitated man, reproachfully; and extending his chest, as though relieved from an oppressive load, he seemed to breathe more freely, while by degrees the accustomed hue of saffron took possession of his not at any time particularly captivating visage.

"*Temblar me hace,*" continued Maseo—"*peroque hermosa es,*" and off he proceeded in the direction of the *posada*, with as little delay as could be afforded. All this very naturally excited our curiosity, but as Mateo was to us wholly unintelligible on the subject, we were compelled to seek information elsewhere, when, having made many inquiries, we were eventually put in possession of the following tale, the leading particulars of which, having occurred so recently, are yet fresh in the recollection of those who took an interest in the events; the names of the parties are of course suspended by fictitious appellations, but the thread of the story, together with the leading incidents, I have reason to believe occurred in strict accordance with the details here pourtrayed, under the head of

"ADELAIDA DE SALVADOR."

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Adelaida de Salvador was the only offspring, and consequently the sole care of a widowed father, who, doating to folly on the budding beauties, and growing perfections of his daughter, turned his thoughts by day, and his cogitations by night, towards the means of effecting the primary desire of his heart —a splendid union for his child.

The inhabitants of few countries have undergone such sudden variations of fortune as the Spaniards; and within the last thirty or thirty-five years, nobles who were one day basking in all the luxury and enjoyment of wealth, have on the following morning found themselves deprived of their honors, stripped of their possessions, and frequently compelled to seek personal safety by flight. Such had been the case with the parents of Adelaida, and truly thankful were they on being permitted to find an undisturbed shelter, although in comparative obscurity, at Malaga. Years rolled on, the mother of his child died, and, discarding all his former anticipations of splendor and ambition, the surviving parent determined to devote the remainder of his days in watching and protecting the beautiful creature that still remained to cheer his close of life.

In undisturbed tranquillity, thus glided on the happy hours of Adelaida's infancy, and well would it have been for all parties, had the expiring ambition of her father been allowed to perish, instead of being once more fanned into a flame destined to burn more fiercely than ever.

Our heroine had attained her sixteenth year, when, as if envious of the happiness she enjoyed, the malignant fates combined to destroy that felicity which, as they could not participate in, seemed but to excite their envy.

The object through whose instrumentality this end was to be effected, appeared in the person of a Spaniard of old and affluent family—the wealth and pride of whose ancestors having accumulated as they descended, reposed in full force in the possession of Don Triarto. This coveted prize, in the estimation of the elder ladies, was not in any way remarkable for good or evil; true, he had his eccentricities, and was esteemed somewhat pompous and tiresome in his harangues, but his greatest crime may be quoted when his inordinate vanity and self-sufficient consequence are mentioned. The Castilian, however, possessed a benevolent heart, in so far as when its promptings to do good in no way interfered with his immediate comfort or convenience: in short, after all his personal cares and fancies had been gratified, he objected in no degree towards contributing to the pleasures and happiness of others.

Having the highest consideration for his own merits, Don Triarto never fancied it possible that he could meet with a

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woman worthy of sharing his name; and having, moreover, some slight suspicion that his wealth caused the attention he received, the worthy gentlemen resolved, after fifty-three years' existence, that it would be as agreeable as prudent to continue until the final termination of his career, in a state of single blessedness.

"Intentions are one thing, and actions another," said a late novelist; and so it proved with our Spaniard, for, notwithstanding all the wise resolves and fixed determinations frequently declared, and hitherto acted up to, Don Triarto, on visiting Malaga, no sooner beheld *La Senorita Adelaida* than he forthwith determined to delay his departure from the town, for the express purpose of cultivating an acquaintance with so perfectly angelic a creature. Small, if any, were the obstacles opposed to the wishes of the rich man, and in brief period, the proud Castilian found himself a daily visitor at the abode which contained the peerless beauty who bound him captive to her car.

Then it was that the ambitious projects of her father began to revive, and feelings which for years had been dormant, sprung up with renewed vigour, as though rest had but added to their strength: nothing could have found greater favor in his eyes than the marked attention which this new and affluent acquaintance lavished on his child. Presents of all descriptions, and of considerable value, were momentarily conveyed to the house—by degrees the very mansion assumed a different appearance, and all that a short time previous spoke of straitened means, now proclaimed loudly the wealth that must have been bestowed, by the renovated aspect of all that Don Salvador was wont to claim as his own. In short, the new arrival became the declared suitor of the lady, while, dazzled by the glittering prospects and enormous wealth of his intended son-in-law, the ill-judging parent, regardless of the possibility of entailing misery on his child, and little heeding the disparity of their ages, readily chimed in with the wishes of his guest, and resolved to sacrifice what he most loved on earth at the accursed shrine of Mammon.

And what were the feelings of the poor girl, while the sordid barter for a human being was in progress? did *she* enter into the views which animated her parent to the traffic? did this fair and lovely creature dwell on the possession of wealth as the thing most worthy to be coveted on earth, and before which all other considerations should succumb? Far from it! hers was a heart soft and ingenuous as ever throbbed in woman's breast; her mind was attuned to the best and kindliest feelings of our nature, and not a thought or transient wish animated her bosom that might not have stood the searching eye of purity itself.

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To such a woman we may well imagine the effect of the shock, when first acquainted with her parent's views; for however "convenient and desirable" such matches may often be accounted among those where the heart has little voice in the transaction—so wholly unacquainted was Adelaida with the tortuous ways and crooked labyrinths of the worldly, that neither sophistry nor explanation could convince her why she should be wedded to an old gentleman, whom she exceedingly disliked, and whose age more than tripled her own. It was an enigma which the poor girl found difficult to solve, but it required much less penetration than Adelaida possessed to come to the evident conclusion that whatever might be her wishes in the matter, and however deeply her happiness might be involved, any decision she might arrive at on the subject would weigh but lightly in the balance, when placed in competition with the determination of her parent.

Yet in justice to the father, while his avarice cannot be otherwise than acknowledged, still it should not be forgotten, that at the moment he was undermining his child's happiness for ever, the misguided man felt inwardly convinced that he was adopting the course, of all others, whereby to ensure his daughter opulence, and, as he thought, felicity combined; for there *are* persons who deem the one indissolubly linked with the other, and Don Salvador was no exception to the rule.

Whether the excessive earnestness with which the lovely victim daily—nay almost hourly—besought her father for release from the detested union arose from some secret attachment to another, none can say—yet, among the many who occasionally visited at the house, there was one whose affection for Adelaida was but too conspicuous among his friends in his almost every act and word; but whether the feeling was reciprocal, and whether the devoted homage which her young and handsome cousin seemed to exist but to offer, found any responsive sentiment in the lady's heart, we know not; certain, however, was it, that notwithstanding the admitted intention of speedily bestowing the hand of his daughter on Don Triarto, the father of the devoted bride seemed rather to encourage than repel the multitudinous visits of his nephew; perhaps he was unaware of the misery which each succeeding interview with Adelaida engrafted in his relation's inmost soul, or probably so engaged was he in the completion of his favorite project, that the possibility of an unportioned boy raising his thought to her who was already destined as the wife of another, never for an instant clouded his imagination. This, however, can be but conjecture, yet all save the parent and his fair daughter seemed aware of the anguish which was fast accumu-

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lating, to be suddenly hurled down upon the devoted head of the then noble and high-minded youth.

The sand in time's glass never can stand still, and whether the medium through which mortals view its progress invest the falling particles with a golden hue, or fashion them to the dull sluggish motion which to the impatient appears endless, nevertheless, unchecked by the one, and unpropelled by the other—Time still glides leisurely along.

* * * * * * *

We must imagine two months to have elapsed, but in that brief period what events of moment had occurred!—Adelaida, notwithstanding her entreaties and passionate supplications for mercy, had become the wedded partner of the man whom her heart told her she could never learn to love. The ambition of the parent was appeased, and the happiness of the daughter sacrificed. But two months, two short months, had rolled by, since Adelaida stood at the altar, the fairest specimen of loveliness whose slight form ever pressed the marble pavement of the house of God—beautiful, most beautiful she appeared, but there was a contraction of the mouth, a vacant look, and almost unnatural brilliancy about her eyes that could not be mistaken for a symbol of a mind at ease. There stood the victim, pale, and immovable as a statue, and when the ceremony concluded which for ever bound her in duty and obedience to the being she detested, she suffered him to lead her from the congratulatory presence of her friends, as if totally unconscious of the prominent part it had been her hapless fate to enact.

It has been stated but two short months had passed, but how changed in that brief time had Adelaida become; thoughtful, and with her brow clouded, grieving, she moved amid the living mass, among whom it was her husband's pride and chief pleasure to lead her; but the sweet smile that formerly dimpled her lovely cheek had passed away,—no jocund laugh was sent in silvery cadence from her lips; joy was a stranger to her breast; her hopes and bright anticipations of felicity were cast down,—the heart of the poor girl was crushed, and Adelaida was miserable.

Wrapt as he was within himself, still it was impossible for Don Triarto otherwise than to notice the sudden change in his wife's manner, from joy to pain—from happiness to grief; neither did the quick transition administer in any degree to feed the flame of his self-love, but whatever might have been the cause from whence it originated, the true secret lay safely concealed beyond his penetration—the acuteness of which formed no prominent part of his character. Chagrined at length at the inanimate bearing of his bride, and having vainly

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taxed his imagination for a clue by which to elucidate the mystery, the disconcerted bridegroom summoned to his councils one, whose superiority of intellect over that of his friend could only be equalled by his unparalleled villainy.

It so chanced that never until this powerful ally was brought into play had Don Triarto harboured the (to him) preposterous idea, that under any circumstances whatever could it have been possible that an union with himself should be contemplated by the object of his choice with any feelings save those of self-congratulation, and consequently it was with no small portion of surprise, mingled with doubt, that the gentleman first listened to his friend's insinuation, to the effect that it *was* within the scope of probability that the lady might have conceived an attachment for some other person considerably more congenial to her feelings than the sentiments she experienced in behalf of her husband; but, when at length the idea *did* take root where the adviser intended it should flourish, the facility with which it strengthened and expanded, astonished even him in whose breast so noxious a seed as jealousy had been planted.

It were unnecessary to recapitulate the various and connecting hints that were dropped to substantiate the idea which, having been sedulously engrafted on a weak mind, forbade the possibility of extermination ;—circumstances which in themselves were nothing, were readily grasped at by the worthy colleagues, and when viewed in connexion with occurrences though equally evanescent, bade fair to render the enraptured husband particularly uncomfortable indeed.

The object on whom this suspicion rested, was of course the young and handsome cousin of the lady, of whom mention has previously been made, and who, unable to tear himself from the presence of her whom he regarded as a being of a superior order, might still be found, whenever opportunity offered, within the magic influence of her power, and from whose society he had vainly struggled to withdraw, even with the consciousness that to linger near the spot once so hallowed, could tend but to bring destruction on himself, and possibly might engulph her in the same abyss. With much craft and secrecy the actions—nay the very glances of the unsuspecting parties were watched, and frequently motives were given to actions, which, in truth, had their foundation in nothing, save the erroneous conclusions which their enemies arrived at. Still nothing decisive could be gathered—no real act of impropriety was detected; and, while the jealous husband panted for an opportunity openly to avow his suspicions, he was reluctantly compelled to smother his unenviable feelings in the absence of any definite proof which could justify harsh measures in the eyes of his acquaintance.

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Such was the state of affairs, when one delicious evening in summer Don Triarto led his passively obedient wife towards the accustomed promenade, and as the ill-assorted pair strolled slowly along, many were the surmises and half uttered expressions of surprise at beholding her, who but a short time since had so pre-eminently ranked amid the most beautiful woman in Malaga, saunter listlessly by the passing groups, as though unheedful of the gaiety of the scene by which she was encircled.

"Donna Adelaida," hesitatingly murmured a well known voice beside her, "if not intruding on your society, may I have the honor of joining your party in the walk?"

As the first accents fell on her ear, the young bride, taken by surprise, turned her head rapidly round, and her fine eyes encountering the ingenuous countenance of her youthful relative, the rebellious blood, rushing to her temples, rapidly suffused her handsome features with the crimson tide. Not so her companion, who, equally and interestedly attracted by the words that dropped from the lips of the speaker, contracted his dark eyebrows into a demoniac frown, and briefly bowed that assent to the request which common courtesy, and the custom of the country, forbade him to negative.

"The Alameda appears gayer this evening than it has been for a long period," again ventured the intruder, nothing daunted by the imperious reception he encountered at the hands of him whom he imagined he had best cause to hate on earth; "but," he continued, as if determined to draw the lady into conversation—"but, if I mistake not, you can scarcely judge the difference, since I do not think you have honored the Pasado for some days with your presence."

"Donna de Salvador must feel highly gratified, Senor, at the interest you apparently take in her movements," replied the husband, with a sinister scowl on his visage, by no means indicative of the placidity of his temper.

"Oh! as for that," laughingly rejoined the other, determined not to take offence whereby he alone could be the loser—"of course it is but natural one should take an interest in the welfare of his friends, among whom I hope to be ever permitted to enrol Donna de Triarto, besides which, is it possible that the brightest ornament of Malaga can withdraw herself from one of our national amusements without her absence being noticed?"

There was nothing in the meaning which the words conveyed beyond the complimentary style so much indulged in by the Spaniards, but there was a tone in the voice, and a manner with which the remark was uttered, that struck at once to the

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heart of the young girl; but what the exact nature of her feelings might have been, none can take upon themselves to aver, nor at this period of our tale is it incumbent to conjecture.

Poor Adelaida—far severer trials yet awaited you than even the persecuting supplications of one whose very name you strove to erase from your recollection, and the odious endearments of him whose jealous presence your very soul abhorred and detested.

In course of time the trio were joined by various groups bent on the twofold errand of enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening, and detracting from the character of all who came under their notice. In the animated conversation and agreeable sallies which without a pause enlivened the stroll, Adelaida took no part, but with a tact befitting a more experienced manœuvrer, the young cousin left the side of his fair relative, yet not relinquishing his claim as one of her party, joined with apparent zest in the mirth of the merriest of the group.

This line of conduct not a little puzzled the suspicious husband, and he was revolving in his own mind whether it would be better to withdraw his wife homeward, under the plea of lateness of the hour, and thus get rid of the noxious presence of his persecutor, when he encountered an old and much esteemed friend in the centre of a party then passing.

In an instant his doubts and jealousies vanished into air, and anxious, for many important reasons, not to miss the opportunity thus offered, Don Triarto, acting on the impulse of the moment, resigned his wife into the care of her companions, and pursued his friend who had already passed him some paces.

No sooner had his rival resigned the place he had tenaciously kept during the walk, than the cause of all the husband's jealous fears stood there in his stead.

"Adelaida," whispered the enamoured boy, "Adelaida, for the love of Heaven speak to me,—one word,—one look of kindness from you, Adelaida, and I am content; but oh! cast me not thus from you,—do not avoid me as you have lately done,—tell me, I implore you, tell me, how and in what way I offended you—*you* for whom I would gladly sacrifice existence, if it were possible, ten thousand times?"

"Hush! for mercy's sake, hush!" replied the trembling girl, "persecute me no further. It is useless to revert to what *might* have been; let us now view calmly what we are,—if you regard me, never see me more; your presence but adds to my misery, which, God knows, needs not any aggravation now."

"Anything! everything will I do as you command, Adelaida," he exclaimed, "but drive me not away thus in anger! If I must leave you, give me a glove—a fan—some trifle, to doat on in my

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madness when distant from you—perhaps, for ever! and, Adelaida, God grant that you may never feel remorse at having broken *that* heart which ever has been, and, by Heaven, ever *shall* be yours, and yours alone."

"This is cruel and ungenerous, Giberto; leave me, oh! leave me, I implore you," sobbed the terrified wife, "my husband will return instantly," and here her excessive agitation precluded further utterance; but stretching forth her hands in the most energetic manner, she motioned him to comply with her request.

Had not the presence of so many spectators brought the half distracted boy to reason, he would have clasped his beloved Adelaida to his breast, and dared the universe to force her from him—but he so far restrained the mad impetuosity of his nearly ungovernable feelings, sufficiently to check the first insane promptings of his thoughts; yet, notwithstanding the evident distress under which his cousin suffered, and although her supplications for his departure still rang in his ear, could he avoid the supposition that her out-stretched arm, holding within the small transparent hand, the very boon he had so earnestly craved, was voluntarily proffered for his acceptance,—here was proof sufficient of her regard—the confession, though not in words, which he had so frequently and almost hopelessly prayed for—acknowledged by one simple act.

But an instant elapsed, while these thoughts rushed hurriedly through his brain, and in the next he had secured the coveted fan, and concealed the treasure in his bosom.

Rapid as the act was, yet not adroitly was it executed as to elude all notice, and he whose eyes were the least desirable as a witness, returned to his wife's side in sufficient time to observe that something had been delivered to the other, without being able precisely to ascertain what the gift might have been, and lest any doubt on the subject could remain, the dreadfully agitated countenance of the lady plainly betrayed that some circumstance of no trivial import had occurred.

At the moment no remark escaped, on either side, and in a few minutes the cause of all this mischief mingled with another group, hurried rapidly to his home, there to brood over hopes which, however erroneously encouraged, he dared to cherish—while the enraged husband communed within himself what possibly could have been the transfer so suddenly bestowed upon his rival, and having minutely reckoned over in silence what trinkets or ornaments his wife had that evening worn, he discovered, before he reached his mansion, that that indispensable accompaniment to a Spanish lady's costume was missing;—the fan, the fatal fan.

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CHAPTER II.

THE cloak of midnight was cast over the town, and scarcely a human being appeared in the then deserted streets, save some few wretches, whose nightly dwellings were on the cold hard stones. The wind had greatly increased since the hour when the joyful group thronged the lively Pasado, and ever and anon strong gusts of chilly air swept round the unsheltered corners of the houses, driving before them huge drops of rain. A storm was evidently approaching, and the miserable outcasts who had vainly sought shelter for the night, crowded closer and closer to the portal that but in a trifling degree could shield them from the tempest, but which, nevertheless, afforded a temporary relief, the small indulgence whereof their very fellow creatures refused to bestow.

Louder, and with increased violence, blew the wind — the heavy sound of falling rain was succeeded by a rapid rush of water from the clouds—every instant the gloom settled into darker night, save when now and again, a vivid flash of lightning for an instant lit up the scene with its awful brilliancy.

Unmoved by the commotion of the elements, and regardless of the storm, one figure alone was visible from out the many thousands that daily thronged that busy city, and that person, closely enveloped in his cloak, and reclining against the branches of a wide spreading *valambrosa,* gazed on the house before him, unconscious of all save the violence of uncurbed passion then raging in his breast.

There was but one human being within the boundaries of Malaga whose uncontrolled and ill disciplined mind could have led him forth on such a dark, tempestuous night, merely to gaze upon the tenement of a woman, whom he madly, though not hopelessly, adored. Hour succeeding hour found Giberto on the same spot, and nearly in the same position, for neither the exercise of his reason, nor mental close examination, could convince him that the bestowal of the fan was otherwise than a tacit acceptance of his professions of love. In vain did common sense, and a vivid remembrance point out that on no occasion whatever, had the object of his ill-judged attachment permitted the slighest advance beyond what a long connected friendship might admit; never by word or deed, had Adelaida attempted to raise the most distant hope in his bosom—yet in this one act, premeditated as he fondly imagined, the infatuated youth beheld each icy barrier removed, and momentarily anticipated some visible manifestation of his mistress's regard.

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Deluded boy! could he but have felt convinced that the deed in which he so gloried—the action trivial as it was on which were based all his anticipations of felicity; could he but have known that nothing was more diametrically opposed to the virtuous determination of the unhappy girl, than for one instant voluntarily to permit her cousin to imagine that encouragement could be given from her, when to listen even to the outpourings of his overcharged heart she was well aware must be regarded as deadly sin.

Long and mournfully tarried Giberto—his eyes fixed on the casement from whence—but how vainly—he cherished the wild hope that some signal might be shown, or at least some trivial notice taken, by which a knowledge of his vigil would be conveyed; but no—all seemed dark and apparently deserted, until at length the grey streak of day breaking upon his vision warned him to depart, ere yet too late to avoid observation from others.

Sadly the desponding lover turned towards his home, his mind far too agitated to regard even for an instant the state of the dripping garments he instinctively wrapped around him. Wretched and fatigued, he reached his dwelling, when, rushing to his own chamber, he cast himself upon the couch; a harrowing feeling of faintness overcame his senses, and for a brief period, he sank into total forgetfulness of being.

Painful indeed was it to behold one so young and handsome, yielding without a struggle to the evil temptings of his vicious nature—yet the disposition of Giberto had hitherto been considered worthy of admiration. Mild and affectionate in his manners, the esteem and regard of his acquaintance were invariably enlisted in his behalf;—brave, generous, and gay, he had even been regarded as the great promoter of innocent enjoyments, and few were the *tutulias* and entertainments which were deemed complete, if the animated countenance of Giberto was not there to enliven the scene. Yet now how changed; the once blooming look had rapidly made way for the sunken eye and pallid cheek. As he lay unconscious on the bed, his breast heaved with the oppression of deep, heavy and heart-broken sighs: at one instant his teeth were clenched, his brow contracted, and the whole frame dilated as with passion—while in the next, a calm serenity passed across his brow, and the fast-falling tears rapidly trickled down his wan and faded features. And wherefore was this sudden change—this most unnatural alteration from all that was gay and amiable, to the very verge of moroseness and the development of many an unamiable feeling? Instead of the bland suavity of manner so prepossessing in youth, and so well and deservedly esteemed, the unfortunate boy would now shun, with a feeling of detestation, each change

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that broke in upon his solitude, and never mingled with his fellow men, save in the one great hope of being for an instant blessed with a glimpse of her who, to him, was worth more than all the world beside.

Watch the convulsive twitching of the closed hand, clasping in its powerful grasp, though unconscious what it holds, the one great treasure of his soul—the only tangible memorial of her now lost to him for ever: but an instant, while yet labouring under the power of the trance, he raises the fatal symbol to his lips; and then, need any one inquire what afflicts the mind, and rapidly advances to undermine the health of the young and graceful form then suffering from his insane passion?

When at length he awoke from this dreadful slumber, the sun had cast his broad glare of light into the room, searching each crevice of the apartment, in fact it was noon, and when Giberto slowly raised his hands to his burning forehead, in the endeavour to collect his scattered faculties, the throbbing headache and almost bursting pulse recalled him to a sense of his imprudence and his woe, having for so many hours remained in garments saturated with the last night's deluge: the glare of light falling directly on his sight occasioned him excessive pain — so much so, that involuntarily closing his eyelids, he sought relief in darkness. Yet during the brief period that enabled him to recognize the familiar objects scattered about his apartment, could it be possible that he distinctly traced the outline of a figure bending over him, and was it delusion that a face never to be forgotten peered fiercely on his countenance? Improbable as the circumstance was, it agitated him at that moment in no trifling degree; unnerved and wretched, and sadly debilitated through illness and distress, he yet determined not to give way to so pusillanimous a feeling, and resolved instantly to arise.

With some difficulty he succeeded in moving his person from the position in which he rested, and was on the point of raising himself from his recumbent position, when the rough grasp of a not very feminine hand compelled him to remain where he was.

Suspicion of mental or optical error was in the instant banished, and turning towards the intruder, his countenance sunk beneath the steady and malignant gaze of his mortal foeman, Don Triarto.

"By what right, Senor," gasped out Giberto, the moment astonishment and agitation suffered him to give utterance to his words—"by what right, Senor, dare you intrude thus upon my privacy, and force yourself even within my sleeping room?"

"By what right! enquire you?" slowly and with a most malicious expression, repeated the other.

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"Ah! Senor! I again repeat, by what right have you presumed thus to intrude and force yourself, uncalled into this apartment? By what right, once more I demand, come you here?"

"By the right of an injured husband!" answered Don Triarto, pallid almost to ghastliness with rage;—"by the right," he continued, gradually raising his voice to its highest pitch—"by the right which all men have to detect villainy and punish crime; by the right of maintaining my honor; and dearer to me than all these—the right of seeking deep and ample vengeance for my wrongs."

Giberto was no coward, and although taken by surprise at so disadvantageous a moment, still he had for a long period rendered his mind familiar with the idea that the line of conduct he so assiduously pursued, must, at a perhaps not distant date, occasion an interview of a somewhat similar description. Bracing therefore his unstrung nerves as best he could, he resolved boldly to encounter whatever might betide, in a manner neither to disparage himself in his own opinion, nor disgrace the cause in which he so fruitlessly labored. For a few seconds neither party spoke, when, dexterously evading the grasp of his opponent, Giberto nearly gained his freedom, but was once more compulsorily seized by the efforts of his enemy, united with the aid of the person whose insidious councils had so prosperously worked the mischief then in progress.

"Young man," commenced in turn this officious friend, "vainly may you struggle against the superior strength which now presses on you! aye, and as vain will your utmost efforts prove to escape from the vengeance—the retributive justice which now awaits you. Even at this instant," continued the jealous partizan—"at this very moment, whilst I am speaking, and while the injured husband of your dishonored victim gazes on your writhing form—now, even now you clasp within your trembling hands the damning evidence of your crime, and the participation of your paramour in guilt."

"Guilt!" exclaimed the youth, exasperated nearly to frenzy at the charge—"guilt! never!—tis false—false as your own words!—villainous as your every act. Unhand me, wretch! for by every saint in Heaven, I swear never to quit your side in the light of the blessed day, or in the dark hour of midnight, until your foul blood washes out the dark stain which your polluted lips have dared to utter."

"Peace, driveller—peace," replied Don Triarto, clenching from the now almost powerless hold the very fan which, but a few hours previous, had been in the possession of Adelaida—"Vain are your threats here—useless your assertions; have we

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not proof,—aye and convincing proof of your falsehood, on the silent testimony of this accursed bauble ?" and tearing the painted ornament into a thousand shreds, he cast the useless fragments, with his utmost violence, away.

"Thus perish all who madly rouse our vengeance," chimed in his companion, pressing with additional strength the half-suffocated form beneath him.

"Tarry awhile," interfered the husband, whose whole frame quivered with emotion. "Crimes like his deserve a far severer punishment than simply death ; torture—why not torture first ?" he cried exultingly, as together they bound the now unresisting boy to the bed he lay on.

"The craven shrinks," shouted, or rather screamed Triarto, as with demoniac joy he drew his sharp *cuchillo* across the undefended bosom of his rival. "Happiness such as you have found, young man," he added, "cannot be too dearly purchased. Oh! Dunstano," turning towards his companion in brutality, "methinks we might, without much labor, improve those fascinating features which have brought their possessor in this dilemma. 'Twould be rare sport to see the next fond meeting between them, after our wholesome discipline. Think you, Donstano, she would know the love-sick boy again ?" and staggering from the excess of jealousy and hatred, the vindictive old man would have fallen to the ground, had he not supported himself against a chair beside him.

Equally remorseless, and by nature cruel, Donstano stood calmly by, gloating on the sufferings which the victim underwent from each incision of the knife, when slowly drawn across his fair skin, and but a very brief continuance of the torments would have sufficed to have added murder to their list of other crimes.

But it was otherwise ordained, for hardly had Don Triarto moderated his passion so as partially to bring his energies within control, than the blood, impelled with immense force, burst from the mouth, ears, and nostrils of their victim, and in a second deluged the bed with gore; his eyes partially closed, and remained fixed; the face, from being flushed, quickly reverted to an ashy paleness; the jaw fell, and though the purple stream continued to flow from each corner of the mouth, life appeared for ever to have left the now disfigured tenement of clay.

"He is dead," coolly remarked Donstano, folding his arms and earnestly regarding the body. "Triarto, your enemy is no more; come, let's away," and suiting the action to the word, he cast one long searching look upon the mutilated form, and immediately turned towards the door.

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"Dead!" repeated his friend, in a dull, hollow accent. "Dead, Donstano! murdered—and by me? Impossible!" but being soon convinced of the accuracy of the assertion, he suffered himself to be led from the chamber, unconscious whither he bent his steps, and unknowing by whom guided.

In some natures, where passion is allowed undisputed sway, and where the violence of ill subjugated feelings is permitted unrestrained dominion, the sudden removal of a cause of deadly hatred has in a moment worked so total a revulsion of the system, so powerful, and with such suddenness acting on the over-excited nerves, that in many instances death unlooked for—instantaneous death, has resulted.

The agony which Don Triarto then experienced, reached not, by many degrees, to so fearful a crisis; yet the awful removal from this world of the being whom he had so mercilessly slain, quelled in an instant his more violent rage, leaving on his mind a suspicion somewhat akin to doubt, as to whether his boundless fury had not prematurely marked Giberto as its victim.

What steps, if any, were taken by the authorities, remain unknown, but possibly none, as the prognostic of Donstano was not on that occasion destined to be fulfilled, for what he considered sufficient indication of death, eventually proved the means whereby Giberto partially recovered.

The many causes already detailed, coupled with the boundless passion which so impetuous a youth could not otherwise than harbour, on finding himself in the power of his adversaries, was sufficient to send the purple blood rushing through his veins with an irresistible impetuosity, which, had it not found egress by the bursting of some minor vessel, would inevitably have caused his death. As it was, the relief bestowed through leaving him insensible and wholly prostrate, eventually restored him to life, and granted him sufficient strength to encounter the terrible ordeals yet in store.

Bitter pangs of remorse may have harboured in the breast of the enraged husband, when impressed with the conviction that the only being who had dared to cross his path was now no more, yet no sooner were his melancholy broodings dispersed by the credited assertion that his rival still existed, than the unquenchable flame again struggled into life, dispelling in an instant every better feeling then striving for the mastery. Again was the counsel and assistance of Donstano called into request, and readily was the summons responded to—for in bad hearts there is a secret satisfaction in committing iniquities which by others would be regarded with horror and disgust.

Long and tedious passed the period of Giberto's convalescence, and when at last he arose from his bed of sickness, the

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mutilated object, with scarce sufficient strength to draw his enfeebled limbs across the chamber, would by few persons have been recognized as the once handsome boy who but a short time since added, with the brilliancy of his wit, and engaging kindness of manner, to the happiness of all who came within the influence of his spell.

What had he now to live for! Was it probable that the hideous object too faithfully pourtrayed in his mirror, could inspire feelings in a breast which in the days of his glory, had resisted all his blandishments unscathed? Could he suppose that *that* being whose sense of rectitude had withstood his every practised art, when luxuriating in the zenith of youth and comeliness, should now resign all, every thing, for so loathsome a creature as himself? Banish the insane thought! never—never so preposterous a notion harbour in his mind; and incredible as it may sound, nevertheless perfectly true—the nearly maddening passion which for so long, and with such withering effect, had literally held his soul captive, to the exclusion of his better sense, now faded away as in a mist, and without any perceptible effort on his part, leaving the wide field of his energies open to an equally absorbing passion—the thirst, the unquenchable panting for revenge.

No sooner did his decreasing indisposition permit, than he hastily despatched a friend to demand at the hand of his enemies, that reparation which, as a gentleman, he insisted on claiming, but which both parties appealed to treated with the most sovereign contempt, adding deeper injury to that already inflicted, by the arrogance and coarseness of their replies.

Stung to the quick, again and again the unhappy youth sought that reparation which his adversaries were equally determined to withhold; but although they declined a contest in the field, nothing that ingenuity could effect, or money purchase, was wanting to disseminate in all directions among his friends, tales, falsehoods, and inuendoes, to the deep prejudice of Giberto's character.

Unconscious of the cause, with the deepest anguish the miserable young man saw his friends—nay, even his nearest and dearest associates—drop off from his society, as though he were an object to be shunned, and one whose presence must necessarily contaminate whoever mixed in his society: not an avenue was left open for redress, deeply and irreparably as he had been injured: where could he look for consolation? the world seemed closed for ever on his hopes; his happiness was blasted, never to revive; his friends had cast him off; strangers avoided him, and he passed along *among* them, but not as one *of* them. Every kindly channel of his heart froze up—every gentle feel-

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ing was plucked as a noxious weed from his bosom, and, spurning each tie that bound him to society, he rushed to the altar of his Patron Saint, and there impiously, in the very house of God, swore to devote each moment of his future existence to nurturing and effecting his sole earthly gratification—revenge.

In conformity with his resolve, Giberto disposed of his effects, and causing it to be promulgated through Malaga that he was on the point of leaving the hateful town for ever, made instant preparation for departure.

On the day fixed, and at the most public hour, the carriage conveying the voluntary exile drove past the Alameda, and, amid the self congratulations of the inhabitants, at having got rid of so objectionable a resident, he dashed through the assembled groups, and soon left every vestige of the city far behind.

The flight of Giberto for a time furnished observation for the idle, who daily thronged the Pasado, but when at length report reached their ears that he had died in a foreign and a distant land, men forgat to bear in mind that he had ever existed; much less did they remember that the poor forsaken wretch had once been their townsman and their friend—his very name ceased to pass their lips, and Triarto and his companion went on their way rejoicing, as though such a person as Giberto never had existed.

* * * * * * *

Three years had expired since the circumstances just described took place; and still Don Triarto dwelt at Malaga, and daily might he be seen—his wife hanging on his arm—taking his accustomed stroll. Little or no difference was perceptible in his demeanour, since we first introduced him to our readers, but in the pale yet still most beautiful being by his side, it would have baffled the ingenuity of the most discerning to have recognised the frank and joyous countenance of Adelaida de Salvador.

There is a certain distinction among all classes of society which is voluntarily tendered to wealth, and wherever money may be found, will a host of sycophants hover to offer up their homage to its possessor.

Exactly in this position stood Don Triarto; his extensive possessions purchased attention and respect—his marriage contributed to enlarge his acquaintance, and his generally placid and unruffled manner, studiously courteous, had so gained him the friendship of the best families in the neighbourhood, that he determined to fix on Malaga as his permament abode, and in that resolution entered into all that interested the community, and became in brief time one of the leading characters of the place.

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It was the anniversary of some fête, the precise occasion of which our narrator omitted to detail, when the affluent husband threw open his splendid mansion for the amusement of all who classed themselves within the pale of his acquaintance. For days past much had been expected from the extensive scale of the preparation, and the well known opulence of the donor of the feast, and with light hearts aud joyous anticipations of pleasure, hundreds moved toward the festive scene on the night of which I am now writing. Nothing which could add to the dazzling brilliancy of the fête had been omitted—thousands of lights illuminated the vast corridors of the building—music, with all the voluptuous melody of song, was heard at intervals from the various chambers—while the incipient sound of the time-beating castanet bore testimony to the zeal with which the national dance was performed.

Not a person of distinction for miles around but received a summons to the banquet, and, from amid the loveliest of the dark-eyed daughters of Spain, many had been drawn thither to enhance the splendor of the all-but fairy land. Beauty in all her most captivating forms might there have found a living representation, and many were the young hearts, elate with rapture at the prospect of the night's amusement, taught, ere they left the magic influence of the hour, that they were yet capable of harbouring fresh and novel sentiments of love, which, until then, had slumbered in their bosoms unawakened.

All seemed mirth and joy, yet, amid the countless multitude of smiling faces, and in many instances truly happy beings, who wandered in a delighted maze of happiness from one apartment to the other, engrossed with the novelty of whatever met their astonished gaze—few would have exchanged their own sensations of the moment for the possession of all the pageantry and magnificence around, if accompanied with the deeply-rooted sorrow too plainly engrafted on the countenance of the mistress of the whole.

From her lips, the subject on which it is more than probable she ever dwelt with an interest surpassing all others, was never known, even by her dearest friends, to find utterance: nevertheless, can it be doubted that the memory of one who, towards her, had ever evinced the most passionate devotion, was fixed indelibly on the tablets of her memory?

Almost from the days of infancy, each occurrence giving interest to the hour which in any degree was coupled with a retrospection of pleasure unavoidably wound itself with the too familiar portrait of him whose greatest crime consisted in having loved her, not "too wisely nor too well," but with a maddening intensity of passion which, finally breaking through all

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barriers, hurried its victim into those insane acts which eventually terminated in an ignominious end. Still Adelaida was a woman, and although wedded, if not actually by force, certainly by interested persuasion and deep-laid cunning, and notwithstanding the confidence she experienced from a knowledge of the firmness of her character, and her hitherto unshaken determination to uphold reputation, not only in appearance but in reality, unblemished to the world—yet is it not probable that her thoughts would oftentimes recall the image of him whose worship towards her bordered on idolatry? Justly might I be reproved for the attempt to cast a slur on the better feelings of human nature, were I to conjecture otherwise, and the almost broken heart of poor Adelaida was not one to gaze unmoved on the rapid downfall of him whose irreparable ruin had its origin from no one cause except his all-engrossing attachment towards herself.

Light and joyous was the laugh emerging through each vestibule of the mansion, and all that mortal man could imagine as conducive to happiness was there collected for enjoyment, to profusion.

At length the banquet was announced; again a fresh impetus was given to the moving mass that thronged the halls, and all turned towards the apartments which were now, for the first time, thrown open for the night.

Let it suffice that all the ulterior arrangements were in perfect keeping with the rest; wine, love, and music held undisputed sovereignty, and all revelled as though they existed but for that hour.

Some delightful voice, well disciplined to harmony, and attuned with natural sweetness, had just concluded a soft, plaintive air, when the liberal donor of the feast, delighted at the success of his entertainment, and gratified at the visible happiness evinced on all sides, rose to propose a toast connected with the occasion. The announcement was, of course, rapturously responded to—each crystal goblet sparkled to the brim, with the most delicious wines of Spain—every one rose—the eyes of all were upon the host, who, from the head of the principal table, courteously saluting his guests, was on the verge of speaking, when a servant hurriedly crossed to where his master stood, and whispered a few words into his ear. What the exact import of the message might have been, was never known, but moved by the information it conveyed, Don Triarto replaced his untasted wine upon the board, and making a scarcely audible excuse, hurried from the spot, leaving his friends mute with astonishment, standing with uplifted hands ready to do honor to whatever pledge Don Triarto had been about to offer.

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As her husband quitted the apartment, Donna Adelaida was remarked by some to turn deadly pale—a circumstance carefully treasured, and afterwards and circumstantially remembered to her disadvantage. A pause—the more remarkable from the before joyous temperament of the party—now succeeded, and as every person turned to watch the retreating figure of their host, an oppressive feeling of anticipated evil pervaded the assembled mass. Slightly bowing to his astonished guests, the master of the feast passed through the open door way never to return.

Hardly a minute had elapsed, and as yet, unable to recover from their surprise, the panic-struck party retained their standing positions, when a deep groan of mingled pain and horror, uttered with a fearful loudness, broke the spell. Actuated by one common impulse, all rushed towards the door, and, passing onward to the first landing-place, the mystery was solved at once.

Glittering in the splendid habiliments which in honor of the occasion, he had that night worn, but in many places stained and disfigured with the dark purple of his own blood, lay the inanimate form of all that remained of the once proud, haughty possessor of that wealth which had made him the envy of thousands; no one stood by—not a mark or footstep on the marble pavement left a print by which the murderer could be traced—none knew the menial through whose means the message had been carried, and he alone who could have solved the history of the fearful deed lay motionless in death. Search, fruitless as indefatigable, was everywhere instituted, examinations made, persons seized, but at the time all and every measure proved abortive, and a thick veil hung impervious o'er the deed. The motive alone by which the act was perpetrated was manifest, for on the bosom of the corpse, secured to the dagger which had deprived the victim of life, was affixed a paper bearing three words—"Giberto and revenge;"—yet it was widely circulated that Giberto had long ceased to exist:—friends or partizans he had none to espouse his cause, neither could it be conjectured how the crime was so daringly, yet so secretly accomplished without detection. For the present, however, so it was; and although sin like that, can seldom escape punishment even in this world, it seemed as though in the present case retribution could result but by miracle alone.

Well has it been said that "the ways of God are inscrutable," and well was it exemplified in this case, and moreover brought to pass through the instrumentality of the actual perpetrator of the deed, who, lured by the temptation of reward proffered for discovering the offender, a despised outcast of society, stepped forth and voluntarily engaged to afford a clue towards the so much wished for discovery, provided he was to be rewarded by

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the possession of the princely sum extended as a bait. The bargain was instantly struck, and the despicable miscreant announced himself the actual assassin, but at the instigation of his employer, Giberto, who, the better to effect his object without a chance of failure, had for months past been secreted in Malaga, with but one sole object—seeking opportunity for the gratification of his revenge.

Thus, then, it was evident, that the various tales circulated of his death, were but fabrications, and eventual enquiry elicited that the more circumstantial statements of his decease originated with himself.

Measures were speedily adopted for securing the culprit, who, as yet, lingered round the scene of his former happiness and present guilt, and ere many hours had elapsed, Giberto and the hired bravo were securely lodged within the dungeons of the Fort.

Now it was that from all sides sprung up remarks and recollections of circumstances that for many a long day had been buried in oblivion.

Again the whole story of Giberto's misplaced attachment was brought to light, and exaggerations innumerable were promulgated, and his supposed crimes discussed with an avidity well worthy of a better cause.

Neither did the character of the helpless and innocent cause of so much mischief escape unassailed, nor were there wanting persons ready to affirm that from the first intimation of her lover's attachment, she had manifested every possible encouragement, while others even more wicked than the rest, quoted her agitation on the night of the murder as convincing evidence of her having been accessary to the deed; these persons forgetting that on the dreadful occasion they themselves, and all present, admitted the painful feeling under which they labored when Don Triarto so suddenly, and at so strange a moment, left the room.

Such were the idle clamours which engaged the minds of the inhabitants; and at length overwhelmed with the repeated suspicions of the many, though still without the slightest proof of guilt, the yet beautiful widow was cast into prison, there to await the award which an investigation of the charge might demand.

It were hard to tell how the mind of Adelaida bore up against the accumulation of horrors, which apparently would never cease, but the very consciousness of innocence has frequently afforded more support in the hour of affliction, even to the weak, fragile form of a timid woman, than may be shown in the boastful carriage of the stronger and more powerful sex, when confronted with equal peril.

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The preparations for examination were soon completed, and the three together stood in the presence of the judges on whose decision rested their release from prison, or whose word might lead them forth to meet a painful and ignominious end.

All Malaga was conversant with the story of Giberto's early life—his various accomplishments—his many virtues, and the readiness with which he gained the good will of all who knew him, was a theme familiar to their ears; yet these and other favorable impressions, which in spite of prejudice, yet clung to their minds, were quickly superseded by the remembrance of the manifold atrocities which had been laid to his charge, and few, among those who formerly classed themselves among his most familiar friends, could have identified the mutilated being then under examination for his life, with him whom they had previously courted in days long passed by. The chief and indeed only evidence against him was in the assertions of the assassin, but so minutely did the wretch detail the craft and cunning with which the plot had been laid, and carried into execution, and so satisfactorily did he explain the mode in which each moment had been occupied by Giberto, since his reaching Malaga, that not a doubt existed on the mind of any then present, but that the accomplishment of the foul deed for which the prisoner was about to suffer had been for a long period the sole and all-engrossing aim of his existence.

In extenuation, question, or defence, Giberto uttered not a word; an astonished look of mingled pity and contempt curled his lip, when first confronted with his accuser, but from the moment he entered until quitting that tribunal a doomed man, neither by word or sign could the feelings that agitated his bosom have been judged; and although standing within a few paces of her whose almost angelic beauty had caused such abject misery, not for an instant did he raise his eyes toward those features, to gaze on which he had once considered as the greatest blessing life could offer.

Had the warm nature of his being changed? did he now look with horror on the innocent cause of all this wretchedness? or was he fearful by again turning towards the object of his early love, the apparent indifference which he had assumed to carry him through the scene then acting, might deprive him of that firmness which he so much needed? What his motive was, God alone knows, but with an apparent calmness throughout the trial, and equally unmoved at its conclusion, he heard that sentence pronounced which in one short hour would cease to number him among men.

Prejudiced as was the community at large against the miserable woman, and loud as were the brutal howlings of the

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mob, demanding she should share the fate of Giberto, yet the total absence of even a shadow of suspicion that the unhappy lady could have possessed a knowledge of the intended murder, compelled the judges to pronounce her acquitted of the crime.

For months succeeding that agonizing hour when Adelaida beheld the early companion of her childhood led forth to execution, Heaven mercifully decreed her an oblivion of all earthly ills—neither was it until a short time previous to the evening when we saw her kneeling in the church of San Juan, that the persecuted being had regained her reason.

Slowly, and perhaps unwillingly, she recovered from her illness, and finally awoke to consciousness to find herself possessed of the large fortune bequeathed by her murdered husband; but of what avail was wealth to her? with whom could she partake the blessings thus offered? her father had preceded her to the tomb, and he in whose presence perhaps even poverty would have been a blessing, slept the last long sleep in an unhonored grave. From that period all her immense riches, and her time, were devoted towards alleviating distress, and supplicating mercy from the Deity in behalf of those with whom she had been connected.

From a sentiment of hatred, the vulgar rabble now viewed her rather with a feeling of awe than of detestation, and hence arose the agitation of Mateo when he strove to withdraw our party from the church.

No sooner had the fiat issued which was to reckon Giberto with the dead, than the callous ruffian, who for a heap of paltry dross bartered the blood of his companion, with a brutal effrontery almost beyond the scope of human wickedness, insolently demanded the reward.

With a scowling visage, well betokening some deeply hidden meaning, the officer appealed to, commanded the money instantly to be paid, and as the delighted wretch clutched with his greedy hands the glittering price of blood, the dread sentence of death again rung on his ear, and in *this* instance pronounced his own irrevocable doom.

To dwell on the mental sufferings of the then abject traitor would be but to inflict pain on all who detest viewing human nature in her most degrading garb; nor would a prolonged account of the execution, which took place in the presence of hundreds, gratify those who having waded through the history of Giberto's persecutions, and insane passion, may not perchance withhold their pity at his untimely fate, though execrating the coldbloodiness of his crime.

Arrived at the spot destined to witness his last struggles, he begged earnestly that his eyes might not be blind-folded—a

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request, however, seldom or never complied with; and raising his fine figure to its extreme height, while his companion lay writhing on the earth, Giberto gave the signal to fire, and the next instant the bodies lay side by side, unconscious of this world for ever.

In the left side of Giberto's vest a small packet was discovered sewn within the lining, which when examined proved to contain nothing but the broken fragments of—a woman's fan.

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES:

Translated into English Verse, according to the text of Monk.

BY REV. J. BANKS, M.A.

Late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford.

INTRODUCTION.

In producing the Alcestis of Euripides, in an English form, I have been actuated by a natural wish to impart to those who are unable to read the original, some of the pleasure which the scholar cannot fail to derive from its perusal. To render it in any degree likely to attain this end, I have felt it needful to translate it metrically; and adhering pretty fairly to the sense of the text, to keep the interest of the piece as unbroken as possible, by note or comment, or otherwise. The scholar will easily see, if haply he peruse the following pages, that I have not published them with any view to throwing light upon a play, which has been so completely edited by the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, as to leave nothing for illustration: but I trust he will at the same time acquit me of having unnecessarily sacrificed truthful rendering of the sense of passages, for the temptations of metrical elegance, and

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flowing versification. My attempt at giving to the English reader a fair idea of the Alcestis, must not be construed into an effort to rival the metrical translations of portions of Greek tragedians by Sewell, Donaldson, and Conington. Yet I have a humble hope that these pages may be more generally attainable in consequence of their unincumbered form, and I shall be amply rewarded if they give a faint idea of the beauties of the Greek stage, as seen in the works of the last of the three tragedians. I pretend to no higher aim; and must pray the reader to consider me as guided throughout by a desire to give a clear, uninterrupted English version, of what I cannot but deem one of the most delightful of the plays of Euripides.

And here I would observe that I use the word "play" designedly, as it is a question whether the Alcestis can claim a place strictly speaking, among the tragedies of this poet. It has been contended that there is abundant evidence, of its being "broad farce," rather than what we should call "tragedy proper." This, I, for one, should be loth to think: and the question seems to be set at rest by the information (supplied in a Didascalia of the Alcestis, E Codice Vaticano, Dindorf, Oxon. 1834) that this drama was the last of four pieces; and consequently that it was added, instead of a satyric drama, to a Trilogy, that is, a group of three tragedies. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may state that, when the rude Bacchic sport, in which satyrs formed a chorus, yielded in time to the more serious and dignified tragedy, it was still thought fitting to retain somewhat of the older characteristics, with the new varieties of poetry. Accordingly a separate satyric drama was added to tragedy: and, for the most part, three tragedies and a satyric drama to conclude, were represented as a connected whole, and the satyric drama was not a comedy, so much as a playful tragedy. Still this was not always the case; sometimes, as in the case of the Alcestis, there was a tetralogy, or group of four tragedies. It stands, no doubt, in the place of a satyric drama, yet is not, properly speaking, either a satyric drama or a tragedy, but rather fulfils, as (Müller tells us,) "its destination of furnishing a cheerful conclusion to a series of real tragedies, and thereby relieving the mind from the stress of tragic feeling, which they had occasioned." (K. G. Müller History of Literature of Greece—Libr. U. K. vol. 1. C. 25. § 8).

I shall now endeavour to point out the arguments used to prove the Alcestis a satyric drama, and consider them in order. Of these the chief is, the strangeness of the character of the hero, Admetus, who allows his wife to die for him; and reproaches his sire for not having made this sacrifice. Now Admetus is hardly the hero of the play. Indeed no character in it, save

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that of Alcestis, can lay, it would seem, any claim to heroism. Besides, it must be remembered that Euripides was confessedly the poet of common life. He took life as he found it; and in this case, maintaining that human nature is ever the same, pourtrayed Admetus clinging to life, and in a most uninteresting manner, selfishly sacrificing the wife of his bosom, in order to secure to himself what he predicts will be a sad and widowed life. The poet, I think, is here, as ever, true to nature: for even now one may see in daily life how women make a thousand sacrifices for those they love, whilst the latter seem all but unconscious of their devotedness, in the selfish pursuit of ease or pleasure or ambition. Admetus was in honour bound to die for himself: and the device of the German, Wieland, in his Alcestis, exalts the hero, though it does not savour more of nature, when he makes the king unconscious that his wife has devoted herself to death for him, until it is too late to save her. Another and a stronger argument is the jocularity of Hercules, who makes the sorrowing halls of Admetus re-echo with uproarious revelry. But even here it must be borne in mind, that this is the mythic character of Hercules; a personification of mere bodily strength and prowess, unaccompanied by any particularly striking mental qualities. It was certainly an evidence of dullness, that he could not guess the cause of mourning, as he knew before that Alcestis was to die: but then this all accords with his unreflecting, careless nature, which is fitted only for action, and abhors consideration. The last scene of the play has been objected to by Müller in the passage already quoted, because in it the sorrowing widower strives long not to be obliged to receive the veiled Alcestis; who, having been won back from death by Hercules, is introduced to him as a stranger. Admetus says he is afraid of her charms. And this, as well as the rest of this scene, Müller deems "extremely fanciful." The reason for this criticism is undiscoverable, I am happy to see, by the writer of the critique upon Bishop Monk's edition of this play in the Quarterly Review (April 1816); as well by the author of the article "Euripides" in the dictionary of Greek and Roman biography, now being published in monthly parts. Here is weight against Müller's criticism on this point—and besides, I cannot but hope that the English reader will be jealous of the character of this scene, which can hardly fail to strike him, as exceedingly similar to the concluding scene in the "Winter's Tale" of our immortal Shakspeare. Admetus, whatever his conduct may have been in the earlier scenes, is certainly, in this last, influenced only by a noble determination to be faithful to his buried wife, not only in reality, but even in appearance; and to fulfil to the letter his promise not to take to his home a

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stepdame to his children. Such are the chief grounds on which is based the theory that the Alcestis is not a tragedy, but a mere satyric drama, whereas none of them seem to prove more than this, that, as being the fourth or concluding tragedy of the list, it was endowed by its author with a sufficient infusion of liveliness, and comic character and incident, to make it occupy the place of a satyric representation. At the most it must be pronounced a tragi-comedy, of which class of plays Euripides is said to have been the inventor.

And here, perhaps, a few brief remarks with reference to this play, as it bears upon the character of its author, as a poet, may not be altogether out of place. In the first place it can scarcely be denied, that the Alcestis, if it answer no other end, may serve to exculpate Euripides most satisfactorily from the charge of being a professed woman-hater. It has been most truly answered to this accusation, that he, who was, above all his fellows, the poet of domestic life, could scarcely have borne such inveterate hatred to that sex, which has ever, in all civilized countries, invested home with its chiefest charm and grace. Sophocles, compared with Euripides in his treatment of the characters of his heroines, excels him indeed in the portrayal of their magnanimity, and noble daring; whilst he falls far short in the truthful expression of womanly affection, in its every form and phase; for which Euripides is justly celebrated. It will repay those, who have the means, to contrast the Antigone of Sophocles with the same character as exhibited in the Phœnissæ of Euripides: and the contrast will fully bear out the truth of this criticism, which I owe to the twenty-ninth lecture of Mr. Keble's Prælections. But, setting this aside, may we not try the poet by his Alcestis, alone; and record a verdict unhesitatingly in his favour. Let us follow Alcestis through her palace, as she visits it for the last time; (it is described in the speech of the attendant: line 182—239). Let us remark her piety towards the gods, and her motherly love for her children: subjects linked together in her thoughts, as it were, by an inseparable bond: (for what is more pure, after religion, than maternal affection? what so compatible with its faithful exercise?) Let us review her tender and pathetic appeal to the scene of her wedded happiness, and the burst of conscious truthfulness to her lord which follows in the lines,

> Some other mate
> Ere long must share thee! Haply she may be
> More blest by fortune: but, oh! not more pure.

Add to these her kindness and consideration for her attendants, one of whom declares of her,

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Oh! she was more than mother to us all!

And it can scarcely be denied that we have in the space of some thirty lines a most beautiful conception; the personification of every feminine and domestic virtue in the queen of Admetus. And this is but one of the many passages throughout the play, which speak the same language. Alcestis passes away with the names of her children on her lips: and after death, is lauded by every character in the drama, as having shewn herself the noblest of wives to her bereaved lord. And the charm of the whole is, that so natural is the picture which Euripides has given us, so true a representation of the womanly character in its best form, that it might, in every age and clime, find its counterpart, with scarcely any variation, in the highest, and the lowliest walks of life. No doubt the charge against the poet would receive some colour, if we could persuade ourselves of the truth of the story that his wives proved faithless to him. But this rests on a most shallow foundation: and he who could depict Iphigenia, Alcestis, Macaria, and Antigone, as Euripides has depicted them, may well stand superior to the calumny respecting hatred of women. The tragedies, in which these heroines appear, afford a very strong presumption, that he was far from insensible to the proper excellencies of women, in the beautiful pictures, which he draws of feminine self-sacrifice, affection and devotion. His austere life and manners may have given rise to the scandal: but only those who are most superficial in their observation, will attribute to such as live in a great measure in study and retirement, a bitterness of feeling against those who mingle in the world, especially against the gentler sex. Although it may not have opportunity of developement, a due appreciation of the noblest characteristics of woman's nature may exist in the recluse, as fully, if not more so, than in him, who through contact with the world, learns to doubt, and to distrust, and to judge of all human nature, by his own low standard. If womankind has never had a more malignant enemy than Euripides, they may indeed desire traducers, who will so exalt and illustrate their characters. "In a word, that our poet ever drew women in far different colours" (vid. Art. Euripides, Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography;) "may be ascribed to what has indeed almost passed into a proverb, That women are both better and worse than men: and "that one especial characteristic of Euripides was to represent human nature as it is." I hope I have not marred the character of Alcestis in translation: for, if I have not, the reader will, I feel sure, agree, that in no play of Euripides, nay perhaps of any dramatist in any age, is there a greater charm of touching

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pathos, in none a more life-like picture of a model wife and mother.

And as upon the charge of hatred to woman, so on the graver accusation of levity and profaneness towards the gods, our poet, judged by this play, will, I think, be acquitted. I do not mean to say that, as in the Ion, the Bacchants, and the Hippolytus, so here religion is brought prominently forward. As regards the poet's beautiful delineation of the pure and holy Ion, the youthful servant of the temple, the truthful conception, developed in the Bacchants, of that sacred mystery which, say what men will, is intimately connected with every system of religious worship: and the chaste and heroic endurance of Hippolytus, as pourtrayed by Euripides, I cannot do better than commend the reader to the admirable lectures of Mr. Keble, as Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford (vol. 2. lect. 29), before mentioned. Those who can read them will find them rich throughout in criticisms marked not less by originality of thought, than by truthfulness of judgment. A poet can best appreciate a brother poet's drift and meaning: and the author of the "CHRISTIAN YEAR" has nobly vindicated the much maligned Euripides from that utter lack of religious feeling, and sound morality, which it has been the fashion to lay to his charge. But let us content ourselves, in the present instance, with a passing glance at the incidental testimony to the religious character of Euripides, which we may glean from the Alcestis. The aim of the play is to enforce the duty of hospitality. Admetus had given to a god shelter and kindly welcome during his exile from Olympus. In the hour of distress he freely offers a kindly reception to Hercules, a demigod, on his route to Thrace: and a general respect for all guests and strangers pervades his whole character. Here then Hospitality is the key to the play.

But closely connected with it is a sense that this very hospitality is pleasing to the gods, and looked upon by them as a proof of the love of their worshippers to themselves. It is placed in the light of a religious duty, in a spirit not altogether unworthy of one who had learned from a far higher source, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." But glancing generally through the play, we find its heroine, as I have said before, represented as making religion her first thought, in the midst of all her solicitude for her husband and children.

And the chorus, in more than one place, inculcates recourse to the gods in deep distress, with a confidence in the potency of their ability and will to aid (248—53). Again it expresses a firm conviction that, by hospitably entreating strangers, Ad-

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metus has secured, in common with all good men, a certainty of future happiness, however dark the present may appear.

> Sure trust is seated in my heart
> That prosperous will be his part
> Who doth the gods revere. 684—7.

Again the chorus, in predicting immortality for Alcestis, touches on the eternal blessedness of the gods above, in language, which, though brief, savours of any thing rather than the atheism which has been imputed to Euripides: (*vid.* last chorus) as does also that exhortation to patience which it administers to the bereft king in the words—

> But all should meekly bear the gods behests.

The last words of Admetus bid his subjects offer sacrifices, as well as prayer and thanksgiving, for his happy change of fortune. And the conclusion in the mouth of the chorus, repeated as it is in at least three other dramas, sets a seal to the proof afforded that the poet delighted not in scoffing at divine things and persons, but rather strove in his compositions to make it clear that he loved to honour virtue, to exalt piety, and to ascribe to the gods generally the divine attributes of might, mercy, and justice. And here I may be pardoned by the reader, if I observe (with the utmost reverence, and with the most shrinking sense of the danger of approaching such holy ground except with timidity and reserve:) that there seem to exist in the Alcestis strange shadowy embodyings of some vague tradition respecting the true light of the world, "the Lord of life," who was to come upon the lower earth, taking upon himself the form of a servant, and, in due time, to rob the grave of victory and take the sting from death. I will not say more on this subject, which indeed can hardly be handled by men far more experienced, far more deeply versed in sacred learning, far more competent to decide the bounds, beyond which it is hazardous to proceed, without incurring the risk of being betrayed into unintentional irreverence.

One of the peculiarities of this play is the introduction of children on the Greek Stage. This was more common with Euripides than with his predecessors: though, even by him, they are not introduced speaking or singing, except in this play, and in the Andromache; on account of the tedious arrangements which this entailed. He seems to have brought them on, with a view to moving the hearts of his audience, and winning them to applause, by the sight of such innocence and helplessness. Whilst I think it needless to go through the history of the Dramatis Personæ in this preface, because those who are inclined to read

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it, may find it in Lempriere or elsewhere, I may still mention one or two points which may not be so easily reached. Among these is the fact, that Admetus is represented as having been one of the heroes engaged in the Argonautic expedition, notwithstanding the general lack of heroism in his character as depicted in this play. (Apoll Rhod. T. 49.) Eumelus, his son, who also appears on the stage in this drama, figures in the 2nd Book of the Iliad, as bringing to Troy steeds, which Apollo had kept for him, probably in the house of Admetus, whilst he was his servant. In the dispute between the Furies and Apollo in the Eumenides of Eschylus we have these lines, alluding to the subject of this play,—

FURIES. IN Pheres' halls thou didst the same of old,
Winning the fates to grant men endless life.
APOLLO. Why! is't not fair to favour worshippers,
At other times, and chiefly in their need?
FURIES. Thou didst corrupt those elder deities
With wine, and thus their awful might beguile,—

where Herman alters the original, so that "sleep" is substituted for "wine;" in which case the last two lines do not refer to the Fates, who suffered Admetus to live: to which otherwise they do.

It may be added, that the date of this drama must be fixed before 426 B. C.; that being the date of the Acharnians of Aristophanes; in which comedy that poet parodies one or two passages of the Alcestis; as indeed he does in the "Birds," the "Ecclesiagusæ" and others. It is fixed by the Didascalia above referred to, as having been first performed B.C. 438, being the first in order of time, of the extant plays of Euripides.

And now I commend to the reader this attempt to give in English a truthful rendering of the "Alcestis." It appears in an age, which, (while there exists in it a strong tendency in many quarters to undervalue the study of classical literature, and its purifying influences,) still affords hope to the scholar in that increasing supply of poetical translations of Greek and Roman poets, which is the fairest evidence of an increased demand. To linger awhile amidst the undying memories of ancient Greece or Rome can never be a waste of time and trouble: and, in a member of either of our great universities, it is but an expression of affectionate regard for "Alma Mater," to endeavour to prove that, even in these lighter portions of the academic course, her teaching has not been bestowed in vain.

Graver studies, heavier duties, have left the writer of these pages but little leisure for such pursuits: and the humble fruit of his stolen communings with the tragic poets of Greece is doubtless full of imperfection. It was never intended for the public, until, when yet unfinished, it caught the eye of some

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kind friends, whose taste and judgment he had long learned to value. To them it owes its publication. Whatever may be the judgment of critics upon the execution of the task undertaken, it will at any rate console the translator, that his design has been in the right direction: and to him, whatever may be its fate, it can never be matter of regret that he has bestowed on the Alcestis such attention as he could spare: sufficient, at any rate, to enable him to renew his converse with that Muse, which of old came to him, as a welcome visitant—receiving from him a more willing homage than Philosophy or History; alluring him insensibly to dwell upon the rugged grandeur of Æschylus, the calm and finished elegance of Sophocles, and the "linked sweetness" of Euripides; and connecting to his mind all that is beautiful in art, all that is perfect in conception, with the most glorious legends of Poetic Hellas.

(Concluded from page 77, in last number.)

Admetus. Chorus.

ADM. Thanks, kindly presence of Pheræans! thanks!
Ye see my servants bear aloft the corpse,
With every honour, to the funeral pyre.
Do ye, as is your wont, while forth she fares
On her last road, salute the noble dead.

CHOR. Lo! here thy sire comes forth with aged step:
Attendants too bear presents in their hands
For thy lost wife: meet honours for the shades.

(*Enter Pheres.*)

PHERES. I come to join my sorrow with my son's:
For thou hast lost a wife both good and pure,
Let none gainsay it. Yet, tho' hard to bear,
These things must needs be meekly, calmly borne.
Accept these deckings for the corpse. Let earth
Receive them with her. She is worth such meed,
For that she died to save thy life, my son.
She did not leave me childless, nor permit
My wasting sadly in bereft old age.
No, she gave fame untold to woman's name
For ever, when she dared this noble deed,
Preserver of my son, restorer blest
Of this our falling house! Farewell! Good luck

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Be thine with Hades! wives like thee are gain
To men. But others 'tis not meet to wed.
ADM. Thou com'st unbidden to these obsequies,
And I thy presence, sir, unpleasant deem.
Think not she e'er shall wear these ornaments:
She shall not be entombed in debt to thee.
Then, when I died, was time for sympathy:
Thou stood'st aloof. A youthful life, not thine,
Old man, paid forfeit. Dost *thou* wail this corse?
Thou wast no father, rightly named, to me.
And she who saith she bare me, bare me not.
Call me no mother: say that, slave by birth,
I secretly drew milk at thy queen's breast.
Brought to the test, thou provest what thou art,
Nor can I ever deem myself thy son:
Else art thou prov'd exceeding base in soul,
Who, thus in years, and verging on life's term,
Hadst neither will, nor courage to endure
Death for thy son. But thou didst leave to die
This foreign lady, whom I well may think
Father, and mother, in good truth, to me.
Yet gloriously hadst thou clos'd thy race
By dying for thy son. Life's residue
Was any-wise of small account to thee;
And I had liv'd with her, my length of days,
Nor had been groaning now, bereft of her.
Yet hast thou fared as happy men should fare;
Thy bloom of life was spent in sovran sway,
And I thy son was to succeed thee born,
So that thou wast not childless doom'd to die,
And leave thy house for others to lay waste.
At least thou canst not say, for disrespect
To thine old age, thou gavest me to death:
For I was most respectful: such return
Thou and my mother pay for this to me.
Go then! raise children with no loss of time,
To succour thine old age, and deck thy corse,
And lay thee out, when death hath seized his prey;
Since with this hand I ne'er will bury thee.
For I was dead, as far as lay with thee:
But if, by other sav'd, I view this light,
Him will I call my sire, to him be son,
And to his grey hairs kindly comforter.
Tis idle talk, when old men pray for death,
And blame old age and life's protracted span:
Let death come near, not one of them consents

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To die, for age is no more burdensome.
CHOR. Cease, for the present woes are woes enough.
Do not, my son, provoke thy sire to wrath.
PHERES. Son! is it Lydian hireling, whom with taunts
Thou dost presume to gibe, or Phrygian slave?
What! Know'st thou not, that I am truly free
By country and by sire, Thessalian born?
Thou insolent! Thou castest youth's high words
'Gainst me—yet think not with impunity.
Go to: by birthright lord of all mine house
I rear'd thee. Was I bound to die for thee?
No law like this my sire bequeathed to me,
Nor Hellas taught "that sire should die for son."
Born wast thou to thyself, for weal or woe:
And all that is thy right, thou hast from us.
Wide is thy sway: broad acres fall to thee
At my decease. I held them from my sire.
How have I wrong'd thee? Prythee state my fraud?
Die not for me! ask of me no such task!
What! Dost thou love the light? why should not I?
In truth I count the life below full long,
But here, though brief, yet life is still most sweet.
Unblushingly didst thou retreat from death,
And livest now beyond thy destined span,
By thy wife's death; and dost thou charge on me
Mean spirit, worst of men, thou slave to her
Who died for thee, her young, her noble spouse?
O sage discov'ry! Thou shalt never die,
If thou canst coax thy wives, each in her turn,
To die instead! Dost thou reproach thy friends,
Who shrink from death, which thou thyself dost shun?
For shame! bethink thee, all men love their lives
Not less than thou. Speak not then ill of me,
Or thou shalt hear reproach not brief, nor smooth.
CHOR. More taunts have fallen from you than is meet:
Cease then, old man, thus to revile thy son.
ADM. Speak, I have spoken. But if thou art grieved
To hear the truth, thou shouldst not err 'gainst me.
PHER. I had err'd more, if I had died for thee.
ADM. What! Is't the same for youth and age to die?
PHER. 'Tis ours to live with one life, not with two.
ADM. Oh! mayst thou live a longer life than Jove!
PHER. Dost curse thy parents, meeting nought unjust?
ADM. Why: I perceived thou wast in love with life.
PHER. Did not the corpse, thou buriest, die for thee?
ADM. Proof of thy meanness this, most base of men.

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PHER. Nay, by my means she died not! say not so!
ADM. Ah! mayest thou one day come to need my aid.
ADM. Go, wed with many, that more wives may die.
ADM. Thy taunt strikes home! Thyself didst shrink from
PHER. Sweet is the light of Phœbus! Sweet is day! [death.
ADM. Base is thy spirit, and unmanly, sire!
PHER. Thou dost not mock, as carrying aged dead!
ADM. Death will find shame, whene'er he lights on thee!
PHER. When I am dead, no shame will touch me more.
ADM. Alas! alas! how shameless is old age.
PHER. Not shameless was thy wife, but senseless found.
ADM. Begone! I fain would bury now my dead.
PHER. I go: and thou thy victim wilt inter;
Yet think not kinsman's vengeance sleeps the while.
Be sure Acastus, if he still have life,
Will soon avenge on thee his sister's blood.
ADM. Away both thou, and she thy consort! hence!
Childless, thy son yet living, pass your age,
As ye deserve! No more shall ye abide
'Neath the same roof with me—If needs I must,
By heralds I'll disclaim my father's hearth.
But let us onward. Present woes demand
Endurance—that the pyre may claim its prey.
CHORUS. Alas and alas for thee, noblest of daughters!
Most worthy, though boldness hath caused thee to fall:
Farewell! and may Hermes across the dark waters,
And Hades receive thee with smiles to his hall!
And if that distinction beneath, as is fitting,
Be the meed of devotion and goodness well tried:
Thou hast earned it, sweet shade, and shalt ever be sitting
In the first rank and nearest to Hades' fair bride.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERVANT. Full many a guest ere now from various climes
Have I beheld draw near our monarch's hearth:
And spread for them the feast: yet never one
Worse than this stranger welcomed to the house.
For first he saw my lord opprest with cares,
Yet came he, nothing loth to pass our gates.
And then, on learning our sad woes, he took
The viands near him in no seemly way:
And, if we brought not all he wished, was wroth,
And urged our speed. Then taking in both hands
The cup embossed with ivy wreaths, he quaffs

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Unmixt, the purple mother's beverage,
Till circling fumes of wine began t' inflame
The God. Then crowned with myrtle branch, he vents
Discordant howls: and two strains might be heard.
For he kept singing, recking nought of woes,
Which grieve our lord: whilst we, as servants true,
Were wailing for our queen, not that we shewed
The guest our tears: this did our king forbid.
So now I entertain the guest within.
Some worthless rogue, or robber vile, I ween.
And she is borne away. I followed not:
Nor wrung my hands in grief for our good queen.
Oh! she was more than mother to us all;
For she did save her servants countless ills
By soothing her lord's wrath. Do I not then
With justice hate intruders on our grief?

Hercules. Servant.

Herc. Ho there! why lookest thou thus reserved and sad?
Sad visage is not meet from slaves to guests,
For they should greet them with a willing mind.
But thou dost see thy lord's companion come,
Yet hailest him with dark and clouded brow,
Fixing thy thoughts on ills thou dost not share.
Come hither! I will teach thee wiser views:
Dost thou not know the bent of mortal things?
I trow thou dost not? whence wast thou to learn?
Hear then! all living pay the debt of death.
Nor knows there one of all the mortal race
If he shall live to see the morrow's sun;
For fortune's course is hidden, where 'twill end,
Learnt by no teaching, by no art revealed.
This having heard then, and received from me,
Enjoy thyself, man! drink, and deem to-day
Thy share of life—give all the rest to fate:
And honour her, who most doth mortals charm,
The goddess Venus! she is always kind.
Let other things pass by—do thou but yield
To mine advice, if it seem good to thee.
I deem it good. Put off excessive grief!
Come, drink with me. O'erpass the gates, and crown

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Thy brow with garlands. Well I know the juice,
Fast falling from the goblet down thy throat,
Will stir thee from thy fixt o'erclouded mood.
Tush! Mortal man should e'en as mortal think:
For to the grave and rueful-visaged, life,
If I may judge, is only grief, not life.
SERV. Thou sayest well: but oh! our present case
Is all unsuited to a reveller's mirth.
HERC. A stranger lady's death! nay, grieve not thus
Too much! whilst safe at home thy masters live.
SERV. What! Live? thou dost not know the woes within?
HERC. Yes, or 'tis falsehood which thy lord hath said.
SERV. Alas! too courteous is my lord to guests.
HERC. Is it unmeet I should be entertained,
Because a stranger lady dies within?
SERV. Nay, but indeed she was both near and dear.
HERC. Was there some woe he feared to tell me, then?
SERV. Go, and farewell! I mourn my master's loss.
HERC. These words are preface to no foreign woes.
SERV. No! for thy revels then had grieved me not.
HERC. How! hath mine host then wronged my feelings thus?
SERV. Thou camest at no time to welcome guests
Unto our house. Our grief and shaven locks
And sable garb thou seest.
HERC. Who is dead?
One of his children? or his aged sire?
SERV. Stranger, the wife of our good lord is dead.
HERC. How? Did ye still receive me for a guest?
SERV. Yes! He was loth to turn thee from his doors.
HERC. Poor wretch! How good a partner hast thou lost!
SERV. We are all lost: and not our queen alone.
HERC. Well I perceived it in his weeping eyes,
His hair, his glance. Yet he persuaded me
He led a stranger's funeral to the tomb.
I therefore crossed this threshold 'gainst my will,
And did carouse beneath my kind host's roof,
Whilst thus he suffered—aye, I drank with brows
Entwined with wreaths! 'Twas like thee to be mute,
Slave, when such ills were brooding o'er the house.
Where is she buried? Where shall I go seek?
SERV. By the straight road, which to Larissa leads,
Her polished tomb is from the suburb seen.
HERC. Oh daring soul, and venturous heart of mine!
Shew now, how worthy is Alcmena's son,
Whom she, Electryon's daughter, bare to Jove.
For I must save this lady, just now dead,

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And place Alcestis in these halls again,
Doing glad service to Admetus thus.
Yes! I will go and watch the king of shades,
Dark vested death: methinks he will be found
Quaffing libations by the new made grave.
Then if from ambush, which I soon shall lay,
I rush and catch him, circled in mine arms,
There lives not one shall rid him from my grasp,
With his sides aching, till he yield her up;
And if I fail to capture him; if death
Come not to taste the clotted cake of gore,
I'll take the downward road, and seek the halls,
The sunless halls of Proserpine and Dis:
There will I make request: I trust to bring
Alcestis upward, to her lord's embrace:
The host who welcomed me, nor closed his doors,
Though stricken with the blow of sore distress:
But bravely hid his grief, respecting me.
Shew me in Thessaly a nobler host:
Nay search all Greece. Therefore he ne'er shall say
That he, being worthy, served a worthless guest.

Admetus. Chorus.

ADM. Alas! ye mournful paths that lead
To halls bereft and lone:
Sad sight my weeping eyes to feed,
Your lord is all undone!
Where shall I go? where find a rest?
What say? what words restrain?
Take, kindly fates, this life opprest,
Oh! free me from my pain.

For heavy lot my mother bare
Her son, I envy death.
I long your homes, your lot, to share,
Ye shades, that dwell beneath!
No more the sunbeams glad my sight:
I sadly tread the ground,
Since death bereaved me; Dis his right
In my sweet hostage found.

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CHOR. Forward, forward: penetrate
To the mansion's inmost part!
[ADM: Oh! oh!]
Thou hast suffered anguish great,
Calling groans from out thine heart,
[ADM. woe! woe!]
Thou hast gone through grief, I know.
[ADM. Ah! me.]
Nought thou aidest her below.
[ADM. Woe is me!]
Ne'er to see thy spouse again,
Face to face, is bitter pain!

ADM. My bosom's wound thy words renew:
What deeper, sadder woe,
Than from a wife so leal and true
To part, can mortal know?
I would that I had never won
Her love to dwell with me:
Oh! for a single course to run,
From wife, from children free.
Grief for a single life to bear,
Is sorrow moderate:
But children, whom disease doth wear,
And wives, the sport of fate:
And bridal beds, by death laid waste,
Why should man bear to see?
When he such woes might never taste,
If wifeless, childless he!

CHOR. Untiring foe thy fate is found.
[ADM. Ah! me!]
To sorrow dost thou set no bound?
[ADM. Woe's me!]
Hard are thy woes! yet though an host,
[ADM. Woe! woe!]
Endure; not thou alone hast lost
[ADM. Oh! oh!]
A wife! mishap in divers forms
O'ertakes us all with various storms.

ADM. Oh! lasting woe: and grief's sad doom
For friends, whom earth doth hide;
Why let ye me from yonder tomb?
And kept me from her side?

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She was the best of wives to me!
In death I fain would dwell
I' th' hollow grave, and ever be
With one beloved so well.
Yea! thus might Hell rejoice in both,
Instead of one, to take
Two faithful souls; and nothing loth
To cross th' infernal lake.

CHOR. A kinsman once beloved had I,
And it befell his child to die,
A child lamented worthily,
A dear, an only son:
Yet learned the sire to bear his woe,
And meekly bowed his head, although
Told by his thin locks, tinged with snow,
His course was well nigh run.

ADM. How shall I come, ancestral pile,
A guest, in thee to dwell,
So changed! alas how short a while
Can diverse fortunes tell.
But lately Pelian torches shone,
And bridal songs did wait
My bride and me, with joyous tone,
Hard by the palace gate.
And as we moved, hand clasped in hand,
Our greeting did not fail;
'T was chaunted by a tuneful band,
That bade us, hail! all hail!
They sang that both were far renowned,
That each was nobly born,
With Hymen's ties both fitly bound;
And now I am forlorn.
Sad groans succeed the marriage strain,
Dark robes to white array,
And wearied limbs I come again
In widowed couch to lay.

CHOR. On happy fortune followed fast,
To thee o'er whom no grief had cast
Her gloom, this crowning woe the last:
Yet thou hast saved thy life!
Thy spouse hath fled: hath left behind
Her love: what marvel? thou shalt find
That death doth oft such ties unbind,
And rob man of his wife.

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Adm. Friends, tho' it seems not so, yet brighter far
I deem my lost wife's fortune than mine own:
For she is free: no grief shall touch her more,
And she hath ceased in glory from her toils.
But I, though due to death, escapèd fate:
And sadly, late I learn, shall pass my days.
For how shall I have heart to cross my doors?
Accosting whom, by whom addrest, rejoice
On entering mine halls? or whither turn?
Dark solitude within will drive me forth
When I shall see my wife's deserted couch,
The seat where she would sit: the unswept floor
Throughout the house; when falling at my knees,
My children wail their mother; and my slaves
Lament their peerless mistress lost to them.
Such are my woes at home. Abroad there wait
Thessalian brides, and female throngs to wring
My aching heart: for I can ne'er endure
To see my wife's companions face to face.
Perchance some foe will speak these words of me
"See him, who basely lives, who would not die,
"But gave his wife in stead, through cowardice
"Escaping death. Can such be rank'd with men?
"Nay more, though clinging fast to life himself,
"He hates his parents for their dread of death."
Add to my woes this ill name I shall bear;
Then say, my friends, what boots it me to live,
By ill-report and evil fortune bowed?

Chorus. Oft have I been borne aloft
Through the airy meads of song,
And, in reasons practised oft,
Never found a force more strong
Than the might that dwells with thee,
Ever stern Necessity!

Vainly seek I antidote
From the Thracian healing book,
Which the minstrel Orpheus wrote;
Vainly to the drugs I look,
Which Apollo gave his race,
Ills from wretched life t' efface.

Altar worship, image prayer,
She of goddesses alone
Doth forbid; and, idle care,
Bleeding victims doth disown.
Mayst thou near oppress me more,
Goddess dread, than heretofore.

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All that Jove decrees to do,
By thy aid to pass he brings:
Thou the iron dost subdue,
Where the Chalyb anvil rings.
Thy fierce spirit works perforce,
Never yielding to remorse.

Thee, Admetus, hath she ta'en
In her tight constraining hand.
Courage! tears ne'er bring again
Corpses from the spirit land.
Even you doth death remove,
God-born sons of secret love.

Dear when with us was our queen;
Doubly dear to us when dead.—
Noblest wife of all, I ween,
Didst thou welcome to thy bed.
Oh! be hers no common tomb
With the heirs of death and gloom.

Deem we not her earthy rest
Such a mound as mortals raise,
But, like gods eternal, blest.
May each traveller sing her praise:
Swerving from their onward way,
Often may they turn and say:

"For her lord in olden time
"Died Alcestis, fair lady.
"Now she sits in realms sublime,
"Always blest divinity.
"Hail and bless us! lady, hail!
"Such shall be the ofttold tale.

But lo! where yonder famed Alcmena's son
Unto thine hearth, Admetus, bends his steps.

Herc. To friends, Admetus, one should freely speak;
Nor cherish blame unspoken in the heart.
Now I did think me worthy to stand by,
And in thy sorrows prove myself thy friend.
What then? thou didst not say thy wife was dead,
And e'en laid out: but bad'st me welcome here,
As though thy care was no domestic grief.
Then in these sorrowing halls I crown'd my head,
And lightly poured libations to the gods.
Indeed I blame thy conduct: and must blame;
Though far from mine the wish to augment thy grief.

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Yet list: and hear why I am thus returned,
And seek thy halls. This lady take in charge,
And keep for me, till I shall hither drive
The mares of Thrace, their Bistou master slain.
And, if I fare as heaven forefend, (Return
To me hath charms:) thine handmaid let her be.
Great was the toil that earn'd her for mine hands:
For I did find that some propos'd a game
For wrestlers public, worthy of my toil:
And thence I bear her, as the victor's meed.
For such as won in lighter sports, had steeds
To bear away for prizes. Harder toils,
As wrestling, boxing, earn'd a nobler prize;
Oxen, and e'en a maiden. In success
It had been mean to scorn such glorious gain.
But thou, as I have said, must care for her,
Whom, not by stealth, but labour I have won,
And hither brought. It may be that in time
Thou wilt not blame, but praise me for the deed.

ADM. 'T was no disdain; nor did I count thee foe,
When I withheld my wife's sad fate from thee:
But surely grief had then been heaped on grief,
Hadst thou repaired to other host than me.
My proper grief drew from me woes enough.
But, for this woman, if it may be, King,
I pray thee bid some other, less distrest,
Guard her for thee: thou hast Pheræan friends
In plenty: do not then recall my woes:
For never can I, seeing her within
Refrain from tears. Oh! add not to the sick
Worse sickness. I am weighed with woes enough.
Where, too, in the house shall this young woman bide?
For young she is, as garb and gear declare.
In men's apartments, prythee, shall she bide?
Nay: but how then, consorting with young men,
Shall she be pure? Good Hercules, tis hard
To check young blood. Thou seest I care for thee.
Or shall I keep her in those much loved rooms,
The chambers of my lost one? In *her* stead
How can I take this woman to my couch?
I fear a twofold censure, lest perchance
Some subject should convict me of bad faith
To my preserver, in a fresh embrace.
Besides (for she is worth my best regard)
Of my deceased one I must cherish thought.
Yet, whosoe'er thou art, thou lady, know

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Thy fair proportions correspond with hers.
Thy figure, too, recalls my buried wife.
Oh! take her, I adjure you, from my sight!
Or ye will make destruction doubly sure:
For seeing her, methinks I view my wife.
Sad streams break forth! ah me! how fresh the time
That first I tasted this most bitter grief.
CHOR. I cannot name thy lot in terms of praise!
Yet all should meekly bear the gods' behests.
HERC. Would that my power were such that I could bring
Thy wife to light from out the nether world,
And do this service, most desired, for thee.
ADM. I know thou wouldst! yet how can this be done?
The dead must not return to life again.
HERC, Nay pass not bounds! but fitly bear thy grief!
ADM. Advice is easy; meek endurance hard.
HERC. What boots thy wish, for ever to lament?
ADM. I know tis vain; yet still love draws me on.
HERC. Ay! buried love calls forth the tear full oft.
ADM. She hath destroyed me, more than words can tell.
HERC. Good was the wife you lost, let none gainsay!
ADM. So good that life hath no more joy for me.
HERC. Time soothes. Thy woes have now the strength of youth.
ADM. "Time," thou may'st say, if death indeed be "Time."
HERC. A wife, a fresh desire shall make thee cease.
ADM. Hold! what hast said? I thought not this of thee.
HERC. What? never marry? wilt thou dwell alone?
ADM. The woman lives not, who shall share my bed.
HERC. Think'st thou to serve thy buried wife in this?
ADM. Where'er she is, I still must honour her,
HERC. Tis well! Tis well! yet men will count thee weak.
ADM. Howe'er it be, call me no bridegroom more.
HERC. I praise thy faith and friendship to thy wife.
ADM. When I forsake my lost one, let me die!
HERC. Take now this noble lady to thine house!
ADM. By Jove, thy sire, I pray thee, ask it not.
HERC. Why: if thou dost not this, thou needs must err.
ADM. Yes; but to do, will gnaw my heart with woe.
HERC. Yield! for compliance may thy duty prove.
ADM. Ah! would thou ne'er hadst borne her from the lists.
HERC. Yet, when I conquer, thou art victor too.
ADM. Well hast thou said; yet let the dame depart.
HERC. Ay, if need be; first ascertain that need.
ADM. It needs: at least if thou wouldst shun my rage.
HERC. A certain knowledge makes me press my suit.
ADM. Have then thy way, e'en though it please me not.

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HERC. Some day thou'lt praise me: only now comply;
ADM. If I must needs receive her, lead her in.
HERC. To servile charge this dame I will not give.
ADM. Well: if it likes thee, lead her in, thyself.
HERC. Nay, rather I will place her in thine hand.
ADM. I will not touch her; she may enter in.
HERC. In thy right hand alone I place my trust.
ADM. Against my will, Sir King, thou forcest me.
HERC. Dare to extend thine hand! this stranger touch.
ADM. See! As I'd touch the severed Gorgon's head.
HERC. Dost hold it?
ADM. Aye.
HERC. Then keep it, and some day
Thou wilt declare Jove's son a generous guest.
(*Taking off her veil.*)
Nay look on her: comes she not something near
Thy fancy's wife! In bliss dismiss thy grief.
ADM. Ye gods! this strangest marvel baffles speech
Do I in truth behold my wife? or say,
Am I distraught by you, with mocking joy?
HERC. It is not so! thou dost behold thy wife.
ADM. See that it be no phantom from below!
HERC. No spirit-raiser is the guest you found.
ADM. Do I behold her then, my buried wife?
HERC. Ay truly: yet no marvel thou didst doubt.
ADM. May I then speak, and touch my breathing wife?
HERC. Speak to her; for thou hast thy wish complete.
ADM. Oh form and face of wife to me most dear,
Do I, past hope, enclasp you once again?
HERC. Thou dost! far hence be envy from the gods!
ADM. O noble scion of supremest Jove,
Go on, and prosper! may thy sire protect
The hand, which now my fortune has restored!
But say! how didst thou bring her up to light?
HERC. I stood in fight against the king of shades.
ADM. Where, say'st thou, didst thou combat thus with death?
HERC. E'en at the tomb I seized him with mine hand
From ambush.
ADM. But my wife: why stands she mute?
HERCULES. It is not right that thou shouldst hear her voice,
Till from devotion to the gods beneath
She 'scape by cleansing: and the third day dawn.
But lead her in: and henceforth, as 'tis meet,
Still keep, Admetus, thy regard for guests.
And now farewell. For I shall go perform
The task in hand for Sthenelus' proud son.

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ADM. Nay bide with us; be partner of our hearth,
HERC. That must be sometime hence. I now must haste.
ADM. Good luck go with thee! and mayest thou return!
And now, my subjects, all this quarter, see,
Ye form the dance to hail these blest events;
And bid the altars steam with bullocks slain,
To aid your prayers. For we have found a change
From our past fortune to a brighter life,
For that I now am blest, I'll not deny.
CHORUS. Varied is your destination,
Shapes of heaven-directed things;
Much to pass 'gainst expectation
Oft the eternal fiat brings.
What we looked for lacks its ending,
Schemes despaired of oft prevail,
Kindly gods an issue sending:
Mark the upshot of my tale.

LITERATURE.—NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Six Weeks in Corsica. Illustrated with fourteen highly-finished etchings. By William Cowen. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable Earl Fitzwilliam. London: Thomas Cauntley Newby.

In 1840, Mr. Cowen visited the island of Corsica,—the country of Paoli, of Napoleon, of Fieschi,—having been informed that no English artist had previously visited it. With his visit he was well pleased, as he found the scenery there as sublime as any to be found elsewhere, and the people to be hospitable and brave. The result we have in the volume before us, which contains much interesting matter. Many of the engravings, also, represent objects of great interest.

An Official and Statistical Account of the Bermudas, from their Discovery to the Present Time. By William Frith Williams. London: Thomas Cauntley Newby, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

Not much is known of the Bermudas. Indeed, were it not for Andrew Marvel's well-known couplet, we question whether any thing would be known of them at all. They are, however, a part of that vast empire on which, our orators tell us, the sun never sets. Those who would know more, we refer to Mr Williams. They will find in his work all the information they need.

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Ruins of Many Lands; with Illustrations. A Descriptive Poem, by Nicholas Michell.

It is in vain we attempt, at a respectful distance, to keep up with the press, that ever pours forth its productions with unceasing energy; we give up the effort in despair; and as to poetry, it is long since we were poetical—We now shudder at the name. Nevertheless we do,—being, like Pickwick and the brothers Cheeryble, of a benevolent turn of mind,—now and then find time to bespeak for our young poets such attention as their worth may claim. For ourselves, in the poets of an earlier day, we find all of inspiration and of truth we require. To many, however, novelty itself is a charm,—to such, we commend the "Ruins of Many Lands."

Mr. Michell, author of "The Traduced," "The Eventful Epoch, &c., is already known to the readers of the "Metropolitan," from the many pleasing descriptive poems which have graced our pages from his pen. His Introductory Stanza will best explain his purpose to the reader.

"Ye who, fond musing, love to wander back,
With pensive step, o'er time's dim shadowy track;
Whose souls th' enchaining Present hath not bound;
Who love to think, and dare to gaze around;
Who fain would read man's history, hopes, and fears,
Writ on the dark remains of vanished years,
Can beauty see in forms laid waste and low,
And o'er art's past creations burn and glow;
'Tis you we ask to share the pilgrim's way,
Cross ocean's foam, and other climes survey.
Old scenes to visit, and old dreams to dream,
Shall not to us a task of labour seem;
Oh! yes, o'er mount and wild we'll wander far,
Now lit by history's sun, now memory's star:
Traverse each land where time his bolt hath hurled,
And view, deep charmed, the ruins of the world."

The themes are worthy of a poet—they are Babylon, Nineveh, Petra, the temples and pyramids of Egypt and Nubia—the ruined cities of America, the rock temples of Ellora, Elephanta, etc., in India, etc., etc. The design is good, nor is the poetry without real merit. The poems are illustrated by notes that evince a complete knowledge of the historical and mythological part of the subject. There are engravings, which, however, do in no degree add to the merit of the work. With that exception, Mr. Michell's publication has our praise,—we wish him every success.

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SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER VII.*

Bonneville to St. Martin.

"There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure."—MANFRED.

WHEN at Contamines, a small village near Bonneville, De Saussure met with a trait of character in a peasant which he relates with much *naïveté*. He says, that the sun being all powerful, he and his companion turned into an orchard to seek shelter from its rays. They had no sooner seated themselves in a comfortable spot than they espied some ripe pears, which thirst and the heat rendered to their eyes doubly delicious, and to which they immediately began to help themselves. But, in the midst of their depredations, who should appear but the mistress of the orchard. One of De Saussure's companions ran forward to meet her, and to console her for the loss of her fruit by the assurance that she should receive the full value in money.

"Eat on," replied she. "'Tis not for that I am come. He who made those pears, did not make them for one alone."

What a contrast, adds the ingenuous De Saussure, between this woman's ideas and the egotistical ones of towns!

What a contrast, add I, to the present ideas of the peasants in Savoy and Switzerland. These reflections of mine were verified in the course of the day.

It was yet early when we alighted before the principal hotel in Bonneville, and ordered breakfast; but as the horses required

* Continued from page 373, vol. liii.

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food and repose after their journey from Geneva, as well as ourselves, we found the hour anything but too early. Mine host appeared before the door in his slippers, and welcomed us with smiles. None of his household were up, however, unless we may include a crooked-back lad who served as ostler among that company, so it was a good hour ere we sat down to breakfast. The parlour was all in confusion, probably as it had been left the night before, for the table was covered with candles, bottles, and ends of cigars. Mine host—a stout, jovial, sleek-faced, rubicund-nosed, fellow, with a considerable degree of corporation and respectable importance to match, as all "mine hosts" are—seemed half ashamed of this disarray of furniture and tokens of idle habits, if not of worse, and stammered forth an apology.

"The hour is so early for travellers arriving, though welcome as you are, gentlemen, and the fete of St. Evremond being held yesterday, has caused perhaps rather more indulgence than is usually allowed with us. Then the English are so active! No nation so industrious and so early as yours, gentlemen. But you shall not be kept waiting long, I'll away and bestir the folks." Bowing, he retreated as nimbly as his dignity would allow, and we soon after heard his voice, in an authoritative tone, calling upon his daughter Clarissa to descend quickly and to come and boil the eggs. Leaving him to prepare the meal with as much dispatch as possible, we sauntered forth to view the good old town of Bonneville, capital of that important province, Faucigny.

The Arve plunges past the end of the main street with its accustomed fury, and is crossed by a good stone bridge. On the opposite side a monument tells us that Charles Felix, the last duke of Savoy, did much for the peace and security of the inhabitants of this part of his dominions by raising dikes along the banks of the Arve, so effectually as to prevent its waters from overflowing, and that his subjects in gratitude for the same had erected this memorial of his munificence. It is not often that we hear of dukes of Savoy doing such useful acts, and the monument is all the more memorable on that account.

There is nothing very attractive in Bonneville itself for the passing stranger. As a summer residence it is agreeable enough, whether from the salubrity of its air or the interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, to which it forms a convenient starting post. Its proximity to Geneva causes it to be much frequented by the citizens of that republic, when they desire a change, and its position on the high road to Chamounix serves to enliven its otherwise deserted appearance. To one thing about Bonneville I can bear most unequivocal testimony, and it is the excellence of its breakfasts, which we now returned practically to enjoy.

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"An English carriage, by George!" exclaimed the youngest of my companions.

We all three dropped our knives at the information, and rushing to the window, certified the fact by ocular demonstration.

"There can be no doubt about it," continued the Etonian. "Look at the arms and bearings on the panels—a person of note, by George!"

I observed a gentleman descend. He was dressed in the most *recherché* style possible for the occasion, that is to say, he wore a shooting coat of delicate coloured plaid, a waiscoat with mother o'pearl buttons, and perforated with pockets, trowsers in keeping with the rest, gaiters, shoes, felt hat, etcetera. This was all I could observe from the first glimpse of him, but he was soon ushered into the room where we were seated, when I had an opportunity of scanning him more closely.

He might have been five and twenty, though from the gravity of his countenance, ten years more might reasonably have been supposed, had not his curly chesnut hair belied it; and was tall, wellformed, of expressive features—expressive of what, however, it would be difficult to say—and had a graceful air of self confidence, according well with the style of his general appearance. His eyes were blue, large and mild, with an expression of sadness within, which insensibly attracted my sympathy and curiosity to "hear their tale." Yet his cheeks and the lower portion of his face completely neutralised this, with regard to kindly interest. Upon the former the hue of health was no longer visible; a sickly pallor had usurped its place, and his mouth, the lower jaw wide and prominent, bespoke the voluptuary. Viewed as a whole, it was a countenance which might have puzzled Lavater himself. But his conversation gave a key to his outward appearance.

I linger over these minute descriptions because I conceive the duty and pleasure of a traveller to rest almost as much upon the examination of characters which chance throws in his way, as in that of the country and its chief objects of interest. The benefits to be derived from travelling are not owing to the mere novelty of scene and variety of products which it brings before the eye, but to the expansion of the mind by interchange of opinion, to the flight of prejudice by comparison, to the enlargement of ideas by intercourse with men of a different origin, and educated under different auspices and associations. Mere topography will not dispel prejudice. Scenery, grand, sublime as the Alps, rich and smiling as the Wye and its banks, if tenant less, leaves the mind of the traveller, with regard to his fellow mortals, as blind as ever.

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My Lord—he was a real *milord*, which my two companions and I were not, although mine host gave us that high title, using it as indiscriminately as the Germans do their "Herr Graf—Sir Count"—my Lord C——, having laid aside his hat and given his instructions to his valet, bowed gracefully to us, and, accosting us in English, begged permission to form one of our party at the breakfast table, a request which gave us as much pleasure as honor to comply with.

"Glorious weather, sir! Garçon, salt!" said the senior of my companions—the first clause being addressed to our new comer. "Glorious weather."

"Alas! yes," murmured forth Lord C——.

"And it seems likely to continue," added the first speaker.

"I fear so."

We glanced at each other, my senior companion and I, and he continued.

"You appear, sir, to regret the continuance of fine weather, which to tourists is a chief object. And you are one, if I mistake not?"

"Too true, too true," groaned forth the answer. "But you remind me of my situation, gentlemen. Let me see, where am I? Hecla on the 1st of May—Lucca on the 18th of June—Waterloo day, lucky dogs to get killed—and this—this is July. Hum! I thought I had got farther. And this time last year, let me see," continued he aloud, but addressing himself more than us, and pulling a filagreed memorandum book out of his pocket, "this time last year, ah! we were blown up, off Madras."

"By George!" cried the young English gentleman.

"Eh? what's that you say, my dear sir?" exclaimed Lord C——, "the 'George,' oh, no, I was in the 'Aurungzebe.'"

"The 'Aurungzebe!' I know her well, a splendid vessel, one of G—n's best. You have—"

But my senior companion was interrupted by his brother, who wanted an explanation from Lord C——, regarding the "blowing up" off Madras, the young fellow naturally associating the expression with its original signification, or with his Eton reminiscences after a row. When it had been explained, that the ship of which Lord C—— spoke had been "blown up" by fair winds from Madras to the mouth of the Hooghly, the latter ordered his valet to appear, and told him to have the carriage ready again in half an hour."

"And you leave us so soon?" said I.

"I must," was his lordship's reply.

"You appear to have travelled much, sir?"

"I must."

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"Yet it can be no great hardship when you have such an elegant carriage and a retinue of servants at your command," said my senior companion.

"You do not think so?"

The senior of my two fellow travellers had passed a great portion of his life in India, where he was in the Company's service, which he had quitted for a short space on sick certificate, so his notions of pleasure travelling did not correspond exactly with mine. Accustomed to have a multitude of natives ready to obey his slightest nod, accustomed to every luxury, and to rule as a king in his own *bungalow* and *compound*, he looked upon the possession of such as actually necessary to the true enjoyment of travel; while I, on the other hand, used to England and its homely ways all my life, regarded the pleasure of a tour greatly enhanced by the small difficulties thrown in your way, such as the want of conveyance, the shift of a green bank under an elm, and beside a babbling brook on a moonlight night, for an eider down mattress, besides the opportunity such trials, and they are trials in their way, give one of better judging of the country and the characteristics of its people. But to return to his remark regarding the possession of a retinue of servants and a comfortable carriage, his curiosity was piqued by Lord C——'s answer.

"You do not think so?"

"I do not."

"Then why, may I ask, why do you make use of them?"

"For a very simple reason."

"What?"

"Because I am obliged."

"A very agreeable obligation, truly, to have thrust upon a man, is a carriage and a retinue of servants at his command," said my companion, with an incredulous smile.

"It is nevertheless true, sir. In me you behold the most miserable of men," continued Lord C——, drinking off a quantity of cream.

"How does that happen?"

"There are many causes."

"Cite them."

"You could not bear to hear them."

"Yes, I could. I can bear a good deal. I can bear a dinner party at the Government House, Calcutta, and few can say the same."

"But it cannot interest you to hear them."

"Indeed it can. My curiosity is raised to the highest pitch."

"Then the exertion!—However, you shall be satisfied. Know, that I am the most miserable of men. I am doomed to travel."

We all three gave a look of open surprise, and the Eton

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youth whispered something to his brother about a strait waistcoat.

"You need be under no apprehension for your pockets, gentlemen," said Lord C——, in a languid tone. "I am neither an exile, nor a duellist; nor am I a cut-purse—good heaven! I wish I were; and I am not a madman, delightful thought! for I speak calmly and seriously. I repeat again, I am doomed to travel—it is my destiny, I cannot explain more."

"Then what is a pleasure with so many, being with you a constraint, causes you to long for a snug fire-side and more sedentary amusement," said I.

"You mistake me there, sir, I abhor a sedentary life. I have tried it in all shapes. I first purchased a house in a retired part of the country, into which I shut myself alone, with the exception of two servants. I ordered all the standard works of every language down from London; had them conveyed to my country seat, spent a whole week in arranging them myself, and began to peruse them from the first shelf upwards. Not a soul was to disturb my studies, and the people, taking me at my word, caused me in a short time to throw up the scheme from *ennui*. Another time, a zealous friend recommended me to marry, and offered to find a lady lovely and accomplished enough to tempt me to make such a fool of myself. I laughed at his assurance, and laughed still more when introduced to the female he had hunted up, who proved to be the daughter of a retired green-grocer who used to come in to wait at table in my father's time, when he gave large parties. The marriage scheme over, I took to politics, but being accused of having obtained my seat in parliament by bribery, and being "found guilty," when in reality I had left every thing to the management of my lawyer, even to the composition of my address from the hustings, I was ejected from the House with disgrace. Then I tried London for a season, and had a box at the opera, where I nightly showered artificial nosegays upon the singers and dancers, but having done so very markedly to a *figurante*, a very pretty woman, let me tell you, gentlemen, who proved to be the wife of my French tailor, I retired from the public gaze in disgust."

"And you then took to travel?"

"Precisely. I first made the tour of Europe, but finding the people, the Irish excepted, much too civilized to be entertaining, I hied away to Lapland. From thence I went to Russia, and through that country to India. I returned home by the Cape —no! let me see — by Damascus and the Mediterranean — in short I have been nearly every where, and I am equally disgusted with the whole."

"And as a last resource to come to Switzerland."

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"Switzerland! I know every mule path in it. I tell you, gentlemen, if I've been to Chamounix once, I've been there twenty times. Ugh! I loath the sight of a glacier."

"Yet you continue to travel?"

"What can I do? I try to get over the ground as quickly as possible. I have been posting almost all night, and I am off again immediately. Now confess, am I not the most miserable of men?"

"If I am not mistaken," said the senior of my companions, "you mentioned that you had been in India. You would find a large field there for the relief of your mind?"

"All *bosh*, as they call it. *Bosh, bosh.* True, on my first arrival, I thought I had at length discovered the "happy shirt" of eastern fable. The different titles given to me were amusing enough at first—being called by the English nabobs a *griffin*, and by my *peons* a *doory*. Then the *nautch* were a change after Taglioni and Cerito. The *tonjons*, too, were very delightful, and the *moonsiffs* and *cutwells* queer fellows. The *choultries* are convenient when travelling, were it not for the *pishashi* and smell of *bang* about them. But all these strange sights and names I grew tired of ere long, and I returned home as miserable as I went out. My carriage is ready, I see, gentlemen, so I must now bid you good bye."

And thus did we lose sight of the "most miserable of men."

As our horses had not yet rested, we ordered the *voiturier* to follow us with the carriage as soon as possible, while we walked on before, following the road to Cluses, which we reached at the moment our carriage came in sight.

A quarter of an hour sufficed to see all that Cluses had to offer of attraction, for it had a few months previously fallen a victim to a fire, which had spread with such fury as to demolish the greater portion. It was in truth a melancholy sight, and we gladly dropped our mite into the alms-boxes, "pour les pauvres incendiés," suspended at every angle. I was glad to learn from our driver, that much sympathy had been shown in the neighbouring towns for the poor inhabitants, that collections for their relief had been made in all the churches at Geneva, and that the British congregation there, although the smallest of any, had "out of their abundance" made the largest donation.

Cluses has been singular in its number of fires. It has been several times devoured by that element, and phœnix-like has always risen out of its ashes, to be reduced again. It appeared a poor town, though I hear that before the last fire the inhabitants were well off. Their principal occupation was to make the skeletons of the watches for the Genevese *ouvriers*, who

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furnished the works, and turned them out ready for the European market.

Cluses may be styled the keystone of the Alps of Savoy, for until the tourist reaches it he cannot be said to be among them. A turn to the right after we had traversed the town, testified this. It was the entrance to a new region, a region of snow,—a valley deep on both sides from perpendicular mountains, whose rocky heights, dotted here and there with stunted pines and hardy shrubs, seemed quite impregnable. The mighty Arve—that torrent which the poet so truly depicts in—

> Not from the sands or cloven rocks,
> Thou rapid Arve, thy waters flow;
> Nor earth, within its bosom, locks
> Thy dark, unfathomed wells below.
> Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
> Begins to move and murmur first
> Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
> Or rain-storms on the glacier burst;—

the mighty Arve, plunging through the centre of the valley with increased fury, and awakening in its roar the elsewise stern silence of the scene. Along the banks immense piles of granite, detached from the mountain sides during some of the convulsions of nature. Willows with their supple arms spanning the stream, and shattered trunks of oak submerged in the middle. Occasionally a large patch of ground formed by the overflowing of the Arve into a swamp, and where the land is on a level with its bed, a small lake. The river has no smooth channel to flow through, which circumstance adds increased impetuosity to the current of its waters. Here an immense block of granite towers in the centre of its bed, showing a complete barrier to its further progress in that direction, and causing it to seek another course. There, the accumulated force and quantity of the waters break through every impediment, and plunge over the rock with an awful crash. The Arve is of a deep clay colour. It has neither stone nor wooden bridge of any kind in this spot; none of the finny tribe to bait a hook for in its dull depths; no rich, sloping meadows to invite the weary, by a moment's repose on a soft and fragrant carpet; no mossy bank under the shade of elms, to call the pensive loiterer to halt awhile—but all is barren and untamed, as on the day when our two enterprising countrymen, Pocock and Windham, passed, armed and followed by their attendants, on their way to explore the "*montagnes maudites.*" On the right bank only of the stream is there a road, which we now followed. It is consider-

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ably elevated above the edge of the Arve, narrow, in tolerable condition, full of interest. Innumerable cascades leap down from the rocks which command, in many places completely overhang, the road, and pierce a channel for themselves deep beneath, where they rush onward to mingle with the black waters of the Arve.

Having entered the carriage at Cluses, we did not quit it till we came in sight of La Balme, when we did so altogether. Before assuming our knapsacks, however, the younger of my companions complaining of thirst, added to which the many inducements held out by the landlady of the roadside inn, we determined to taste her vintage. She led us into a small garden, where under the trees stood some rude tables, and having accommodated us with seats, by means of a plank on two empty barrels, she left us. When she re-appeared, it was with a ponderous volume under one arm, and a bottle of *vin du pays* under the other. The Etonian instantly relieved her of the latter; the book she placed and opened up on the table. It was the registrar of travellers who had stepped aside to partake of her cheer and rest their weary limbs, during the last four years. The hostess requested us to pay her the same compliment by inscribing ours.

"Humbug!" cried the youngest of our party, "we are not going to ink our fingers to do that, on such greasy paper too."

The hostess was offended, which the Etonian at once remedied by extolling the excellence of her wine and inviting us all to taste it. The woman's ire disappeared before this piece of flattery—for flattery it was, as my lips can but too well remember—and she was about to remove the register altogether, when the Indian gentleman said:

"No! no! Caspar—be not so hasty. We shall have the wine all in good time. I shall write our names down in the book, that is to say, if this lady will so far forgive us as to allow me to do so."

All the clouds which had previously gathered on the woman's brow immediately dispersed; she bowed, and retiring to the house, left the mysterious tome in our possession.

"Again, Caspar, I like, not only for the woman's pleasure, but for my own, to inspect such volumes as this. One of the most refined acquaintances I ever formed was through inspecting one of these books."

"From the fame of those whose names you saw therein?" I presumed.

"By no means. It was actual flesh and blood, corporeal matter—ay, and spirit, too—and I will tell you how. A friend

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with whom I was spending some few weeks in the county of Sussex took me one day to see Arundel and its old castle. Having visited the keep, stared at the owls, and heard the warder repeat his historical lesson with an accuracy only to be attained by hourly practice, we descended half way the broad steps into the square room, where a visitor's book, such as this, lies open. The rain came on while I was inscribing my name, and caused another visitor to fly for shelter to the same spot. As the rain continued for some little time, I amused myself by running my eye through the list of names, when a most illustrious one in the world of letters, struck my eye. I called my companion's attention to it, and remarked that I had the greatest desire to behold the man whose name so interested me. The words had no sooner escaped me, than the stranger who had sought shelter beside us stepped up, and with a smile gave me to understand that he was the very man I so much desired to see. Since that day we have ever been on the most intimate terms with each other, as you, Caspar, can bear witness, when I mention the name of L——; and I have never omitted to con the visitor's book wherever I went, and to make my remarks upon it."

The hostess now returned, and inquired when we should like to visit the cavern, but when she heard from my lips that we had no intention of doing so at any time, much less at the present, when we were anxious to reach St. Martin that very evening, she expressed her astonishment. "Every one steps aside to see the cavern. It was only last week we had M. Töpfer's *pension*, and last year a most illustrious Italian, yes, gentlemen, a most illustrious Italian, no less than the very famous Silvio Pellico, expressed his satisfaction to me," and she tossed her head, "at the pleasure and instruction he had derived from a visit to the Caverne de Balme. If you doubt my words, gentlemen, you will see his name in the visitor's book!"

The Etonian *did* doubt her words; so the volume was searched, when after a little trouble we found the signature of the author of "Le Mie Origione." However, all the woman's entreaties were without avail, for we still declined the honour even of following so far the footsteps of Pellico and Töpfer. To get rid of her importunities we had in the end to cry, "*sauve qui peut*," and thus only did we escape to the high road.

De Saussure was, I believe, the first man of science that visited the Cavern de Balme, and since his day it has become one of the "lions" of the valley. It is said that the view one has from the gallery before the entrance is exceedingly beautiful, and as I have seen sketches taken from the spot I can the more readily believe it. The guide books say that a café has been

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erected inside the cavern, so that amid stalactites and petrifactions one can inhale the fragrant berry and sip its juice. What a change, then, half a century has wrought here as well as in other places. When De Saussure examined it for the first time in 1764, the peasants said and did every thing they could to dissuade him from so *perilous an enterprise*, because—but I will give the story in his own words, for it well deserves extracting, since it shows the sentiments entertained by the country people in those days, with regard to the natural wonders by which they were surrounded.

While De Saussure was searching about Cluses for a guide to the cavern, he says "they showed me a man, the sole survivor of twelve inhabitants of the town, who had formerly made an excursion to the cavern, which had been much talked of. I went to see this man; he was too old to serve as a guide, but he related the history of his expedition.

"He said, that this grotto had long been known in the country, that its entrance, situated in the midst of a steep rock, was very difficult of access; but that when once reached, there was a large gallery, which was easily entered and which penetrated the mountain to an immense depth; that this gallery was subdivided into smaller ones, all of which might be traversed without danger: only one must beware of a hole more than six hundred feet deep, whose mouth opened in the centre of the largest of these galleries. He added, that it was in this hole he had been the sixth to descend, to search after a treasure which should be hid there, according to an ancient tradition, confirmed by the noise made by the stones which were dropped down; for these stones, after striking right and left the tortuous sides of the pit, fell at last on something which had the sound of a heap of gold or silver money. That before them, several people had tried to pull it up with cords, but that immediately they reached a certain depth, a black goat leaped from the bottom of the pit, bit their legs, and forced them to ascend as quickly as possible: that to drive away this infernal guardian of the treasure, twelve citizens of Cluses had associated themselves, laid in a stock of holy tapers, placed a tree at the mouth of the pit, and that six of them, suspended by ropes, and let down by the six others, had descended with those holy arms, and without accident, to the bottom of the pit. But all they found there were a few broken pebbles which had caused the false sound, two copper bracelets and some chamois' bones. That, however, by dint of searching, they had discovered at the bottom of the pit a hole or narrow passage, whereby they had penetrated into a sort of spacious saloon, half of which was under water and the rest dry; but without discovering the

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slightest appearance of treasure; so that they had returned very much confused, and had had the mortification of being exposed to the hootings of the whole town, which had turned out to meet them."

De Saussure afterwards explored the cavern, and expresses himself highly pleased with it.

Time, however, would not admit of our spending three or four hours to see the famous Caverne de Balme, so we, gentle reader, as with you, have to content ourselves with the peasant's story of its ancient marvels, when we should have had infinitely greater pleasure in exploring it, than in these days, when the ascent is made smooth by an easy foot path, a civilized guide,—and I warrant me, a knowing one—a garçon, and cups of coffee.

An hour's smart walking brought us in sight of the principal cascade of the valley, the Nant d'Arpenas, which has been preferred by some to the Staubach. Indeed, were it asked me which I was the most struck with, I should answer at once, the Nant d'Arpenas; but it must be borne in mind that this was the first really grand one I had seen, and that when I visited the Staubach I had already—to use a mercantile phrase—become glutted with cascades. But before I speak further of the Nant d'Arpenas, I must mention a little scene which realized in full my remarks at the commencement of the chapter.

About a quarter of a mile from the cascade, we were suddenly startled by the report of cannon close at hand, which reverberated far and near, over hill and dale, alp and glacier—producing the most magnificent echo I had ever heard. We had scarcely recovered from the surprise and delight into which this unexpected salute had thrown us, and the tongue of the echo was yet murmuring, tho' faintly, among the rocks, when a troop of ragged children of both sexes rushed out of a thicket hard by, stared at us for a moment, and then ran on before. We followed at our usual pace till we arrived opposite the Nant d'Arpenas, which is considerably retired from the road, the intermediate space being a large patch of meadow, with a gate by way of boundary, through which we passed to inspect the cascade more closely. The falls are unusually high and, as the stream is small, thin—in fact, long ere they reach the ground they are nothing but spray, and viewed from a short distance, they seem to have vanished into air. On returning to the high road, we had to pass the gate, where we found the beggar children holding it open for us. They bowed, and curtsied to us and gave us a look full of meaning, which I so far understood as to drop a small coin into one of the girl's hats.

"Merci, monsieur, and for the cannon?"

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"The cannon," said I, amazed, "we have nothing to do with the cannon."

"But monsieur, we fired them on purpose for you."

"And we knew nothing at all about them!"

"You must have heard them. Remember, we get our bread by it."

"Here then," said I, "here are some more sous."

"And the echoes?"

"Well! what about them?"

"There were three *coups*, at four sous apiece."

"What! you have a regular charge?"

"Which makes thirty-six sous, and you have only given me, without counting for the gate, six."

"How thirty-six? Twelve sous, by your own making. Three *coups*, you say, at four sous each?"

"There are three *messieurs*," replied the child.

My two companions and I gave a series of laughs, which produced almost as loud an echo as the cannon, at this piece of impudence. However, we were glad to get released from the calculating ragamuffins at the price they mentioned. No wonder that there is not such a being as a Jew to be seen in Switzerland!

This little incident afforded us subject for conversation till we reached St. Martin, where we halted and engaged rooms for the night. While dinner was preparing, we all three strolled on to the bridge over the Arve, from the centre of which Mont Blanc appeared in all the majesty and refulgence of height, purity, and grandeur.

THE FAITHLESS WIFE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Yes, thou art faithless! and mine eye can trace
My deep, deep wrongs, in that too lovely face;
Those guilty eyes have lost their artless look;—
That snow-white brow is as a breathing book,

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Telling unholy and forbidden things.
And as thou bendest o'er thy harp's wild strings,
I view thee as a fallen angel, sent
From some bright planet, for thy punishment,
To this, our lower world; that seem'd to me
Not bright, nor pure, nor good enough, for *thee!*
Oh! what a wreck this one false step has made
Of him, whose honour thou hast thus betray'd!
Oh! what a blight thine erring heart has brought
On him, whose ev'ry hope, and ev'ry thought
In *thee* cent'red, as the choicest prize
That e'er could bless his future destinies!
Amid the world's alternate smiles and tears,
What treasures had I garnered up for years!
And now my wealth is gone—my hopes are fled,
And thou,—Oh! thou, art worse to me than dead.
Thy death had left me still sweet thoughts, that bring
Some balm to loving hearts, and blunt the sting
Of separation: but thy falsehood throws
Eternal darkness o'er my soul's repose,—
Pois'ning the well-spring of that charm of life,—
The chaste, fond bosom of a spotless wife.
Yet, do I love thee still, despite of all;
And mourn in secret o'er thy hapless fall:
And with a husband's care would hold thee still,
To snatch thee from some deeper gulph of ill,
And save thee from thyself—thy greatest foe.
The world may scoff: but this full well I know,—
Which way my duty leads; and can control
My *human pride,* to save thy priceless soul;
Which, did I send thee forth an outcast, might
Sink deeper still, and plunge in endless night.
Come then, thou guilty one! though smiles and mirth
No more can greet me at my ruin'd hearth;
Though from thy lips the songs I lov'd to hear
Must fill my eye with mem'ry's bitter tear;
While ev'ry glance at thy still lovely face,
Recals the mem'ry of this dire disgrace:
Still will I not forsake thee, nor resign
That heart, though erring, once so dear to mine.
Come then, thou guilty one! no home hast thou
But his, whose peace is broken, like thy vow.

NOTE.—The above lines are founded upon actual fact. Not

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only the wife's infidelity, but the injured husband's forgiveness (a circumstance seldom, if ever, heard of), is, in the present instance, equally taken from real life. The play of *The Stranger*, which is founded upon similar incidents, has been objected to by many; not merely as being utterly improbable in its denouement, but likewise, as having a dangerous tendency. Improbable or not, such a circumstance has occurred, within my own knowledge. And if I have not been deterred from clothing it in a metrical form, it is only because I feel no apprehension that any wife, whose mind might otherwise be base enough for the purpose, would ever be led to fall into the error of Mrs. Haller; the chance being so very remote, that any husband would be induced to copy the example of *The Stranger*.

RAMBLES.

BY WALTER R. CASTELLI.

Yes! at the risk of calling forth a frown, or a wicked little pout upon your pretty lip, fair and gentle reader, we will with admirable candour confess that all our life we have been a wanderer over the face of the earth, and spite of our worthy old housekeeper, who receives the intimation of each fresh outbreak with venerable horror, and regarding us over the rims of her tortoiseshell spectacles in pitying sorrow, almost involuntarily murmurs, "There is no rest for the wicked,"—we fear, we fear we shall continue one till the end of the chapter. And yet we are not without a home, a fixed resting place whither to bend our wearied steps. On the contrary, we have a very pleasant one, just such an one as we always loved and sighed for, where—

> "Summer woods around it blowing,
> Make a murmur in the land:"

o'ercanopied by roses and honeysuckle, with casements opening amid them down to the smoothest of lawns, through which we

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are wont to scent the freshness of the morning, as we sit at breakfast with our white cloth before us, *white* cups, *white* saucers, *white* rolls, *white* and calm inspiring milk, not an hour from the sleek cow that grazes in yon field which you can just see athwart the hazels—everything pure and snowy as befits a repast at such an hour and such a scene. But our restless spirit, nevertheless, constantly impels us to make pilgrimages through our own and other lands, wherever beauty tempts us; and we fondly fancy we thus imitate the bees that roam abroad amongst flowers for sweets to store their sunny Hybla, for we return from these our excursions with tenfold relish of our cot, and many a pleasant dream and happy memory to brighten our moments of repose and retirement. But for mercy's sake, do not call us a traveller, we hate the term:

> "To do the act that might the addition earn,
> Not the world's mass of vanity could make us."

But we most strenuously lay claim to the title of a "Rambler." We have no idea of being whisked away at the rate of forty miles an hour in a railway carriage, through tunnels and cuttings which effectually preserve in mystery the surrounding country, from which we are inclined to believe that the invention, like so many others, must have been originally Chinese, to whose manners in any case it is best adapted. Nay, we even eschew stage coaches, notwithstanding their merry horns and prancing greys, to say nothing of the rosy Jehus, and the strange company one meets thereon; albeit they are truly celestial vehicles in comparison with their more flourishing rivals. These may do very well for practical men, invalided Nabobs, and Brummagem tourists, with whom a thorough rambler has neither connection nor sympathy. They try how quickly they can get to the end of a journey; they study their "Guides" for the fast trains, and no sooner leave brick walls and smoky chimneys, than they look out and sigh for brick walls and smoky chimneys again. But a rambler, reversely, seeks only to prolong his journeys; he straps his knapsack on his back, and with a book in his pocket, and his loose, short-skirted jacket courting the coolness of the breeze, starts off. He never takes short cuts, never keeps by high roads, but makes a thousand deviations, down every tempting lane, by the side of merry streamlets, that lead him astray ofttimes, it may be, laughing silverly the while at their own gamesome antics, and anon even trying to seem grave, and run slower, that he may keep up with them. Away down valleys in search after the church, whose spire he saw up there from the hill-top, peeping through the trees; for your ram-

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bler is always a lover of old country churches, with their ivied towers, their flowery tombs, and the sturdy yew, round whose stem is placed the smooth-worn seat where he rests to think of Gray, and Goldsmith, and others, whose beautiful descriptions first made such spots dear to him. And then again, you will find him stretched upon the hay, in the heat of the day; or upon some thymy bank, with his favorite poet before him, while the bees hum about him, and birds chaunt to each other from their leafy shadows; or else the cushat-dove coos lovingly from the depth of some night thicket; then does he know what enjoyment means—then alone does he rightly feel the intense pleasure of poesy, as he inhales its sweetness thus in the very temple and under the balm of its presiding goddess, Nature herself, with sundry visions of dryads and nymphs, or the mad revelry of Pan floating before his half closed eyes. We will be bound for it, nectar would not taste half so sweet on earth, as it does in the dwellings of the gods, or in mossy Tempe, with all its concomitants of bright skies, radiant blossoms, and sigh-breathing melodies, not to mention the graceful Hebe as the cup-bearer to brim the goblet up unto your thirsting lip. Nor does Poetry ever steal over the soul with such enchantment as in a sunny woodland amongst violets and primroses, with the soft blue sky above, and the verdant sward beneath. But through the very force of habit we are on the point of falling into a rambling fit in our essay, towards which delinquency we are less hopeful of tolerance than to our errant propensities amongst green fields, which so eloquently plead for us, that we look for even more than mere pardon.

Have you no happy memories of rambles yourself? No sunny recollections of childhood, when you hied forth into the meads in May, to gather primroses and early flowers; or of merry troops seeking for wild strawberries, than which you have tasted none so luscious since or later, of the half-holiday, coming like a gleam of sunshine amid school sadness, when with a companion or two you rambled into the woods after nuts; or, it might be, in that more doubtful, but yet pleasant-to-look-back upon-pursuit, bird-nesting, and at the time you had no cruelty in your heart, but carried home the young fledgings in your cap as tenderly as a mother bears her child, with the full intention and hope of rearing them up in health and luxury; but which alas! so often ended in tears. Or since then, again, is there no pic-nic in the distance, when, after the joyous bustle of your sylvan repast, the party broke up into *twos* and threes, who went forth on exploring expeditions through shady walks, where the blue eyes and golden hair, the white robe and tiny sandaled

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foot of your companion, struck you as being more beautiful than you ever thought them before!

There is an infinity of charming associations connected with the idea of a ramble, and they are all pleasurable ones; they cannot be unhappy. How many a lovely scene is suggested to the mind, for one never *rambles* through other than beautiful spots! How many a clamber up mountains, with the heart lightsome and buoyant as the air around their summits, and how many a delightful prospect thence of stream and woodland! How many a visit to ruined towers and crumbling monasteries, through whose cloisters we tread slowly, listening to our echoed footfalls, and conjuring from the past, amid the "dim, religious light," its band of grey-cowled monks; or to some lordly hall, now frail and tottering neath the breath of time, with its moat and chain-hung bridge o'er which in days of yore so often passed the gallant cavalcade, knights and ladies to the chase, hawk on wrist, with all their silver bells ringing merrily; perchance with pennons waving, and the sunshine flashing from bright helms and hauberks, to the tournament; or it may be to some more saddened spot o'er which a shadow hangs in memory, where the poor prisoner sighed his life away within the chilly cell, where innocence and beauty languished till the block transformed to a deliverance, and death came welcome as the rosy sleep that takes the ravished soul and "laps it in Elysium." and then the times and the seasons for rambles have deliciousness. The early morning, and the calmed twilight, while the moon is clear and serene above us, and the stars begin to peer around her in growing confidence of her reign; and if at noontide, then we have the quiet seat beneath shading boughs, perhaps by some limpid waterfall, with its cool gurgle breathing in our ear, and not forgetting the book, Shelley or Keats for instance, which a rambler always carries with him—Spring, with its budding leaves, and simple, but thrice welcome flowers—Summer, in the full glory of blossom and verdure, and blissful inspirations, and perfumed breezes—Autumn, with the golden waving of the corn, the labours of the reapers, and even the falling of the sere and yellow leaf, are the beauteous seasons dedicate to them. Unless the clear and bracing frost of winter sometimes invite us, though, then it can scarce be called a ramble, for the slow, meditative, luxurious pace which essentially constitutes one, is not exactly suitable for the acerbity of winter, unless it have a singular proportion of "kindliness" mingled with its frost. But only imagine the sweetness of a stroll in summer evenings, after a shower has fallen to refresh the panting earth, when the perfume of flowers floats over the hedge-

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rows of cottage gardens, and the air is heavy with the scent of bean blossoms, which is amongst the richest of odours at such a time; and ever and anon, a beetle hums past us, as though partaking of the universal gladness of the hour, and too the chirping of the grasshoppers becomes more shrill and constant; all these sounds, though nothing in themselves, "by season season'd are" to most agreeable significance.

By the bye, we would just '*en passant*' remark upon a favourite and most characteristic repast of a true rambler. Strawberries and cream! Is it not quite delicious even to hear the name? What could be more rural, more poetical, more akin to Ambrosia? The fruit is perhaps the most beautiful in creation, so rosy and dimpled; and then as to perfume—Ye gods! The cream too so pure, and suggestive of peaceful enjoyments, besides having been the worthy nourishment of Jupiter himself. We really feel proud of the possession of such a compost!

All poets have been ramblers, and it is pleasant to walk even in their shadows. In "As you like it," the sweetest of all his comedies, Shakespeare has revelled in the very essence of rambling. He makes the sweet Rosalind and Celia leave the court, to dwell on the skirts of the forest "like fringe upon a petticoat," where they would have abundant opportunity for rambling; and Rose was a decided rambler, witness her pretty horror, when Jacques accounts for his melancholy, by—

> "The sundry ruminations of my *travels*
> Wraps me in a most humourous sadness."
>
> Rose.—"A *traveller!* By my faith, you have good reason to be sad!"

But she was a very sunny one, and we warrant only strayed in the light and airy paths of the forest, where the arching boughs gave, through their interlacements, glimpses of the blue sky, and of the sunshine, where the sward was sown with wild flowers, and thyme, whose perfume rose on the breath of her passing. Once only, but then she was *particularly* unhappy at the absence of Orlando, she exclaims:—

> "I will go find a *shadow*, and sigh till he comes."

And Jacques, though the word "*travel*" slipped out at unawares, was a consummate rambler too, and a very good fellow at heart, spite of his affected misanthropy. See how often we find him indulging the propensity; sometimes quizzing the rambling Orlando for "marring the young trees, with carving Rosalind on their barks; sometimes in a leafy glade discoursing with the "motley fool," and piercing through the follies of the court, and of the world. Now moralizing "beneath

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the shade of melancholy boughs," with what a spectacle before him, albeit it was a sad one!

> "As he lay along,
> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,
> To the which place a poor, sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish."

There is a picture which might well enamour one with rambling! Or again, stretched upon a bank, listening to the music of Amiens, and "sucking melancholy from a song, as a weasel sucks eggs."

The banished Duke was a rambler, and a worthy one, and a sage lesson had it taught him. One which he had not learnt at court in a century—

> "Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
> Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not the woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> * * * *
> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The immaculate Touchstone himself was smitten with the habit, and delivered many of his sagest dissertations during its indulgence. But to enumerate the poesy dedicate to rambling were too Herculean a task; luckily, it is needless, for its peculiar beauty has ever commended it to notice.

The characteristics of those of the insect world peculiarly given to rambling are charming! There are the yellow-girded bees, who play at labour all the long day, sweet-toothed fellows bustling down into the very depths of roses and harebells, bathing in seas of perfume, nigh distraught with the thousands of soft chalices that brim up for their sipping, dwelling in mossy banks and sunny hollows, and making a summer of it all the year round. And then the butterflies, so graceful and etherial that they typify the soul—the soul, in its aspirations after loveliness and purity, in its flights to heaven, not in its darkness and pollution, its grovelling in the unwholesomeness of guilt and sin. Butterflies, that hover all their life in one sweet paradise, that are so entwined with the calm and pleasantness of nature, that if one hap to wander in amongst the toil and darkness of a city, we gaze at it in wonder, and in sorrow. Whose golden-tinted wings gleam in the sunshine as they thrill upon the flower tops and

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bask in its radiance. These are associates to make us proud, to glad us with the thought that the gentle and innocent of another race, are strayers in the same path with ourselves, that they whose very life is made of the sunshine, and for whom wait the joys of earth and air, find no greater gladness than their perfumed *ramblings*.

But here it is time to pause, which we do with the greater willingness, as, with your kind indulgence, we promise ourselves many a subsequent ramble amongst rambles.

HAVRE *VERSUS* BOULOGNE.

BY FRANCIS LLOYD, ESQ.

Author of "Hampton Court."

In pursuance of an intention of spending a month in Jersey and Guernsey, I started from Southampton, and found myself at the mouth of the Seine.

"Stop! stop! the Seine, you cockney tourist! what business had you there?" saith inwardly the reader.

No business at all; my case was only that of several of our joint acquaintance, Mr. Caviller, to know more of every body's business than my own.

"But what was your business, sir, I ask again, at the mouth of the Seine—your business, sir, not that of other people?" utters the impatient reader.

It was the ship's business to be at Havre, and mine to be in Jersey, therefore were we at cross purposes, though with no purpose to cross together, I mildly rejoin.

Perhaps I got out of bed on its wrong side, perhaps on my blind one; however, I was steaming away Jerseyward, down Southampton water, when the mate asking me for my fare, I

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gave him eight-and-twenty shillings. He generously gives me seven of them back again! Mates are scheduled with landlords in the income-tax act, thought I, taken aback with this unexpected liberality, only the deduction is rather disproportionate; so I ventured in a hope-confirmative, rather than a doubt-suggestive, tone to carelessly drop, "Reduced your fares to Jersey this summer—increased travelling to British Channel islands, now that France is too hot to be comfortable, eh?"

"If France is likely to be very much too warm for you, sir, I think that paletot of yours would fit me, to say nothing of your waistcoat, till we get there," said the mate, coolly.

"I don't mean the climate—the revolution, you know. The Jerseyite or Jersereens don't take the infection kindly, with all their French blood?"

"Never was on the Jersey line of packets, can't say; twenty-one shillings is our fare to Havre," and the mate, having uttered this duplex truism, accosted other passengers on the same topic.

My twenty-one shillings had been turned into a ticket, unmistakeably informing me that the bearer (that must be me) was to give up the same on landing at Havre. There was no reason at all why I should draw invidious distinctions, and not as well go to Havre as to Jersey, only one never hears of people going to Havre as loungers or sight-seers. Boulogne is the legitimate haunt of the first, and Paris of the second class of itinerants. I had no passport, and was burthened with a superabundant quantity of clothes, &c., in sundry boxes and bags, having spent the previous month from home, in the Isle of Wight. People get into the wrong box: that is common enough; well, I am only in the wrong boat. Eight hours and a half of serene steaming (sailing reads better) brought us opposite Havre. There is not a more promising or pleasant port in France or England. The *côte* above it is dotted with white *pavillons*, or villas, infinitely more picturesquely grouped than at Ryde or Cowes. Every thing in the aspect of Havre is hopeful; it is Liverpool in leading-strings, though not yet out of the infant school. The custom-house people were civil to an incomprehensible degree. They made a form of opening my boxes, and immediately closed them again. I would recommend their example to the examiners at London Bridge and Dover. Smuggling has been rife here lately. The stewardess of my packet was before the Southampton police but a few days before I left, on a charge of conveying tobacco in four pockets strung round her. She had been ten years in the boat. One of the engineers, too, of the London and Havre boats was detected carrying Jacquenet lace to the latter place in oil cans, with false bottoms. Several thousand yards were seized, on which there

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is a profit of three hundred per cent., and another gentleman of the engine chamber, having such remarkably fine calves as attracted the envy of the landing waiters every time he stepped from the boat to the pier, being requested by one of them, rather anatomically curious in human veal, to divest this pride of flunkeyism of obstructions to his honest admiration, the gentleman aforesaid (custom-house applicants, like ladies, taking no denial) was found to have voluntarily submitted this portion of his legs to be blown up with two pounds of gun-powder without uttering a groan. The owners of the boat had to pay two thousand francs for the strange fancy of their engineer to lubricate their engines with Jacquenet lace, but what the gunpowder gentleman cost I never heard. Coarse gunpowder can be bought in England at this moment to pay a profit of six hundred per cent. in France, which has an army of five hundred and two thousand men, and a thousand or two cannon and mortars to keep in practise. The same day I landed at Havre, I might have gone off by the steamer to Cherbourg, and thence easily to Jersey, but the former place offered inducements to remain, and I will now state the advantages it has over Boulogne. There is scarcely any place where so much may be seen in so short a time, and for so little money, as in Normandy, and the passage not longer from England than Margate from London Bridge. I was but eight hours and a half from Southampton. The hotels are inferior to those of Boulogne in spaciousness, style, and cleanliness. The Hotel de Paris, in the Rue de Paris, is perhaps the most popular; the *table d'hôte* is remarkably liberal; so is that of the Hotel d'Amirante, Hotel Normandie, and Hotel des Etats Unis. Wheeler's Hotel, on the quay of the Bassin du Roi, gives a *table d'hôte* for three francs—the substantiality of English cookery, with the savouriness of French. I have sat down to many a worse guinea dinner in England, than is afforded there daily for two shillings and sixpence. The *restaurants*, too, nearly approach those of Paris, and their comestibles are more satisfactory to an Englishman's palate, which may be accounted for, by the difference in the price of provisions, being nearly one-half in favour of Normandy. I never ate sweeter beef than at the Bourse de Commerce Restaurant, and there are half-a-dozen restaurants round the Place Louis XIV., decorated as handsomely as Very's in Regent-street, or the Oriental in Vere-street, which give excellent dinners. I name these two because they are familiar to me, and because I know not a public dining-room in London, save the coffee-rooms of our hotels, where a gentleman can sit down with gratification to any other sense than his palate. Fish is to be had here, of course, and poultry, and game is abundant

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and cheap. On a mild moonlight evening there is no promenade like the Place de Louis XVI. The ground-floors of most of the houses are cafés and restaurants, blazing with lustres and gilding, which, seen through the trees which surround three sides of the *Place,* enlivened with the constant motion of promenaders, give it an air of metropolitan activity, only to be seen on the Italian Boulevards at Paris. Either by day or night, the vista from the corner of the Rue de Paris charms by its ever varying character.

Before you the hills of Ingouville; an amphitheatre of white houses and shrubberies rises to the horizon; on the left, is the Place Louis XVI., its arcades and avenues; on the right, the *bassin de Commerce,* another Prince's Dock at Liverpool, a forest of masts; and behind, a wide, well-built street. Then there is the jetty of granite, a promenade of constant interest, close to which ships of magnitude, American packets—in fact, all the French import and export trade to America, and most of it to East and West Indies, pass to and from the port. The Bains-de-Frascati is the largest hotel, and most frequented by wealthy French families during the summer.

Before the Paris mob pulled out the linch-pin of the state-carriage, and gave it a jolt beyond the genius of a generation of constitutive coach-makers to repair, a hundred and sixty visiters have slept within its walls at one time, and a hundred have sat down to dinner. About twelve were in the house when I went there, and was offered an excellent room, with *dejeuner a la fourchette* and a sumptuous dinner, for eight francs a day. I said something about the Revolution. I am sure it gave the landlord the stomach-ache. One may be in London all one's life, and never go nearer the docks than the Brunswick at Blackwall, in white-bait season; but here Indiamen and ices, American linens and lemonade, steam ships and shady arbours are on neighbourly terms; merchants, ship brokers, cotton importers, sugar and colonial produce dealers becoming the smiling *figurants* of a scene, which you cannot help at first sight believing is got up for your amusement, and auxiliary to some *ballet d'action;* a market-place scene in Massaniello, for which you await the music. Havre is the paradise of parrots. In the house I lodged, and in the next, some seven were kept, and these communicative neighbours kept up a *contra-alto* recitative all day cm their cages placed outside the windows of their respective mistresses. They are quiet at night, however, which is more than the *tambour* of the National Guard can keep. He beat the *rappel* under my window one night for an hour, until I was fain to rise at 3 A.M., and turn out in hopes of being in time for a revolution. Accompanying the troops, I witnessed the arrival of

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seven hundred *insurgés* at the railway station, from Paris, and saw them safely lodged on board a large war-steamer, which steamed away to Algeria with these impertinent gentlemen, whose offence was repeating in June what they had been crowned with laurels, lodged in three royal palaces, and made drunk with the king's champagne, for doing in February.

Talleyrand used to say, "a fault in politics was unpardonable, crimes were committed to be forgiven." Bonaparte was ever lucky in his enormities. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin loll in the luxury of the Luxembourg: Algeria for their *exalté* associates, now that enthusiasm is *mal à propos*. Public men and public feeling are quite at issue at this moment, and the latter knowing it, disown the men by whose aid alone they mounted the ladder to power.

> "But stay, I say,
> Let me pause when I may,
> My digression is leading me sadly astray
> From my subject, a mottle-back paroquet's lay."

Having visited the museum, the library, and the picture-gallery, in which Yoon (the French Haydon) has a large and impressive picture of Christ purging the temple of traffickers, with more or less questionable specimens of Murillo, Velasquez, Vandyke, Greuze, Rubens, and the masters ever to be found in every picture-gallery in Europe; and I must not omit one by Conture, a living artist of great originality. The architect of the museum deserves great praise: there is light and space for every thing, objects of natural history, books, pictures. The entrance vestibule and staircase are to be preferred to those recently erected at the British Museum. Save in London, Edinburgh, and the universities, such noble rooms as the libraries at Caen and Havre are not to be found in the towns of Great Britain. The *Palais de Justice* is not worth a visit, but the theatre is.

Ingouville fair commenced while I was at Havre, and was to last a month. Fancy a dozen streets of booths, full to their ceilings with ephemeral gimcracks, so many Lowther Arcades, a circus, a panorama, a casino, and bawling showmen passionately imploring you to pry into their phantasmagoria. During the day there is a lull, but every night during the month are the *allées* thronged with all ranks in Havre, Graville, Ingonville, Honfleur, Graville Montvilliers, and the intermediate hamlets. The walks on the *Côte* present at every point a magnificent amphitheatre, and Casimir Delavigne might well exclaim, "*Après Constantinople, il n'est rien de plus beau!*"

A week may cheerfully be spent in walking about Havre,

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and Ingouville, its suburb. The down above the cliffs reminded me of Sandown Bay and Shanklin, though in rural beauty I prefer Ste. Adresse to Bonchurch;—the former is a sweet valley, sloping to the sea. The walks from the light-houses, through the villages of Bléville and Sanvic, to Montivilliers, are truly delightful. There are some remains of an abbey, erected in 682, the tower of the church; and beyond Montivilliers, I would have any reader of this induced thereby to exchange Havre for his next projected trip to Boulogne, (being a tolerable pedestrian,) to follow me to Chateau d'Eure, in the parish of Saint Martin-du-Manoir, where he will be reminded of many an English village, and thence on to Gournay, and the valley of Epouville. From thence to Harfleur, the path lies on high ground, commanding fine views right and left, and I think he will be as surprised as I was by the populousness of the French rural districts. There appear to be few farms of more than thirty acres, with houses attached to them, and right pleasant little homesteads they are, each having its orchard and coppice for fuel. Graville had better be taken in a direct walk to Harfleur, the view from the terrace of the presbytery, formerly the priory, and the church, well rewarding a visit. Not two miles further, lies Harfleur, a very ancient place, and called by Monstrellet, in 1055, the sovereign port of Normandy. The sea has since been sulky, and subsided miles away; and when the houses, like those of Tamworth, tumble down, no one thinks it worth while to build them up again, so that the churches in both, may be said to occupy the greater portion of their respective towns. The church is a vast edifice, built by us, and that it is not larger, is not our fault, for it was left unfinished, when four hundred of the inhabitants, conspiring together, raised a successful revolt against the victors of Agincourt, which this church was erected to commemorate. Harfleur was taken and sacked by us five years after, in revenge for our unceremonious ejection, but was only retained until 1449, when it fell into the power of Charles VII. king of France.

A lateral door-way is enriched with exquisite sculptured tracery, and the portion which remains of the old choir presents specimens of gothic architecture, and arabesques of much delicacy of execution. The revolution cleared away all internal decorations, and knocked the saints from their niches on the towers and on each side of the western door, and the steeple, no mean one, was to have gone next, by order of the republican government, if time had been afforded for the work of demolition. A true democrat is always unhappy at the existence of any individual or institution, monarchs or churches, aspiring higher than himself; and when he has brought them down to

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his own level, is astonished at the ingratitude and perverseness of those who are below him, following his example. The first revolutionists, when led to the guillotine by their initiators, died for the most part in a paroxysm of amazement.

Had the French legitimists at this moment a Henry V., with half the pluck of the founder of this church, our Henry V., he would be prayed for as their enthroned sovereign, at mass, next week, not only here, but in every church in France.

Having ventured to say to the aubergist, where I took a glass of kirchst, that I feared the latest change in the government would not improve things in Harfleur more than in other places, he mouthed out a *sacr—r—r—r*, which sounded very much like, "the revolution be d——d."

Those who think differently, may go to the large sugar refinery just by, and ask Messrs. Saglio and Co., who will tell them, how well they and all other manufacturers in France could have dispensed with its *mission de la gloire à illumer l'Europe*.

We will now trot on to Orcher, if you please, whistling democracy down the wind; and a right pleasant walk it is of three miles from Harfleur, on the banks of the Seine. From the natural terrace which crowns the cliffs, I could see the Departments of Eure and Calvados; while, from the left bank of the river, at its mouth, and the bays of Villequier—Touques and Caen. There is a good *restaurant* at Orcher, and pleasant walks in the grounds of the chateau, the proprietor of which is a gentlemanly man, for he invited me to dine with him. At the *restaurant*, I found several parties of excursionists dining, people coming to enjoy the view from Orcher, as they do from the Castle Hill at Richmond; but, from three with whom I conversed, I could not learn that they had as yet profited or expected to profit by the revolution. A hearty visit from Monsieur Cholera Morbus would have been more acceptable than Monsieur Ledru Rollin's call to the spirits of Paris, who had so promptly answered his hail. I had now been at Havre a fortnight, every day affording me a new pleasure. The steamer crosses to Harfleur daily, returning in the afternoon, and a day at least is well spent there. A more grotesque collection of old houses of the second class is not to be seen. In some of our towns, such as Tewksbury, Gloucester, Winchester, we have a few, here and there, left rather as curiosities; but here they remain in whole streets, the most recently built house in them not less than two hundred years old, and as they are at least half constructed of timber, braced, dove-tailed, and plugged together, they are never likely to fall to pieces, as in our moist

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atmosphere; though, perhaps, at the end of another five hundred years, they may be somewhat dry and pulverising. Several were built by us, for we were masters of the place more than once. Two churches, each as large as St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, are in the town—the elaborate decoration around the great door of one, its tower, and windows, sadly used by revolutionary wantonness. The steamboat to Caen goes daily, according to the tide,—a most pleasant four hour's trip—the river Orne reminding me of the Thames, above Kew, though the rocky character of the left bank more resembles the Avon, from Bristol to the King's Road. To describe the villages and towns passed by the steamer, were a useless repetition of names; the passage is a delightful one, and worth the journey from Southampton. Of Caen I shall but say, Go and see it likewise, and then thank me for advising the visit. Save Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, there is no town like it on the continent, and certainly, no town out of Great Britain can inspire half its interest, to a subject of the descendant of the conquering Duke of Normandy, whose greatness is everywhere impressed on the wondering admirer of the monuments his beneficence erected and endowed. I give but my own impressions and experience in what I note for others' advantage, when I recommend the Hotel de la Place, kept by Madame Lagonelle; its situation in the most beautiful *place* in Caen is not to be surpassed, nor is the widow's civility. There you may have clean, airy apartments, excellent attendance, a *dejeuner à la fourchette,* of more dishes than you know to ask for, a dinner on a liberal scale, for a pound a week. Dinner is dinner, especially to a traveller, *par example:* soup, fish, hashed hare, boiled beef, stewed beef and carrots, roast underside of sirloin, roast fowls, salad, potatoes, beans, roast duck, partridges, custard dessert, bread and cider as much as I wanted, and more. This was of course varied by roast leg of mutton, roast turkey, lobsters, &c., and wine—paid for separately. At Caen there is food for the eyes and palate, at small cost. After spending whole days in Saint Etienne, Saint Pierre, Notre Dame, and Saint Jean, every hour finding some new beauty, some overadded richness, some most curious and elaborate fruit of the fecundity of the architectural energy of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, I had a renewed treat at night. The choir, the *abside* of Saint Pierre by moonlight, reflected on the river Orne! Then there is Saint Gilles, Saint Michel de Vancelles, the old Abbaye de Sainte Trinité. Saint Etienne, as all the world knows, contains the tomb of the conqueror; it was founded by the duke.

There is the museum, and above all, the library, and a most

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civil librarian; who, on my informing him of my desire to study the archeological wonders of Normandy, brought me a heap of books and engravings, and placed me at a table, with every appliance for study.

Every hour spent in Caen, for a week, was a feast of the eyes and senses. I met several kind and well-informed persons, and greatly do I sympathise with the exasperation they *all* feel, and which they can ill conceal, at the drawback to their comfort, prosperity, and peace, occasioned by the usurpation of the metropolitan mob. I heard many say, that not one person in a thousand, in any of the towns of France, ever wished for a republic, or thought of such a system as possible; but Paris and its mob set every change a-going, and hesitation to bow to its despotism is visited with the punishment of high treason.

One day I walked to Saint Etienne with a Caen gentleman, of antiquarian repute, and we touched on the topic of the revolution.

"*Les basses Normands sont anti-communistes très prononcés,*" said my friend; "they were the last to bend to the tempest of ninety-five; Charlotte Corday lived in that house, with her aunt, Madam Coutellier de Bretteville, and from thence started to Paris, to rid the world of a tyrant and savage murderer,—her only reason for the journey, her simple, brief defence, before her judges."

"Charlotte Corday," I exclaimed, "the only unpolluted heroine of that most horrible era! I must mount the stairs she descended to her dread design, and the inevitable guillotine." We were in the Rue St. Jean, opposite the Rue des Carmes, and it is a deserted street, its houses are grey and discoloured. The house may be three hundred years old, for many in the adjoining streets are older. It is at the bottom of a court, one angle of which is occupied by a well, a venerable hole, its crumbling stone copings tufted with moss. A narrow, low door, at the foot of a spiral stone stair-case, dark, steep, and uninviting, led me to the upper rooms, bare and gloomy. Two casements of small, octagonal, dingy panes, grained in dirt and decay, prevent, rather than afford, light to the staircase and apartment. In this still, solemn chamber, Charlotte conceived the destruction of Marat; she was not a person to plan it; circumstances unfolded themselves before her, and she pauses not to question their applicability.

No one was her confidant; her aunt was farther than any one from observing her mind absorbed. Hers was a lightsome spirit, hers was a ready tear, a joyous laugh, but resentment for a wrong was never once cherished, for no one ever wronged her, or wilfully ruffled her benignness.

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Norval had only "heard of battles," and on the bleak, solitary Grampians,

> . . . "longed
> To follow to the field some warlike lord;
> And chance soon granted ——"

Charlotte had heard of nothing else for four years but the mission of France to regenerate mankind, the rights of man asserted, his wrongs avenged, of the high meed of glory won by those who dared to strike a tyrant, and died for their country.

Proscriptions were about, the truest men in Calvados were suddenly murdered, the poets, orators, and writers, who had roused by their genius the highest and noblest feelings women admire in man, were falling into the hands of systematic slaughterers. There was a parching simoom over the atmosphere, no one dared to breathe a healthy thought. Those who whispered in this dim chamber, that demons directed the course of the mortal blast, muttered Marat, Danton, St. Just, Robespierre. Men dare but whisper, when "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" are paramount acting principles and in high working order; those are their palmy days. I staid in that room so long, that I believe I know at what hour of the night, and in what corner was her bed, when her mind was first visited with the thought, attendant with sensations strange and hitherto unknown; but then she never was free from their influence afterwards.

When she rose from her bed in the morning, she stood in her loveliness before a small glass; I know she looked as you see her in the picture gallery at Caen. That stately neck never bore a head that conceived a transient or indeterminate resolve.

> "She was a woman nobly planned
> To lead, to soften and command."

Powerful in her gentleness, great in her goodness, mighty in her meekness, she believed—it was fancy-bred—that the republican senators—

> "Ruled at will the fierce democracy,"

in a capital similar to the one where—

> "Brutus dealt the godlike stroke;"

and the spirit which entered into Judith possessed Charlotte from that hour. Sentimental essayists and panegyrists have stamped Charlotte's journey from Caen with melodramatic in-

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terest. Her best story is that of the avengers of Marat themselves, who took such prompt measures of retribution for the loss of their idol,—the Parisian newspaper writers and chroni clers of that day. Their horrible denunciations are the rays o the truth they undesignedly spread; for there was the same frightful unanimity amongst the journals of that day as there was here during the Gouvernment Provisoire of March, Fe b ruary, April, and May last. By the "Fraternité" of 1793, the pen was answered by the response the former desired to waive in 1848. My companion assured me that the French are modelled with a "*mot.*" "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" and Lamartine electrified the nation for a week; a republic was proclaimed, and a monarchy of seven hundred years overthrown, whilst thirty millions of people were under a chloroform of extatic mottoes, "words that burn." They never are so happy as when under delusions. Ossa is piled upon Pelion, and the Bellerophon of France gallops unbridled over landmarks, clears boundaries, and, as Bill Gibbons would say—

"Like the bull in the china shop—has its own way."

A swampy state of nausea succeeds intoxication. Frenchmen are sadly seedy at this moment. If they be dieted on red herrings and soda-water, it is more from the stringent rules of the European board of health than from compunction or voluntary resignation. I am inclined to think by far the majority of the subjects under the *Egalité* chloroform recovered their sensibility too soon for the self-abandoning minority. But the worst is, the minority is the noisiest, and frighten the majority into submitting to experimental operations they neither need nor like. In politics as in pharmacy, empirics have their day. Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Anglesea gave themselves up, bound hand and foot, to Mr. St. John Long and the quack-aquatic conjurers; Arago and Lamartine are but men of like flesh and blood.

From Caen I took the diligence to Bayeux to see its cathedral, which, though disfigured with a cupola of Grecian architecture, is not less the principal ornament of the city. The great curiosity, however, is the roll of tapestry or embroidery, quaintly developing the progress of the Duke to obtain the crown of England, with all the reasons thereunto moving him. It was worked, it is said, by Matilda, wife of William, and is in wonderful preservation. From Bayeux, for a very few francs, I went to Falaise, from thence to Liseux, and by Leveque to Honfleur. At each of those places are curious architectural monuments, and all lie within a few miles of each other. From Honfleur I went to Havre, as the nearest place for the English

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packet, though, had I chosen it, I might have gone direct from Bayeux to Cherbourg, and thence by Jersey home. I shall consider my trouble not in vain, if I induce a single individual to visit Havre and its neighbourhood, in preference to an unprofitable sojourn at that most unmeaning, uninteresting of questionable resorts—Boulogne.

THE SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Written to illustrate a Water-Coloured Drawing—the present of a friend.

WINTER hath cast a mantle dark and chill
O'er fair creation's loveliness and bloom;
Yet can the magic of the artist's skill
Remove the veil, and penetrate the gloom:
Luxuriant herbage crowns the lofty hill,
The blue, resplendent skies are smiling still,
All, all, around, seems exquisite and bright,
And summer bursts again upon our sight.

Behold the flowery banks in verdure dressed,
Behold the trees, beneath whose spreading boughs
Way-wearied wanderers gladly seek a rest,
And timid lovers plight their truthful vows:
How gaily seems yon fragile boat to glide
O'er the smooth surface of the silvery tide,
And swift-winged birds are lightly skimming near
The lucid waters—all is summer here.

Oh! 'tis a wondrous power, that at the time
Of stricken nature's dreariness and dearth,
Thus can recall her fresh and rosy prime!
Leaving the weak and listless ones of earth
Vainly to mourn that lovely things should die.
Art hastes the banished treasures to supply,
And on the lifeless canvass richly showers
Exhaustless foliage, and perpetual flowers.

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And when sharp frost enchains the trembling rills,
  And snow-flakes on the barren fields descend,
Oft shall I view the verdant trees and hills
  Traced by the pencil of a gifted friend;
Past sylvan scenes around me shall arise,
  Summer shall seem to glow before my eyes,
Till, by the triumph of the painter's art,
  Summer, perchance, shall glow within my heart.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER XVI.*

After all that philosophers have said with regard to the conduct of life, its high duties and responsibilities, and the individual power to achieve comparative happiness, there is much remaining untold, which sets all their speculations at nought. "It is in the power of every man to be content," says the essayist, and it is well for the honour of human nature, that this is not true. To be content under some circumstances, would imply the entire absence of all moral dignity, of self-respect, of natural affection, of worthy resolve, of pity, of benevolence, of every feeling by which humanity is exalted above the brutes that perish. Philosophers take but narrow ground; they seldom wander out of self. The philosophy of Diogenes did not teach him to subdue the cynical pride that had grown with his growth, until he became an epitome of selfishness, it merely suggested to him the happy idea of hurling it at the head of the world, from the confines of his tub; what is true of him, is

* Continued from p. 159, vol. liv.

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true of all; the writing of universal rules was the climax of human vanity. No man is able to follow exactly the steps of another, to think by measure, and to feel by rule. Christ knew the fallacy of this, when he said, "Come to me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and *I* will give you rest." Here is the true haven for all that have suffered beyond the bounds of human belief; for all those of whom philosophers and preachers alike lose sight. As the inhabitants of some flat country, whose surface is only bounded by the horizon, where the temperature is moderate, and where the terrific storms of the two zones never come, judge of the inhabitants of other lands, by rules that can apply only to themselves, knowing nothing of the wild alpine passes, where life is now perilled by a false step, and now threatened by an avalanche; nothing of the untracked solitudes of the north, the arid wastes of Africa, with their infrequent oases of water and of shade; the thick jungles of the east, or the boundless prairies of the west; so do they act, who place all men for judgment on the false level of a common precedent; and, as it is with those who merely think, so also it is with those who suffer. He, whose life has been smooth and eventless, cannot conceive of the strange vicissitude awaiting them that are called upon to pass through the wild regions, where fortitude is tried, and courage tempted above its strength; where love is often crushed down amid the surrounding darkness, and hope overwhelmed at the moment it was grasped firmest; where the precepts of this world's wisdom are altogether perverted, so that to "do well," implies every species of self-sacrifice, privation unknown, and toil unrewarded, and forbearance unappreciated, and solitariness unvisited, save by such revelations from the depths around, and the heights above, as serve to make the heart sadder, and the spirit wiser; to wing away the thoughts to that "better country," where imperfection is ended, and where the dismay of doubt, and the trembling uncertainty of expectation, shall alike give place to the joy that is for evermore.

Five weeks had passed from the first day of her attack, and Jessy, still an invalid, was not considered strong enough to quit the confinement of her room, which had been rendered as pleasant to her as under the circumstances was possible, by the kind friends into whose hands she had fallen. An air of neatness and comfort pervaded the small apartment, which was even supplied with luxuries in the shape of books, several volumes being piled on a shelf, hung in the embrasure of the single, deep set window. The girl herself, on at length returning to consciousness, beheld these and other attentions to her comfort, with a strange mixture of affectionate gratitude for the

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kindness by which they were prompted, and of bitter regret, that circumstances should have called them forth. The good doctor and his sister, who frequently visited her, Mr. Herbert, and her constant attendant, the motherly nurse, all admonished her to keep her mind easy, and to ask no questions, as the readiest means of re-establishing her health; but, whilst doing her best to follow this advice, Jessy fell far short of the equanimity required from her. Although she had never seen her grandmother since her illness, nor even ventured to enquire about her, her idea still formed, as it had always done, the one mysterious, yet most palpable horror of her life. Any unusual noise in the house, a footfall on the stairs, or the opening of her room door, caused her to start and tremble, whilst the blood rushed to her pale face, and the faint perspiration of terror bedewed her forehead. They who witnessed this trepidation, and divined its cause, scrupulously forbore making any remark, merely redoubling their efforts to draw her attention elsewhere; but with the outward visible sign of that life-consuming apprehension, the inward consciousness did not also pass; and the well-meant interference of her friends had no more power to check the deep flow of her hidden thoughts, than has the breeze that changes the aspect of the ocean power to alter the course of its unfathomed depths. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback to her recovery, Jessy, when all danger was passed, rapidly advanced to convalescence; and there were even moments when, soothed by the considerate kindness of those around her, she felt that present mercies were almost an atonement for all the past. For the future she only prayed, dreading to hope, and meanwhile time wore on, adding to the obligations she had incurred, and the perplexities threatening to overwhelm her.

On a bright day in January, she was sitting as usual, propped with cushions, in the easy chair belonging to Mr. Herbert. On a small round table beside her was placed a Bible, and several scattered numbers of the Spectator and Tatler, and one of the latter was in her hand; but her eyes were wandering to the prospect beyond the window; the roofs of innumerable houses, thickly studded with snow, which glittered and scintillated in the clear sunshine. It was past noon, and the nurse was busily employed in putting matters in order for the day, expecting to be released from her duties for a few hours, as had latterly been the custom, by the sister of Dr. Blake, who thus prevented the invalid being left alone. The good woman frequently paused in her labour to glance at her charge, who seemed to be more than usually sad and abstracted; and in her simple way, she thought that if God had been pleased to call the girl to him-

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self, few could have been better fitted to enter into the promised rest. And indeed, the whole appearance of the girl, apart from the touching humility and affectionate gentleness of her manner and speech, would have been suggestive of the same thought to any one similarly accustomed to look beyond the confines of mortality. There was something almost angelic in the expression of her pale, thin face; the shadow of what it had been, for the earthly part seemed only to have decayed in order that the spiritual might shine forth more freely; and no mere worldly learning is needed to distinguish this as the true part of every creature.

"Ah, I see you are longing to be out in the bright sunshine," said the woman, at length breaking upon her reverie; "and very natural it is you should, for it's a beautiful thing surely, and most so to them shut up so long as you have been. Thank God, we are not far from the fields, and we must get you into them, as soon as you are strong enough, for there's nothing better than the fresh air after all; we should soon be wanting the physic again without it."

"I wish you would come and sit by me, nurse," said Jessy, without replying to these remarks. "I want to ask a few questions, that I am sure you will not mind answering."

Well, dear, I shall be done directly, and I'll take up my knitting till Mrs. Blake comes. But I must not have too much talk, you know, or we shall have her and the doctor scolding us both."

"It is respecting them, that I wish to speak with you," said the girl. "How unaccountable has been their conduct to me! I am astonished and overwhelmed, when I think of all they have done, yet my heart is rather depressed than elated, for I know that to their goodness alone, and not to any desert of mine, I owe everything."

"You would not be at all surprised, if you had known them as long as I have," said the nurse, quietly. "They are nice, charitable people, who have made it the business of their lives to go about doing good; making many better, but none wiser, for there's no noise made with their good deeds, and none but the poor know anything about them. It would take hours to tell you all I myself know of what they have done for people in distress; them and Mr. Herbert together."

"What extraordinary benevolence!" exclaimed the girl, feeling something like a pang of disappointment at her heart. "They show the same kindness to such numbers of people, and all strangers; how many of their own good deeds they must needs forget! And I am no more to them than others, yet oh! how I could love *them*!"

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The nurse looked up with some surprise at the vehemence with which the girl, unconsciously, had spoken. "It is natural you should feel love for them," she said, "theirs is a labour of love: but like most very benevolent people, their means are small. Dr. Blake's practice lies chiefly amongst the poor, that he never thinks of asking for money; and his nephew, Mr. Herbert, who is the assistant curate of St. Giles's, has more of the church's work than its pay; but to be sure, his heart is in the work, and there is the reward. He is an excellent young man, and truly spends his time going about doing good, as few know better than I do."

The woman paused, and Jessy remained silent, for her words had caused a sickening of the heart, for which she could hardly account; the war of her feelings terrified her. Why, she asked herself, could she not rejoice in this knowledge of the exhaustless benevolence of her new friends? Was it indeed, that vanity had already whispered to her heart, that they might have felt a deeper interest in her fate, than what sprung from mere compassion? or rather, was it not the isolation of that heart, cast upon life without ties, and without a resting place; keen in its perception, of whatever was loveable, and thirsting to be loved 'as the hart thirsteth for the water-brooks;' was it not this want, and its necessary craving that left her soul desolate, when she found that she had unconsciously been indulging in imaginations which it was so bitter, and so necessary to yield up?

Jessy had seen too little of life and manners to be a close reasoner in her own case, and she did not pause to enquire why the step and the voice of Mr. Herbert had ever been more welcome to her than those of the others, welcome though they were; why his little attentions, in occasionally bringing her books, and conversing with her on their contents, inspired her with more gratitude and pleasure, than the more frequent attention to her wants displayed by his uncle and aunt; or why, now when all these feelings were forsaking her, fading away like the memory of some pleasant dream, it was so hard to be compelled to believe, that her very remembrance would soon pass away from him, be obliterated by the interest created amongst fresh objects of an equally disinterested compassion.

Conscious only of the desolation of her own thoughts and prospects, Jessy sat silent and oppressed, and the woman resumed the conversation.

"I think it's always the people that have suffered themselves that feel most for suffering. Neither the Blakes nor Mr. Herbert are what the world calls fortunate people. I remember Dr. Blake first coming to live in Holborn, to the very

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house he lives in now; but he won't be there long, for it's an old place, and is to be taken down shortly, to make way for new buildings. My husband was in business then, and well to do; and as we did not live far off, and people were more neighbourly in those days, we knew all about the new comers; and there was a deal of gossip about them, for the doctor had two pretty sisters with him, that kept his house. He began with practising gratis for the poor, and his sisters were not above helping him to do good; and so much good they did do, and seemingly got so little for themselves, that people began to wonder how they managed, as if there wasn't a God in the world to return in some way what was given in his name. Two or three years passed on very quietly, and one day we were all astonished to hear there was a wedding at Dr. Blake's. There was much marvelling and guessing as to which of the sisters it could be, for both had been seen dressed alike, and both were gone on the wedding trip. And the young doctor himself seemed to enjoy the perplexity every one was in, and only said in reply to enquiries, that he had lost both his sisters, and thought it was high time to look out a wife for himself. After some weeks the eldest sister returned, and was shortly afterwards sought in marriage by a merchant, a rich man in the city—but he was rejected; and then it came out that Mrs. Blake had been engaged for some years to a young gentleman that had gone out to America, and was shortly expected to return with a good fortune. But it was so ordered that he never should return, for the ship in which he came over was lost, and he and all his hard earnings with it. He had sent over money to furnish a house; and a blythe man was the doctor whilst superintending the arrangement of his sister's future home. It was a pretty house he took, standing by itself, in the midst of a large garden over the fields yonder. It stood alone, then, but is now surrounded by many others—I will show it you when you go out; *she* often walks past it with sad enough thoughts of old times. It was a sore trial to her at first, and many thought she would never get over it; they were wrong. But ah! she was a strangely altered creature when we next saw her walking out with her brother, as she used to do. It is now above thirty years since the day of her trouble, and she has never put off the deep mourning she then began to wear. Some people have called this affectation, but they did not know the consistency that was in her. Some time afterwards my own troubles began; my husband had serious losses in business, and one by one our children dropped into the grave, in a strange sort of decay, that the doctors could make nothing of. It seemed as if every earthly comfort and stay was leaving us,

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and at length the ruin of our business was completed, and then my husband got in a low way, saying he must go to his children. But I am talking to you of my own troubles, which I didn't mean to do, further than as they proved the goodness of the Blakes, for they were everything to me after I was left a childless widow, with no prospect but the earning of my own bread; they have never lost sight of me since then. Ten years after the misfortune of the eldest sister, the younger lost her husband. He was a clergyman, living somewhere in Cumberland, and a good, worthy man; but his living had been a poor one, and when he died, he left a sick widow, with seven young children, and God to provide. You may be sure, they that were so ready to help others were not unmindful of their own; and in a very little time after Mr. Herbert's death, the old house in Holborn (which, the doctor said, thank God, was large enough) was brightened up with young, happy faces, and echoed again with the music of merry voices, and tiny, tireless feet. It was evident to every one, that the widow had only come back to die; and then it was that Mrs. Ruth Blake showed the real goodness of her heart. She became a mother to the motherless. The doctor himself never looked back for these troubles, nor lost, save for a time, any of his old, pleasant humour. He would romp as merrily with his dead sister's children as if the whole burden of their future maintenance did not lie on himself; and when rallied about continuing a bachelor, would jocularly ask, who would marry an old man with such a family as he had got. And it pleased God to prosper him; for he always had a happy home, and the children grew up affectionate, and dutiful, and self-helpful, and there is not one of them but loves him as a father. Mr. Reginald, the third son, is the only one left near him, for the other brothers are surgeons in the army and navy, and the two sisters are married well, and far away from here; but as many of them as can, assemble at the old place every Christmas, and a happy meeting it always is. And a pity it would be, if those kind hearts could not rejoice still, for they have never wearied in well-doing; and to such, there can be no cloud so thick that the sunshine cannot break through. But, dear me! I am just pleasing myself, and tiring you to death; you will find me a sad gossip, when you get stronger; there is such a pleasure in talking about good people."

Jessy had listened with a breathless interest, so intense as to become painful. She had never before caught such an insight into social life, never obtained such palpable ideas of the pains and pleasures attending those ties of kindred, the absence of which for herself she had so often regretted; and she felt that,

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however deep the sorrow, there was a compensating joy wherever love remained steadfast, and duty perfect, and the isolation in which she herself stood upon earth, appeared more appallingly desolate than it had ever done before.

"No wonder that you find pleasure in talking about them, dear Mrs. Markham," she said; "I could listen to you for ever. I can now understand that air of settled resignation on Mrs. Blake's sweet face, and the source of her brother's unceasing flow of spirits; and ah! what a blessed privilege it is to belong to the generation of the righteous!"

"That is just it," answered the woman; "goodness begets goodness, as vice does vice;" and she went on, illustrating what appeared to her to be the truth in this matter, not noticing that the shadow of some inward agony fell darkly on the girl's face, leaving it colder and whiter than before.

CHAPTER VII.

"Bless me, if that is not Mrs. Blake's step!" exclaimed the nurse, interrupting herself. "How quickly the time has passed." Mrs. Blake entered as she spoke, a mild, lady-like personage, whose very fair face, over which time had evidently passed lightly, looked yet fairer from the contrast of her uniformly sombre dress.

"Well, nurse," she said, "how are you getting on to day? not so well, I fear,"—glancing at the girl's pale, agitated face.

"If it is so, I must take blame to myself for thoughtlessly talking too much," observed the nurse.

"I feel better—indeed, much better, and stronger," said Jessy; "and I am sure there is no need that I should tax your kindness so heavily as I have hitherto done, or lead an idle life longer. I cannot tell you, dear madam, how much happier I should feel, if some part of my time was occupied with work."

"Yes, you look very like a worker, with those thin, wasted fingers! you must positively be content to be nursed a little longer, and we'll see about the work in good time. Nurse, I must trouble you to deliver a parcel for me: this bundle of linen, which I wish you to leave with the poor woman who was burnt; and be back as soon as you can to-day; I have many engagements on hand, and shall not be able to stop so long as usual.

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You see I am come laden like a bee," she continued, placing a book on the table as the nurse closed the door behind her, "my nephew has sent you the book he promised; he has been up all night with one of his uncle's patients, who is dying, and is with him again to-day. You have one of the Tatlers again I see; they seem to be your favourite reading, Jessy, yet my nephew tells me you appeared to have their contents by heart already."

Jessy coloured and looked embarrassed, although she promptly replied that she had read them some years before.

"I don't approve of too much reading, or too much sedentary employment of any kind for young people," said Mrs. Blake, "and we must see to it when you get stronger. In the mean time I have good news for you: to-morrow, I think, you may venture up stairs to see Mrs. Carr."

"Thank you," said the girl; "dear, kind Mrs. Carr! I long, and yet I am ashamed to see her. She only did me justice in believing my story, yet it was bitter to be even for a moment suspected of deceit; bitter that she should suffer through my misfortune: it is bitter to feel, as I do daily, that I can act openly with none that befriend me, whatever circumstances may again arise to occasion distrust."

The girl spoke with a strange energy, and her face became flushed with excitement. Mrs. Blake was alarmed by this sudden outbreak in one hitherto so unimpassioned and gentle.

"Do not think of the past now," she said soothingly, "we know there is some mystery connected with you, but we have never sought to fathom it; and that we think you worthy of all our attention you may well believe. I can set your mind at rest with regard to Mrs. Carr's loss: she acknowledges herself to be indebted to you in a sum that will cover it. You executed her work well and cheerfully, whilst she was unable to do it herself; and without, poor child, exacting payment for your labour, which it was only just you should receive. In justice to Mrs. Carr I must add, that it was against her wish that this sum was so appropriated: she intended it to be given to yourself; but there were others who thought the arrangement only right, and that it would please you better."

Large tears gushed into the girl's eyes, and for a moment she could find no voice to reply. "You are all too good to me," she exclaimed at length: "I have borne harshness better than I can bear kindness, it breaks my heart!" and she leaned back in the chair, exhausted. Here was a new phase of human misery to Mrs. Blake, and she herself became embarrassed under the influence of the unfathomable sorrow by which the girl was evidently bowed down. Her own heavy troubles had long been softened into melancholy yet cherished memories, and in their

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extremity they had presented nothing like to this. By gentle degrees she changed the conversation, and at length opened the Book of books.

"Here, Jessy," she said, "is a balm for every sorrow; a friend to confide in when we can confide in none other: carry all your afflictions to God. You have surprized us by your scriptural knowledge; you have evidently studied the book; and surely to good purpose."

The girl was again embarrassed. "How," she said, "shall I make myself understood? I have prayed, oh! how fervently, for guidance, yet I cannot see my way through; I cannot determine to what line of conduct duty calls me; I am here admonished to obey those put in authority over me; to honour them to whom I owe my being;—what if I cannot do this?"

"It is clear," said Mrs. Blake, quietly, "that we are to do no evil. To them that require from us any infringement of God's law, we owe no obedience: this is plain enough."

"You have made it so: I have been timid and irresolute; I was alone in the world, and its solitude frightened me. I have known what I ought to do, but I knew not how to do it: I do not know yet; for there are terrible gulfs in my way, and I know not how to cross them."

"Continue to pray, and the Spirit will teach you even this."

A hasty messenger arrived to summon Mrs. Blake, and she was reluctantly compelled to depart. Lighting a small oil lamp, for it was now growing dark, she placed it on the table; then, holding the girl's head between her hands, she kissed her, whispering, as she did so, "Be of good courage: all will be well."

Whatever thoughts occupied the girl in her solitude, they had no outward manifestation, for she sat, pale and motionless as a statue, until a quick footstep on the stairs, and the sudden bursting open of her door, caused her to start even to her feet. As quickly she sank again in her chair when she perceived the tall, gaunt form of her grandmother standing before her. The woman had cautiously closed the door, and now stood with folded arms, looking down upon the shrinking girl.

"So! you can make yourself comfortable here, I see," she exclaimed. "You can readily forget them that protected you in your infancy and childhood; you would, doubtless, gladly disown them: yet you have art enough to make yourself appear amiable before others. What matters it where *I* hide my grey hairs, so that I do not mar your prospects by my presence?"

"God help me!" exclaimed the girl, after a terrible pause; "I am here, as you must know, by no will of my own, and I would I had died, rather than have fallen into the hands of the

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good people who have doubtless saved my life. I have not forgotten what I am, or what you are."

"And what am *I?*" asked the woman, in a loud, harsh voice: "what have I been to you—a child of sin and shame, without a relation in the world, belonging to no one? Did *I* forsake you, when no law could compel me to cleave to you, because the law of this world utterly casts such as you out? Did I not cherish you for the very reason that others rejected you? Did I not strive to lift you out of your degradation, to teach you how to triumph over them that despised you? Have I not tried every means to rouse your tame, mean spirit above its condition, and to make you understand what kind of a world you lived in? But you must try your own way, forsooth: you can see no sin in practising a shameless deceit, in worming your way treacherously into people's good opinion, in passing for what you are not."

"I have not done this," said the girl, speaking more resolutely. "I have never forgotten my position, or what I owed to you, or what I owed to myself."

"To yourself! could no sense of duty at any time enable you to creep a little out of self, remembering what *I* had sacrificed in order that it might be well with you? Those you have been amongst have taught you to good purpose; but do not deceive yourself. Do not imagine but that the charitable, pious people you admire would look upon you with utter contempt and loathing, if they once understood from what dregs of poverty and infamy you had sprung. But perhaps you would like this too: perhaps you could sit quietly under the scowl of scorn, and the insolence of worldly pride, and the taunts of the over righteous! You deserve no better; and nothing better shall you have. Do not fancy that I will connive at your deceptions: I will tell them honestly what was your parentage, and what you are, and then, perhaps, you will find out what the good people of this world are made of."

"In mercy spare me!" cried the girl, lifting her hands imploringly, while her lips grew livid with emotion. "I promise you to quit this place immediately,—to-night, if you wish it,—only degrade me not thus. I know," she added, looking round the room wildly, "that this is no place for me. I felt and knew it before you came. Take me away! take me away! but let them still think of me kindly. Alas! what have I done to deserve this!"

"Listen to me," said the woman, seating herself near the girl, and speaking in a softened tone; "it is in your own power to avoid this exposure. You know what proposal has been made to you before; it is still open to you. Accept it, and right

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yourself. You will have money, and money equalises all things. Reject it, and I will keep my word with you—your place shall be no longer here."

"No!" exclaimed the girl, rising resolutely, and confronting the woman, with a proud look that astonished her. "Neither here nor anywhere where I can be subjected to a horror like this! I will go, but not with you. Shame on you to propose to me a life of infamy, as a remedy, too, for the eternal disgrace which the infamy of others has heaped upon me! I have been most unfortunate, but not guilty, and it is not in your power to make me so. You have kept me down hitherto with a hard hand; from my childhood you have been a terror to me; but I feel a power within me sufficient to break the thrall! You say that I have no claim upon you, that I am relationless: leave me to my fate. I shall at least have God with me,—I shall not be alone."

"Softly, mistress!" exclaimed the woman, with a malignant look. "If I said that you had no claim upon *me*, is that a reason for your forgetting that *I* have one upon *you?* I have borne all the burden of your bringing up, and had a right to expect some return in my old age. I have brought up a serpent to sting me."

"I have offered to work for you," said the girl, passionately. I have even prayed to be allowed to work; but in this endeavour you have thwarted me at every turn. I have told you I cannot do that which you require from me."

"Work!" repeated the woman with a sneer, "yes, you would have worked for a miserable pittance, for the bread needed from day to day. But it was not that I wanted. Wretched girl! after all the pains I have taken to make you understand the frightful evils of poverty, could you not make one effort to escape such a life of ignominy as this?"

"I see no ignominy in anything, save in sin," answered the girl.

"And you are determined to go on in your own way?"

"I am."

"Very well, then I go on in mine. Fight against me, and I fight against you. To-morrow I will have speech of these people, and then we shall see how it fares with you."

"Be it so! To-morrow I shall not be here to endure the fresh trial with which you threaten me."

The girl's quietness irritated the strong passions of the woman, and, after advancing to the door, she turned back, and shook her clenched hand in defiance, and so departed.

Once more left alone, the girl appeared a new creature; there was no longer any appearance of strong feeling about her, nor

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any of bodily weakness. With a calmness amounting to apathy, she put off her loose wrapping gown, and the small, neat cap from beneath which her bright hair had still waved gracefully.

From a box which she drew from under the bed, she took out her former dress—the same gown, and cloak, and hat, and the same heavy shoes, that she had worn on the day when she last went to St. Paul's Churchyard; and these she resumed quickly. With a pencil she wrote a few hurried lines on a blank page in one of the Tatlers, which she left open on the table; then, casting a look of unutterable regret around her, and mentally commending herself, as one altogether forlorn, to the guidance of Providence, the girl passed out into the dark, inclement night.

CHAPTER VIII.

During the months of March and April, the attention of the fashionable world was chiefly engrossed by the beauty and fortunes of Alice Greystock. Bringing to herself little save mortification and anxiety, Alice could not but be aware that the caresses heaped upon her, and the flattery by which she was assailed on every side, gave much satisfaction both to her father and her aunt; whilst occasional glimpses of an ulterior object with regard to herself, dwelt upon remotely by both of them, kept her mind in a constant state of disquietude, aggravated by her knowledge of the increasing difficulties with which Sir Thomas was beset, as well as by the exciting scenes amid which, unwillingly, her life was passed. The dark uncertainty around was at length broken upon by the following letter, silently placed in her hands by Lady Shirley.

"My Dear Sister, Paris, April 12.

"I truly write this in as great strait as mortal man was ever put to—I mean, with regard to money matters. Talbot, as you might be prepared to hear, after what I said in my last, died on the 19th. It was a sore trial to him that his uncle, to whom he had twice written, sent him no reply, good or bad. Adversity surely puts the friendships of this poor world of ours to too severe a test. What with doing my duty by him, and other matters, I am literally reduced to my last shilling. What you say about the ——— being in justice bound to provide for all that have suffered on his behalf, is

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liable to one objection—it is just impossible, for the reasons I gave you before; and I would rather return to England and take my chance, than either trouble him or die like a dog, as some already have done. The one constant star shining in my dark horizon is my brave, beautiful Alice. What you tell me about her reception everywhere, makes me at once proud and sorrowful—how, being what she is, could it be otherwise? I assure you it has gone hard with me to entertain, for a moment, the project with regard to her, mentioned in your last; and there is a weakness about my heart that prevents me writing to her as you propose. I think the matter had best be gently broken to her by yourself; not that I for a moment doubt my child's ready compliance with anything that is for the benefit of her father—it is the too willing sacrifice I dread. I beg, therefore, that you will open the subject yourself; and mind—I will not have her consent harshly enforced. It is true, this marriage might be my salvation; but my child's loss would be to me no gain, and but that I know her affections to be wholly free, I had not consented to this much. I beg you not to keep me in supense, but to write as soon as may be, for the torture I at present endure is more than you can well believe. My trusty messenger, who has never yet failed or deserted me, will bring your answer, in hope of which, I remain your affectionate brother,

"THOMAS GREYSTOCK."

Alice and her aunt were seated in the cabinet of the latter, when this epistle was submitted to her perusal. Lady Shirley quietly continued the employment she was upon—the penning of sundry dainty notes, redolent of rose-water—and she did not cease or look up, being determined that her niece should speak first. Alice, with fixed eyes and white lips, sat gazing on the letter long after she had mastered its contents. Terrors, such as she had never before experienced, crowded upon her; she felt that some crisis was approaching for which she would be in no wise prepared. It was plain that her father and her aunt contemplated bestowing her in marriage; that the party was even fixed upon; and for the first time in her life, Alice asked herself if her affections were indeed free. Colonel Seymour's attentions to her had latterly been so marked, as to draw forth the animadversions of others, and she felt flattered, not merely because she heard from all around how rare from him such attentions were, but because, believing there was much that was noble and generous in his nature, she received them as a testimony of similar belief on his part in her own. In the hollow crowd amid which both moved, a confidence had

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insensibly been established betwixt them, and there the heart as well as the eyes of Alice, had learned to wander in search of the sole being whose feelings appeared to be in any degree in unison with her own. With that too ready trustfulness, peculiar to the young and unsophisticated, she had gradually accustomed herself to consider his friendship as a stay in the desert places where her present lot was cast. Beyond this she made no enquiry, and was conscious of no venture whereon her peace might be perilled, and apprehensive of no change in which the one quiet satisfaction of her spirit might be scattered to the winds. But the changes of this world, eventful either for good or evil, were about to open before her a larger sphere of vision—to teach her yet more of others as well as of herself. In her intercourse with the colonel, pleasant as it had hitherto been, she had never lost sight of the superiority which years and experience, and a more systematic training of thought and character, had given him over herself. She had silently acknowledged this in the ready yielding of her confidence, in the pleasurable emotion with which she received his approbation, and in the involuntary association of his image, not only with the present, but with whatever future might await her. It was a terror to feel all this; to be conscious that she was no longer unfettered as of old; that she could not act under the counsel she had been accustomed to obey, with that freedom of thought and feeling which had hitherto shielded her from any great sacrifice of self. The time was come, in which she was compelled to ask herself to what all this was tending, and frightened by her own inability to give any satisfactory reply, she resolutely tried to fix her thoughts solely upon the present situation of her father. This was no hard task, for love of him had hitherto been the master passion of her life; and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she reproached herself bitterly for the pre-occupation of her thoughts. What must he not be suffering—and how selfish she had been! how unmindful of him, pining in want, far away from her! Heavy tears filled her eyes, and the monotonous scratching of Lady Shirley's pen became insupportable.

"This letter," she said, speaking in a trembling voice, "is dated more than a week back. Have you received it to-day?"

"It has been in my possession three days," returned Lady Shirley, sharply. "If you will go about as if you had nothing to think of but your own pleasure, your father must bear the consequences."

"I have only been one day with Lady Dinah Rance, and for the first time, although she has so frequently importuned me to visit her. I thought it was your desire that I should go, and I returned yesterday."

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"When I had business of my own, and could attend to other people's," said Lady Shirley. "Neither Lady Rance, nor any one else here, understands your present circumstances fully; you do, and must act according to them. To be serious with you, Alice—it is quite impossible that things can go on long as they are doing. I have done my best towards retrieving the errors of your father, but I can do little more. I cannot supply him with money; I have not enough for my own necessary expenses—I am, in fact, deeply in debt. In bringing you out as I have done, I had an object, as I told you at the first. And here I may as well remark, that you are likely enough to fall into one very great mistake—to fancy that the sensation you have produced will last for ever. I assure you, it is already passing away."

"Would it had never been!" exclaimed Alice.

"This is very foolish, as well as ungrateful, in you. So far, all is right; it only remains for you to make hay while the sun shines. I have had a most advantageous offer made for you, as you learn from your father's letter; this offer it will be madness to refuse. You see what my brother says with regard to it, and you understand that he is on the brink of actual starvation, and that I can render him no assistance, neither can I with justice to myself continue to keep you."

"I understand all this," said Alice, mechanically.

"Of course you do. By marrying this person—not exactly the *sort* of person we should have chosen for you, perhaps, but we are not in a condition to choose—by marrying this person, you will have at your disposal a mine of wealth, from which your father's necessities can be supplied, and—but whatever is the matter with you?" Alice's face had suddenly become almost livid, and the letter dropped from her hands to the floor.

"I am sure," whined Lady Shirley, picking up the letter, "the advising of young people is to me a most disagreeable task, and you must know that the charge of yourself has been forced upon me."

"Bear with me a little while," said Alice, bowing her face over her clasped hands. "The realities of life are very stern, and I am as yet only like one awakening from a long dream—everything comes strange to me."

"Ah, yes; that's all very natural," said Lady Shirley, speaking more pleasantly than she had yet done; "it's the same with all of us. I remember what strange notions I had of life—picked up chiefly from the poets—when I was a young girl at Darren. I am sure I expected to meet in every lover a Waller, who should celebrate my beauty, or through my dis-

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dain fill the world with his complaints. But I was married offhand to my Lord Shirley, who was prosaic enough, and I cannot but say that I have liked the realities of life far better than I ever liked its fictions. Now the best of all earthly realities is money; possessed of this, you will have most other things at command—pleasure, honour, power. People imagine me to be richer than I am; destroy the illusion, and I lose half my influence. Here is proof positive of the value of wealth. Now Mr. Gostick is said to be possessed of at least a million of money—only think what may be achieved with that!"

Alice did not need this confirmation of her worst fears; she had already rightly guessed by whom her hand was sought; and much of self-reproach was mixed up with her overwhelming dismay, as she reflected how little she had anticipated such a destiny, and what small right she had to expect anything better. There were strong powers of endurance in the mind and heart of Alice, and no victim at the Moloch shrine of necessity ever looked more steadily in the face of events than she did, with that wide gulf—the work of a moment—yawning betwixt herself and the fairy land of her youth's brief dream. No idea of resistance entered her mind for an instant; there were desperate thoughts about her, each connected with the promise of final release, but she felt that the sacrifice must be made, and the sooner the better.

"I am surprised, as you see," she said, speaking calmly and collectedly; "but I am prepared to do what you think is for the best. I beg you will write to my father immediately, and assure him of my ready compliance with anything that is for his good."

"Why, that's my own dear girl!" cried Lady Shirley, rising, and kissing her niece's cold cheek; "ah! I always said you were a true Greystock, ever ready to act promptly—to 'dare and do.' I am so delighted, for now I can send my brother the money he is so much in need of, and which you can hereafter repay me."

"True," said Alice, eagerly; "pray send it!"

"I expect Laithwaye Oates here to-day for letters," said Lady Shirley. (By the bye, what an extraordinary young man that is! I am sure it will be quite a pleasure to you to be able to reward him). You must also write, as the assurance of your free consent will come best from yourself."

"I will do so," said Alice.

"Well, you are an excellent girl, and I am quite happy. But methinks you are very incurious. You have not yet inquired how all this has been brought about, where Mr. Gostick first expressed his admiration, or when he proposed. He has been

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very sly about it; I don't suppose he has ever given yourself reason to suspect any thing of the kind?"

Alice shuddered slightly. "Never," she said.

"No; he only opened his mind to me. He expressed great admiration from the first time of seeing you; and he made the offer of his hand three weeks ago. I told him that he must wait some time before I gave him a final answer; but I said I would favour his suit. I wanted, in fact, to write to your father, who would, I knew, see all the advantages of such a match. Ah, my dear, you won't be able yet awhile fully to appreciate the privilege of having older and wiser heads to decide for you. To-day I shall set Mr. Gostick's heart at rest; and I think you should give him an interview this evening. Let me see, we might launch out a little now in the article of dress: and then the jewellery—you would positively look magnificent in diamonds."

"Not for me! not for me!" exclaimed Alice, thinking only of the victim and the sacrifice. "I mean," she added, more calmly, "not just yet; and I would rather not see him to-day—say to-morrow."

"Well, to-morrow be it: that is no great matter. But I assure you the dresses must be thought of. Depend upon it, he'll be very generous,—he's so fond of display. Bless me! I have a hundred things to do, and to think of, so now go and write your letter, while I prepare mine."

Alice retreated to her own chamber, where she wrote a letter full of quiet assurance to her father, and afterwards sat above an hour with her hands clasped before her, cold, pale, and still, gazing on vacancy. This new and undreamed-of trial, the circumstances by which it had been urged on, above all, her own sudden and fixed determination to abide by it, had terribly shaken the powers of a mind already weakened by vain conflict with uncontrollable events. Alice's faculties were stunned, and when at length she threw herself on her bed, a heavy sleep overpowered her, from which she awoke with flushed cheeks, and dry, hot eyes; but she was more collected, and Lady Shirley congratulated her on her improved looks. At a later hour of the same day, Alice had an interview with Laithwaye. He had promised to bring her some intelligence from the old place, and, as gently as he could, he now told her all he knew. Mrs. Dorothy had been decently interred in the family vault at Darren, by John Forrest; the domestics were scattered, none knew whither; and the house itself was dilapidated and despoiled. Of the strange woman who had shown such interest in her fate, he had not been able to gain any tidings, and he did not think it necessary to mention his own previous connex-

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ion with her. "I don't like the looks of Mrs. Alice," said Laithwaye to himself, as he quitted the house that day; "her eyes were strangely wild, and she did not speak in her old, kind tone. Here is something that I must find out." And to find out that something, Laithwaye applied himself most assiduously, leaving to other hands the delivery of the packet with which he was charged (for an important matter compelled him to remain in London); and learning very shortly the cause of Mrs. Greystock's evident disquietude, he vowed in the height of his indignation and astonishment, that if ever Sir Thomas's circumstances were bettered in this world, it should not be by so monstrous a sacrifice of his daughter.

CHAPTER IX.

In the large parlour of his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, surrounded by a jovial band of congenial spirits, and easily to be distinguished by the immense black wig, that is said to have run away with a good part of his annual income, sat Sir Richard Steele, in a state of elevation by no means unusual with him. It was the first of May, and the day was fast verging upon midnight, yet it was evident that the company were only in the first stage of their proceedings, for the good humour remained unbroken, a fact that was announced to the lacqueys in the hall, and to occasional passers by, in the loud, hilarious laughter frequently drowning the monotonous hum of voices within. The ten or twelve persons thus assembled, were engaged in a general conversation on one subject, at the moment we introduce them to our readers.

"This fashion of bringing beauty into the market like any other saleable ware, ought to be out of date, if what Lilley tells us be true, that it originated in the days of Charles the Second," observed a slender young man seated on the right of Sir Richard, who had hitherto sat an attentive listener, rarely joining in the conversation.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed a very large, red-faced man at the bottom of the table, "if you met with that observation in a book, put no faith in it: books are made up of fantasies, not facts."

This speech was received with a general laugh. "You must

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not mind friend Bernard Lintot," said Sir Richard, "his is the common heresy of booksellers. But certainly it was getting high time that this beauty should be disposed of, for her influence was already on the wane. A month back, go where one would, one was sure to meet with some impertinence, in the shape of a rhapsody on the unparalleled loveliness of Mrs. Greystock: now the subject has become as stale as an old prologue, or the last discourse at Saint Paul's." "Satiety is the finale of all things," said Phil Wyatt, a dissolute young man about town, and the author of two or three bad comedies. "But perhaps, since the acceptance of the old cit, the grapes are sour: was there not some talk of her having taken by storm, the heart of a gallant son of Mars?"

"O yes, Colonel Seymour; there was such a report, certainly."

"Hang him!" exclaimed Henry Burton, "he looks as if he'd swallowed his own broadsword, and I would as soon suspect an oyster of being in love. But a fico for your dark beauties give me a golden-haired, blue-eyed, rose-lipped piece of mortality, whose claim to the title of angel might be borne out by her attributes; such an one, for instance—"

"As you encountered in the Strand, one fine day, Harry, and treated like an angel indeed, by standing with open-mouthed wonder watching her disappearance."

"Ah, friend Steele, spare me on that subject!"

"Write thyself down an ass at once, Harry, or ever after hold thy peace."

"Hereby hangs a tale," exclaimed one in the company. "Explain, explain."

"Aye, explain! explain!" called out a number of voices at once.

"I have no objection," said Sir Richard, emptying the glass before him; "so while Burton here hides his diminished head, I call upon each and all of you to listen to a more veritable bit of romance, than ever appeared in the pages of the Scuderi. Something more than five years ago, during mid-winter, I was one night with Burton and others in Lintot's shop, when a little girl, a mere child, entered by mistake, having come to purchase food for the body in a place dedicated to the sale of food for the soul. Burton's quick eye detected the child's great beauty, and he detained her with some rudeness, and to her great terror, when I, like a true knight errant, came to the rescue. Judging from her dress, that she was in extreme poverty, I offered her money, which she refused with a shy sort of pride, that made me observe her more closely. In reply to my questions, she said that her grandmother, who was waiting for her without, had

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only just arrived with her from the country, and that they were strangers in London; upon which, I gave her a card of my address, and desired her to tell her grandmother to call on me the next day; for I myself felt interested in the child, and wished, if possible, to do her a service. On the following morning, the girl came to my lodgings, not accompanied by her grandmother, but by a young imp of mischief, a hosier's apprentice, (who by the bye had been favourably known to me on two or three occasions before,) and from him I learned, that he had found the child on the previous night, in a state of exhaustion on London Bridge, that he had given her shelter for the night in the house of his master, (an old hunks, that would have broken his bones for him, if the fact had come to his knowledge,) and having found my card in her possession, and heard how she obtained it, he had brought her to me. The child herself stated, that on quitting Lintot's shop, she had looked in vain for her grandmother, who had disappeared, and that she was engaged in a vain search for her, when she was discovered by the boy on London Bridge. I was not exactly prepared for such an incumbrance, but I felt that I was bound to protect the child, so I sent the boy home happy, for he was a good-hearted rascal, and gave the child into the present charge of my landlady. When I had time to attend to her, I found that she did not know her own name, further than that she had always been called Jessy by her grandmother, of whose name she was also ignorant. She said, she had lived ever since she could remember with her grandmother, near a small village in Cumberland, and that they had led a secluded life, never mixing with any society. She did not know how to read, and had never been taught a prayer; yet there was the natural polish of good dispositions, and an intelligent mind about the child, that rendered her one of the most attractive and amiable little creatures I ever met with. Determined that she should not be lost for want of a little care, I sent her to a reputable school at Wanstead. If you expect me to enter into a detail of the progress she made, during the following three years, in intelligence and goodness, and I may add, in surpassing loveliness, you will be disappointed. I had begun to feel all the pride of a father in her, when intelligence was sent me, that she had suddenly disappeared from the school; gone, no one knew whither. Except the clothes she wore, everything was left behind her; the books and the few trinkets I had given her, were all found in her room. I had no clue to this mystery for several days, until I received a visit from the boy—young man, I suppose I must now call him—that had sheltered her on London Bridge. He said, he had been visited by a woman calling herself the

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grandmother of Jessy, who gave him such a detail of the time, and place, and manner of their separation, as satisfied him that her story was true; and then he told her where the girl was, and by whom she had been placed there. The woman never came near me, and I have no doubt but that the girl was inveigled away. What surprises and hurts me most is, that Jessy herself should never have sought to give me any explanation, although I have certain proof, that she might have done so, as she has since been seen in London, and is most probably near me at this very moment, although I have never been able to obtain any clue to her retreat. Now, if you please, Mr. Burton, we shall be obliged by your continuing the thread of the story."

Mr. Burton bowed, and gave a detailed account of his meeting with the girl in the Strand, as we have already recorded. He dwelt largely on her improved and almost unearthly beauty; the poverty her appearance denoted; her evident distress of mind, and the shrinking delicacy of her manner, and went on thus:—"My friend Steele has never forgiven me for so losing sight of the girl, when, he says, I might so easily have traced her to her home. But by Jove he has never felt, as I did then, the power of beauty in distress; for I declare to you, with all my assurance, natural and acquired, I could no more have disobeyed the command she put upon me at the moment, than I could have carried the monument up Fish Street Hill. Five or six weeks after this meeting, I was called upon by a gentleman, describing himself as the reverend Reginald Herbert, curate, or something of that sort, at Saint Giles in the Fields. He brought with him my own card, the same that I had given to the girl. She had dropped it on the very day whilst in a fainting fit, and it was picked up by some one about her. Subsequently she was attacked by a severe sickness, during which her life was in danger, and whilst yet in a state of extreme debility she suddenly and unaccountably disappeared from the protection of his uncle and aunt, who seem to have been very kind to her. As a last resource, they availed themselves of my address, found in the girl's possession, and Mr. Herbert sought me in the hope that I should be able to give him the intelligence he wished. I told him all I did know of the girl's story; described the manner of our meeting in the Strand, and finally accompanied him here."

"On comparing notes with Mr. Herbert," resumed Sir Richard, "we both came to the conclusion that the grandmother exercised some mysterious influence over the girl, which compelled obedience, even against her better judgment and inclination. I cannot here enter into details that almost transcend belief, but I

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feel assured that, unless the girl is speedily rescued from the control she is under, her life, or reason, or both, will be sacrificed to one of the most diabolical conspiracies that man ever heard of."

"A singular story," observed Bernard Lintot, "and if I had met with it in a book, I should have said it was all moonshine."

Further remark was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who, walking up to his master, spoke to him in a low tone, and placed before him a scrap of paper, on which something was written in pencil.

"Says he must see me—won't go without? Ah! I comprehend ;—the very rascal I have been talking about, the same hosier's apprentice that sheltered the girl on London Bridge. He says he has some information to give me upon this very subject. Tell him to come in."

A young man habited as a sailor, with an unembarassed but respectful manner, a frank, open look, clear blue eyes that always had the sunshine of good humour about them, and a fair, ruddy complexion that smacked little of salt water, entered the room, and walked to within a few paces of Sir Richard's chair.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the latter, "how comes it that you did not let me know the nature of the communication you wished to make, when I saw you the other day?"

"If you please to remember, Sir Richard," said Laithwaye, "you gave me no opportunity; you were engaged with another person at the time, and in a hurry, and you told me I might see you at a certain hour in the evening, at the Turk's Head."

"Then why didn't I see you at the Turk's head?"

"Because you did not come in the two hours during which I waited, and I was told that there was no chance of your coming at all that night."

"Why didn't you come here at once?"

"This is the fifth time of my coming here, and the first of finding you at home," answered Laithwaye.

"Ubon mine conscience, andt with your bermission, Sir Richardt," said one in the company, "this is bretty much the same accound as was give me the oder day by Master Golley Cibbers, who said he had been here andt dere andt eberywhere but to the righdt blace to findt you."

"Sir Richard laughed heartily. "Mr. Handel is right," he said, "and the rascal only speaks the truth. And now you *have* found me, what is it you have to say?" Laithwaye glanced round at the company.

"Oh, never mind: speak out; we shall have no chance of success if we continue keeping the matter to ourselves."

Thus admonished, Laithwaye briefly narrated the manner of

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his meeting the grandmother of Jessy, five months before, in the country, adding that very recently he had encountered her twice in the streets of London."

"When I trust you did not let her slip through your fingers without tracing out her hiding-place," said Sir Richard.

"I cannot boast of any such success; I tried my best, but the woman completely baffled me. If I was inclined to be superstitious, I should think there was something supernatural about her."

"And you are sure that this is the same woman? I think it is about two years since you first saw her,—just before you thought proper to—"

"To run away from my apprenticeship," said Laithwaye, seeing that Sir Richard hesitated.

"Hem! exactly so. I see I need be under no difficulty on the score of your modesty. On that occasion you gave her the address which we suspect led her to Wanstead?"

Laithwaye replied in the affirmative.

"Since then," continued Sir Richard, "I have obtained such information respecting her and the girl, as makes me most anxious to discover the retreat of both. I will make it worth your while to help me in making this discovery, if you can manage so to occupy your spare time, which, I fancy, would serve for the purpose."

"I will do my best, without fee or reward, Sir Richard, but at present I have little time to call my own," said Laithwaye; "and, to tell the truth, I came here chiefly to speak to you on another subject, to beg a few minutes' conversation with you alone."

"What scrape have you got into now?"

"None, upon my word, Sir Richard; I came here on behalf of others."

"You meet with strange confidences," remarked a gentleman.

"So may any that are equally prodigal of time and money," said a nervous-looking personage in a tie wig.

"Mister Secretary Addison," said Laithwaye, turning sharply round to the last speaker, "it is not recorded of the Prodigal in a certain book that he ever bestowed either for the benefit of others."

Mr. Secretary Addison only shuffled in his chair, and looked more nervous than before.

"Neither can it well be recorded of me, seeing that I have so little of one or the other to spare," said Sir Richard, laughing. However, if you call in the morning, I'll waste a few minutes with you; and you *must* help me to unravel this mystery—I know none can do it better."

Laithwaye bowed his thanks for the promised interview, if

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not for the compliment, and instantly quitted the apartment and the house.

The young man pursued his way thoughtfully, revolving in his mind the various projects for the benefit of others, by which his whole attention was absorbed, to the utter forgetfulness of every other matter whatever. Setting aside the strong attachments by which he was in part influenced, the excitement of some perilous adventure was so necessary to his self-approbation as well as comfort, that the sacrifices for which he occasionally gained credit were not near so great as they appeared to be. The present moment found him full of extraordinary plans, and therefore of contentment. Not a symptom of misgiving mingled with the daring thoughts and far-reaching speculations with which he was occupied; and if, in spite of all his confidence, he felt something of sadness weighing on his spirit, it was only because he had good reason to believe that, after doing his best, much would remain undone, for which even his fertile invention could suggest no remedy. And what he *was* about to do would certainly have been retarded by some compunctious drawbacks in any one less resolutely daring than he was; for whilst incapable of actual cruelty, and despising every thing mean or base, or what in his ideas was so,—and his natural goodness of heart would not allow him to be altogether wrong—Laithwaye could go to startling lengths with very great satisfaction to himself. As he passed along a dark thoroughfare on his way to Fleet-street, he was suddenly stopped. "Who's that?" he asked, shaking off the hand that was placed on his shoulder.

"A friend or an enemy, whichever you choose to make of me."

"*You!*" exclaimed Laithwaye, with a start "If I had any belief in the existence of witches, I would help to get you burned this night."

"You will do better by taking me into your counsels," said the woman of whom he had so recently been speaking. "You have some reason to believe that I wish well to her in whose fortunes you also take an interest. By acting in concert we may effect more good than either could do singly. Do you agree to this?"

"Not on so short a notice," replied Laithwaye; "you seem to work in the dark, and I must have all fair and above board."

"Do you contemplate being all fair and above board with Mr. Gostick?"

"Why, in the name of all that's wonderful, what do you mean, woman?"

"Hush! men sometimes talk in their sleep. Listen to me: don't you know that the miserable garret in which you have

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lately passed the night is on one side so dilapidated, that you might, if you felt so disposed, walk across the rubbish into an adjoining room; well, I have occupied that room for some time past, and as I said, men sometimes talk in their sleep, besides uttering their thoughts aloud when they fancy none can hear them."

"I have been a precious fool, I dare say," remarked Laithwaye, in a vexed tone.

"You need be under no apprehension about me," continued the woman. "Knowing, as I partly do, your intentions with regard to this old city merchant, I would not warn him of his danger for his wealth ten times told—he is no husband for Alice Greystock."

"I see I must enter into a league with you," said Laithwaye; "and as we are fellow-lodgers, let us hasten on; this is no place for the discussion of such matters."

Passing on, the two crossed several streets, and threaded many dark alleys, and shortly entered the wretched attic chosen by both as an occasional resting-place. The woman procured candles, one of which she placed in a broken bottle, and they stood for some minutes looking at each other in the dim light.

"As you are used to the accommodation here, I need make no apology," said Laithwaye, pushing towards his companion a broken stool, and seating himself on the heap of straw that made up the furniture of the place.

"All places are alike to me," said the woman. "I only live for a purpose; when that is achieved, I have done with life. Look at me well; for the last eighteen years I have eaten and slept like a dog, from mere instinct; think you that I could have endured such an existence without some strong motive to bear me up?"

"It takes only half an eye to see that you have something odd about you," said Laithwaye, looking at the woman curiously. "I suppose, as you seem to know most things, you are aware of the visit I have been making to-night?"

"Aye, aye, and no matter; let Sir Richard Steele attend better to his own business, and leave other people to mind theirs. But it is not of him I wish to speak; no, nor of her he seeks to find—let him do that if he can."

"You have a motive, you acknowledge, for keeping that girl out of the way?"

"I acknowledge nothing. I wish to befriend Mrs. Greystock. I have money, and a resolution that will go through anything; both these are at your service, if you are inclined to act in concert with me."

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"To do what?" asked Laithwaye.

"You trifle with me. To proceed with your own purpose in the first instance: prevent this marriage, planned by a heartless woman, and sanctioned by a man yet more heartless, who seeks to escape from need at the price of his daughter's destruction."

"You seem to have got the rights of it, somehow," said Laithwaye.

"I know every tittle of their histories," said the woman, speaking rapidly; "I know nothing else. Here is money," she continued, drawing a full purse from beneath her cloak, and holding it out, and clinking the gold it contained, "and any sum you want, I will supply you with; only go on! go on!"

"I don't want your money," said Laithwaye, motioning her hand back; "I have enough for present purposes, and like to be independent, myself. Since you are inclined to be liberal, I don't think you could do better than supply Sir Thomas with a little cash, for he is just now in great want of it."

A strong spasm shook the woman's frame, and distorted her face.

"Hark you!" she exclaimed; "I meddle only with the daughter. To promote her interests, I would give up my life. I have been inactive too long—I must work now—and you must help me to save her!"

Laithwaye was too much interested in the welfare of Alice not to listen attentively to one apparently so like-minded with himself. For some time, the two continued in earnest conversation, and with the early dawn they quitted the house, each bent on a different course, but both pledged to effect the rescue of Mrs. Greystock.

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THE HART'S BELL.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

On a stone, originally placed over the door of the hunting-lodge at Wharncliffe, is an inscription, which tells us, that it was built by Sir Thomas de Wortley, knight, groom of the bed-chamber to King Henry VIII. and Edward VI., "that he might hear the pleasant sound of the hart's bell."

"We will build it here," to his list'ning train,
Said the lord of Wharncliffe's wide domain;
"Here, on high, like an eagle's nest,
Where the breeze may come when the tempests rest."
And there they built him a trysting place,
When willed to join in the merry chace;
And the work went on, amid right good cheer,
For him that in courts had pined to hear
The sound of the hart's bell:
"The pleasant sound of the hart's bell,"
In the merry hunting time.

Methinks I see thee, thou brave old knight,
Buskined, and up with the earliest light;
Chasing the deer on the upland track,
Bounding away to the steep vales back:
Urging the hounds as they blithely pass,
Starting the hare from the rustling grass:
Wakening the echoes far and near,
And pausing oft in thy sport to hear
The sound of the hart's bell,—
"The pleasant sound of the hart's bell,'
In the merry hunting time.

Slight is the change o'er the glad scene cast,
Since thou beheld'st it in beauty last;
Down on the earth, as up in the sky,
Little of strangeness would meet thine eye:—
Grandly wild, as in days of old,
The broad, free vales from the heights are roll'd;
And the tangled woods hide the covert deer,
As they did when thou wert nigh to hear
The sound of the hart's bell,—
"The pleasant sound of the hart's bell,"
In the merry hunting time.

* A peculiar sound made by the hart at a certain season of the year, is so called.

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And still, in the scenes thou lov'd'st to trace,
The joyous pastimes of old have place;
Still to the sound of the cheery horn,
The hunters gather at eve and morn.
And the deer find shade, as they did of eld,
Ere the parent growths of the wood were fell'd;
And many a dreamer, lingering near,
Even for thy sake, has joy to hear,
The sound of the hart's bell,—
"The pleasant sound of the hart's bell,"
In the merry hunting time.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Miss Tox.—'You won't mind me;—you'll make yourself quite at home, won't you, Mr. Toodle?'

"Mr. Toodle.—'Thankee, mam, I'll take my bit of baccy.'"

Dombey and Son.

"Waiter!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Bring me a cigar."
"Yes, sir."
"And a go of brandy."
"Yes, sir."

Happy words,—golden dialogues,—short, yet expressive,—redolent of youth, and plenty, and joyousness, not altogether incompatible with clearness of head, and elasticity of heart. Of the man who thus speaks, the waiter has hopes,—he knows him to be no croaker, no mawworm, no cynic, with a front of brass; but one of those pleasant ones, who believe that life has its joys as well as its cares, its time for relaxation as well as for work, who think that occasionally it is sometimes quite as good to be merry as it is to be wise; in short, that he belongs to those sensible men, who feel that they have two natures, and who think it to be their duty fairly to develope both.

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Such is our philosophy, we avow it; what is more, we have practised it, and have found it answer us "indifferently well." To us, our much-loved meerschaum has been as a Jacob's ladder, by which angels have ascended and descended, and heaven has been brought near to earth; and we glory in the fact, that we can and do, (since on the sandy banks of the Elbe, we were first initiated into the mysteries of the divine art,) smoke. This is man's proud prerogative. Here he stands unapproachably alone. Does he eat? do not the beasts that perish the same? Does he drink? so does the ass that brays by his side. Does he walk erect, or on convenient rump gracefully sit? cannot the monkey do the same? But who can smoke but man?—None. He alone can sing with Wright:—

> "Other gents there may be, who are handsomer far,
> But none can more gracefully puff a cigar."

Let us extend our line of remark. Where does ancient history terminate, and modern begin? What is the broad line of demarcation? The fall of the Roman empire?—pooh, pooh, no one would give such an answer, save—

> . . . . "tutors in hall and college,
> Who have a great deal of learning, but little knowledge."

No: it was not that; but the introduction of tobacco. Modern history begins with Sir Walter Raleigh. Then Bacon taught how to question Nature, and interpret her replies; then all that was great in English literature sprang into existence; then were born constitutional governments, colonies, commerce, and civilization. Nor is this to be wondered at. Tribes in a nomade state never progress much. In all countries, and in all ages, we find their condition much the same; so long as they lead a migratory life, will their state be barbarous in the extreme: not amongst them will the graces and soft humanities of life find a congenial home. And in like manner, when men began to smoke, they began to sit still, to reflect, to improve,—a philosophy better than that of the Peripatetics arose. No wonder the ancients knew so little, after all: they were on the wrong track. How could you, my young and inflammable reader, get on with your Euclid, or your differential calculus, had you to do them out in the sunshine, "all on a summer's day," with flowers beneath, and the blue heavens above, and voluptuous zephyrs round, and tall, graceful, almond-shaped eyed, Athenian nymphs, looking slily at you all the while? No wonder the grave Socrates had in his class such gay dogs as Alcibiades; the wonder is, there were not more of them. Real philosophy,—

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the philosophy that has solved human doubts and has administered to human wants, came after men had begun to smoke.

Alas, that we should have to write it—but we must be true to ourselves and our country—a feeble philosophy, a maudlin morality, has sprung up in our midst, under the influence of which, some few benighted men have sought to introduce innovations into society, in spite of all rhyme and reason, at variance with the wisdom of our ancestors, and the fundamental constitution of man. The results are chartism, Benthamism, teetotalism, and socialism. From their scheme of life do these shallow-pated reformers strike out the passions that ennoble, the poetry that leads to heaven, the thoughts that wander through all time and space; the noblest attributes of our common humanity they overlook—nay, the very conditions of life they misunderstand. As their mind is never overtaxed, they do not see that sometimes they require rest. Good fellowship, and all that leads to it, is with them a waste of time. There are men who will tell you that

"Wine, mighty wine—"

wine, that makes glad the heart of man—is poison; and that smoking is a folly which wise men should shun. It is expensive, and a waste of money, says the miser. It is low, says the vulgar struggler after the genteel—never did his mother's son make a more egregious mistake. If money do not aid in acquiring pleasure, what is it worth more than the dirt we trample under foot? and a custom sanctioned by so many of the really wise and great, can never rightly be described as low. Rather may they be termed low who use the phrase, and who thus show how low and conventional is their rule of judgment, their ultimate appeal. Was the late Duke of Sussex low? what dealer in curiosities has not one or other of his meerschaums for sale? Was Byron low? Hear what he says—a fitting judge—for

"Smokers alone the joy of smoke can know."

Hear the aristocratic bard—

"Sublime tobacco, which, from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labour, and the Frenchman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides.
Magnificent in Stamboul, and less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping and the Strand.
Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Yet thy true lovers more admire, by far,
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar."

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Was Lady Hester Stanhope—she, as well born and bred as any woman that ever dazzled in high life—was she low? and did not she smoke till her dying day? Is George Sand, the most eloquent of female writers, low? and there are but few of either sex that can smoke more gracefully than she. Can that custom be low which is sanctioned by all the respectable females in China? for there, according to Mr. Barnes, girls of nine or ten carry about with them a bag, in which is contained their tobacco and pipe. Is not the cigarette in the lips of beauty—such beauty as buds and blooms in the sunny south—an accompaniment most graceful, yet most deadly to the heart of man? Chesterfield considered it low to laugh; Beau Brummell, though he once confessed to having eaten a green pea, considered it low to eat vegetables; some of the fine ladies in Fielding's comedies considered it low to walk; and by such—by all women without susceptibility, and men without sense—we are quite content that smoking should be considered low. There are persons—it is no original remark of ours—whose blame is praise. We would not hang ourselves, were we to excite Robert Owen's indignation, or Father Matthew's ire.

There are some things that should be remembered without the aid of Grey's Memoria Technica. The date of the introduction of tobacco is one of these. The custom of smoking spread as wildfire. It was no sooner introduced than it became universal. King James, in that most foolish and illogical performance, the Counterblast, ever penned by royal pen, estimates that some gentlemen spent three or four hundred a year in smoke. This was long before the commencement of our present enormous duty. To smoke, at that time, was considered wholesome and edifying, good both for the body and the mind of man.

The universality of the custom appears from the "Panacea, or the Universal Medicine, being a Discovery of the wonderful virtues of Tobacco. By Dr. Everard. 1659. The writer says,—

"The necessity of tobacco, and maintaining the plantations of it, is almost as great, if we do but consider who they are that buy it only for their own drinking, and cannot abstain from it. Seamen will be supplied with it for their long voyages. Soldiers want it when they keep guard all night, or are upon other hard duties, in cold and tempestuous weather. Farmers, ploughmen, porters, and almost all labouring men plead for it, saying they find great refreshment by it; and very many would as soon part with their necessary food, as they would be totally deprived of the use of tobacco. The nobility and gentry, who find no fault with it but that it is too common amongst the vulgar, do ordinarily make it the compliment of all their entertainment, and ofttimes all their

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entertainment besides is but a compliment. Scholars use it much, and many grave and great men take tobacco to make them more serviceable in their callings. Tobacco is grown to be not only the physic, but even the meat and drink of many men, women, and children. In a word, it hath prevailed so far, that there is no living without it; that notwithstanding the vast plantations of it in the West Indies, all our cornfields would soon be turned to gardens of tobacco, were not men restrained from it by the civil magistrate. It is like Elias's cloud, which was no bigger at first than a man's hand, that hath suddenly covered the face of the earth. The low countries, Germany, Poland, Arabia, Persia, Turkey—almost all countries —derive a trade from it, and there is no commodity that hath advanced so many from small fortunes to gain great estates, in the world."

Nor does our author stop here. The gift is so great, it must be received with trembling. "I confess," says he, "that tobacco is a plant of God's making, and it hath many admirable faculties in it, and the fault is not in the leaf, though it be sophisticated by some, and inordinately abused by others; yet there is some reason to suspect that there has been much of the cunning of the devil, and of man's perverse understanding, employed in the large propagation of it, because that Christians, Jews, Turks, and Infidels—almost all mankind, who are naturally so averse from all that is good, and prone to nothing but mischief—are so delighted with it. But in my opinion, the providence of God intended, by discovering this herb to Christians amongst the Indians, that by their daily commerce the gospel of Jesus Christ should be made known to those heathen people, who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. The devil was much afraid of it, as I was informed by one born in England, of Spanish parentage. For, when the Christians came first among the Indians, and began to convert them to the Christian faith (as there appeared some symptoms of zeal at the beginning, though it soon grew cold at the sight of gain), the devil threatened to revenge himself on the Christians, by teaching them to take tobacco, which having once tasted, they should never be able to refrain from it. We see, indeed, that Christians are so much affected with it, that they cannot forbear it; but the devil seems to be more afraid than hurt, to think that Christians now-a-days do withdraw more barbarous people from his service."

Thus does he estimate its advantages: — "First, it is the great friend of physicians, though it be a physical plant, for the very smoke of it is held to be a great antidote against all nervous and pestilential diseases. It is also singular against

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the colic, and therefore King James merrily said that was the way to take it. But the Duke of Savoy, who was so cured by it, was of another mind. The Irish are altogether for snuff tobacco, to purge their brains. The Indians swallow the smoke against weariness, till they fall into an extasy. The upper Scout of Amsterdam, as some report, chews it against all diseases, and likes it better than partridge or pheasant. But the ordinary way, to suck it from a pipe and puff it again, is held the best way to cure rheums or distillations from the head. It works such contrary effects, that philosophers contend almost as much about it as chemists do concerning mercury; they cannot certainly conclude whether it be hot and dry or cold and moist; for it quencheth thirst, and yet it is the fittest thing to draw down drink and to make men dry; it abates hunger, and yet is excellent to provoke a man's appetite to meat. It is a fit companion for mirth or melancholy; it will make one sleep who wants rest, yet it will keep a scholar waking in his study, and a soldier upon his guard. It puts physicians to a nonplus, for it agrees with all ages, sexes, and tempers. D. Veuner, in his "Vita Recta ad Longam Vitam," allows any man, be he choleric, phlegmatique, sanguine, or melancholique, six pipes a day. Wherefore some object that it is a vain thing. I answer with Solomon, so are all things else—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

We could quote many more testimonies of a similar character. Howel, in his preface to the "Organon Salutis" of Judge Rumsey, says, "Concerning tobacco, which the Spaniards call *La Yerva Santa*, the holy herb, in regard of the sundry vertues it hath, without doubt, 'tis a wholesome vegetable, if rightly applied and seasonably taken. It is a good companion to sedentary men and students, when they are stupified by long reading and writing, by dissipating those vapours which used to becloud the brain. The smoke of it is passing good against all contagious airs, insomuch that if one takes two or three puffs in the morning, before he goes abroad, there is no infectious air can fasten upon him, for it keeps out all other scents, according to the axiom, '*intus existens prohibet alienum.*'" Even the author, a Mr. Sylvester, of a most unfortunate performance entitled, "Tobacco Blasted, and the pipes shattered about their ears that idly idolize so loose and barbarous a weed, or at leastwise over love so loathsome a vanity," is obliged to confess that the custom, pernicious as he deemed it, every where prevailed. In lines more forcible than beautiful he explains,—

> "O, great tobacco! greater than great Can,
> Great Turk, great Tartar, or great Tamerlane;

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With vulture's wings thou hast (and swifter yet
Than an Hungarian ague, English sweat)
Through all degrees flown far, nigh up and down,
From court to cart, from count to country clown.
Not scorning scullions, cobblers, colliers,
Jakes, farriers, fiddlers, ostlers;
Rogues, gipsies, players, panders, pimps, and all
What common scums in common sewers call."

Nay, more than this, the enemies of tobacco themselves were compelled to bear witness in its favour. Thus, the publisher of several arguments against tobacco in the year 1672, and who calls himself "Philanthropos," thus concludes his precious medley, "Such as are so resolved against tobacco, that they cannot forbear it, let what can be said against it, so that neither the good and solid persuasions of a great, wise, and learned king, nor the wholesome and rational arguments of two able and skilful physicians, will be of force to prevail with them,—my advice to such is, while they take it to meditate on this poem following, by which they may be able to make this double spiritual use of it—

I. To see the vanity of the world.

II. The mortality of mankind,—

which I think is the best use that can be made of it and the pipe, or—

"That Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,—
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay;
Thus think, and drink tobacco.

"The pipe that is so lily white,
Shows thee to be a mortal wight;
And e'en such, gone with a touch:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—gone with a puff:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

"And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul, defiled with sin,
And then the fire it doth require:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

"The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must:
Thus think, then drink tobacco."

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A modern writer, one of our own cotemporaries, has also extracted a moral from the same laudable custom, thus—

"TO MY LAST CIGAR.

"The mighty Thebes, and Babylon the great,
Imperial Rome, in turn have bow'd to fate;
So this great world, and each particular star,
Must all burn out, like you—my last cigar.
A puff, a transient fire, that ends in smoke,
Are all that's given to man—that bitter joke!
Youth, hope, and love,—three whiffs of passing rest,
Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest."

To smoke tobacco, then, is evidently a most praiseworthy and moral employment: that is as plain as the nose on one's face. Half an hour's quiet smoking is better for soul and body than would be double the amount of time spent in a lecture-room or spouting-club. Not that these places are altogether bad—by no means. Some they keep from drunkenness and what is worse, others they do in some degree instruct; but the smoker has the advantage—not, it may be in knowledge, in the mere parrot power of repeating a few scientific terms,—but in the incomparably superior power of reflection, in the ability to examine and judge. Need we say that Sir Isaac Newton smoked—that Locke implies that tobacco is as essential as bread—that old Hobbes of Malmesbury, the first and clearest of English philosophers, regularly had his twelve pipes a day, and kept it up till he was almost as old as old Parr. That man must be in the most melancholy condition imaginable who is ignorant of these plain facts. Smoking is a bad habit, a waste of time, do you say? My dear sir, allow me, as a friend of the family,—for be your name Jenkin or Jones, Smith or Brown, to the human family do you, unworthy though you may be, belong — allow me to observe that for a candid man, as most unquestionably you are, you have made a most singularly erroneous remark. Did the venerable, and learned, and most excellent Bishop Burnet, who so constantly smoked that he had a hole for his pipe cut through the broad brim of his hat, did he waste his time, who wrote more on ecclesiastical and general history and theology than you have ever read? Did Dr. Parr, who had more Greek in his little finger than you have, my dear sir, in your whole trunk,—did he waste his time, and did not he smoke—

"From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve?"

Turn to his works, take down his life, and you will there find the fact admitted, and not merely admitted, but defended. His

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biographer, a medical man, says the effect of smoking on Dr. Parr was as follows: "It calmed his agitated spirits, it assisted his private ruminations, it was his companion in anxiety, it was his helpmeet in composition." What think you of that, Master Brooks? Could a Turk wish for testimony in favour of tobacco more satisfactory and clear? Somewhat similar is the testimony of that erudite German, the late William Taylor of Norwich. In a letter to Southey, he says, "I once fancied myself in a pulmonary consumption, that I spat the blood sprent suspended mucus, and that I have always willingly ascribed my recovery to the practice of smoking tobacco, which may act, — 1, by callosifying lungs too sievelike; 2, by phlogisticating a too pure atmosphere of respiration; 3, by alkalinizing a hyper-oxygenated mass of blood; 4, by permanently stimulating a too irritable system. Dr. Beddoes himself must allow that some one of these theories will do, and might, I think, advise you to take a cigar in Portugal—a cigar, the friend of silent reminiscence, the peculiar incense for the shrines of Hippocrates and Mnemosyne." But we need not stop here; we can summon a cloud of witnesses. Did not Coleridge, through life, look back to the glorious evenings he spent with Lamb, with his pipe, in that old fashioned public-house, whose name the admirers of his genius will never forget? Did not Robert Hall, the most eloquent of English preachers, and John Foster, the most original of English essayists, smoke? If they did not, may we never put pen to paper again. Did not Campbell and Byron constantly patronize the "weed?" And with these facts, my little friend, staring you in your face, can you call smoking a waste of time or a bad habit? Can you not, even though you be a teetotaller, or a member of the Peace Society, understand that the mind as well as the body requires rest? that human value cannot be guaged by the amount of physical work done, or yellow cash secured? that the self meditation of the Brahmin is not altogether a folly? that in some degree it leads upward to the το αγαθον and το καλον of the Platonists themselves? Every thing depends upon the meaning we attach to the terms we employ: if reflection be a bad habit, a waste of time, we readily admit smoking to be so, and confess that the illustrious names we have taken at random to prop our cause were but sorry fellows after all.

One fallacy, with regard to smoking, is too monstrous to be altogether passed over with the contempt it merits, viz., that smoking leads to drinking. Good heavens! that we should have to write thus, in the present highly enlightened and philosophic age. The bare mention of the charge makes us drop our editorial pen, and sit bolt upright, *erectis auribus*, and with bristled head. The pipe, that all divines have rejoiced in, a procurative

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to drinking, a pander to the public-house, the bottle's jackall, as it were! the charge is as ridiculous as it is false. One may as well

" believe a woman,
. . . .
Or an epitaph."—

The first time our reader walks down Regent Street, after seven in the evening, let him drop into Campbell's, in Bean Street, or wherever else he chooses, and let him see who gets to their fifth glass of grog soonest,—the smoker, or the man who does not; who soonest, with a voice increasingly husky and indistinct, indulges in a promiscuous style of conversation, more amusing than convincing,—certainly not the smoker. Not that no smoker is ever overcome in a moment of temporary weakness,—the best of us, alas, are but men! To err, is human. We ourselves have risen from our bed with a slight sensation of headache, and a conviction, by no means slight, that we had made fools of ourselves the previous night. But it stands to reason that you, with a cigar in your mouth, should drink slower than the man who has nothing else to do but drink. You can't drink equal. While you have lit your cigar, and drawn half a dozen whiffs, and drank the health, temporal and eternal, of your divine Adêle, or dearly beloved Ellen, your friend who does not smoke has left nothing in his glass but a silver spoon. This is not random assertion, what a gent might term chaff. We have tried the experiment, over and over again, and are quite ready to repeat it, my dear sir,—at your expense.

And now what shall we more say? Our reader is a humane man, a man eager to do good; in short, a gentleman. It is no use denying it, my dear sir. We see benevolence in the twinkle of your eye, and hear it in every word you speak. Well, dear sir, notwithstanding the Queen's speech, we are in a bad way; none of us are making money, and our streets are filled with the starving poor. If you subscribe to charitable associations, the best part of the money is swallowed up in salaries and miscellaneous expenditure. If you bestow your charity on beggars, of whom you know nothing, the chances are, that you have given your cash to a man as well off as yourself, and that a few hours after the villain will, over a tripe supper and grog, be laughing at you as a precious flat. What then is to be done? Try smoke: the duty on tobacco is enormous. Every pound of cigars you smoke, pays nine shillings to government. You thus act the part of a true patriot; you enable ministers to Turn off other taxes, and thus relieve the burdens of the the fact admirive them funds with which they can build churches, ths public parks,—in short, you at once enduty to their country, and their queen.

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One word more, and we have done. We merely wish to observe, had we a daughter we would give her, *cæteris paribus*, to the man that smoked in preference to the man who did not. Your true smoker is the true "model husband," and he is the man to keep good hours, and make himself generally useful. Not in his pocket will you find that bane of married life, the latch-key. In the long, long winter evenings, you will find him by his own fireside where he ought to be. Not in "those nasty clubs." As a general rule, the smoker is industrious, economical, and well-behaved, fond of his children, and passionately attached to his wife. Dear madam, read your husband's letters, if you will, cut his friends, if you will, make him give up white-bait dinners at Blackwall, and Epsom races, if you will; but don't take from him his cigar; if you wish he should adore you while living, and revere your memory when dead, don't take from him his cigar; it will make him desperate, it will, indeed. Had we a female friend, whose welfare we particularly desired, and whose happiness in life was more valuable to us than our own, next to marrying her ourselves, we should recommend her to select the man not ignorant of the Virginian weed. We would say,—Dear young friend, with the eye whose

> "Dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
> But look on that of the gazelle,
> It will assist thy fancy well,—"

you don't know whether to accept Mr. Jones or not,—take him, we know he smokes, never mind his whiskers or his boots,—bear's grease will grow the one, and thirty shillings buy the other. Never mind his protestations of undying love,—the rascal; we heard him say the same thing to Miss Brown at Ramsgate, ten years back. Take him,—for he smokes, and where there is smoke, there must be fire.

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THE MYSTIC CHIMES OF HALLOW-E'EN.

MAUD-CHAPEL FARM was a sunny spot, it basked on the green hill side,
And its fine old orchards flourished by a river rapid and wide;
In the valley lone a grey ruin stood, of ancient monastic time,
Whose ivied tower invisibly held a soft and silvery chime.
O, those bells rang slowly once in a year,
And none could list to the sound without fear.

Maud-chapel farm was a healthful spot, young voices rang on the breeze,
'Mid the sunken graves on the far hill-side, all under the moss-grown trees;
Young feet bounding in sport were there, and conies from long fern started,
A rare play-ground was that sunny spot, where slept the nuns departed.
O, those bells rang slowly once in a year,
And none could list to the sound without fear.

Maud-chapel farm was a lonely spot, no homestead companioned nigh,
The arches and isles of the abbey ruins re-echoed the winds' wild sigh:
The dark woods round, for many a mile, at the solemn twilight hour,
Waved, and whispered, and swang about, with the ivy on the tower.
O, those bells rang slowly once in a year,
And none could list to the sound without fear.

Maud-chapel farm was a mystic spot, when Hallow-e'en tide came round,
The inmates listened, both old and young, for the softly-chiming sound;

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And ancients told, 'twas the requiem dread, for the holy spirits gone:
And never might cease, till a mortal bold kept watch on that night alone.
O, those bells rang slowly once in a year,
And none could list to the sound without fear.

Maud-chapel farm was a haunted spot,—to fulfil that dread behest
A maiden fair, by the old grey ruin, had once taken up her rest:
What befel there on that stormy night, was never to mortal told;
The fitful silvery chimes were heard—the maiden was dead and cold.
O, those bells rang slowly once in a year,
And none could list to the sound without fear.

C. A. M. W.

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Thy mother's picture I have kissed,
As if it were redeeming shrine;
Such homage I would not have missed,
For, oh! was she not also mine?

"Dear saint! how much to her I owe:
With gratitude my soul is filled;
Ah! all of good that I may know,
Those venerated lips instilled.

"Such treasure I should envy thee,
And covet art's bright semblance, too;
But pity's hand, for memory,
Her image e'en more striking drew.

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"Within my heart it is encased,
For me and angels to adore;
Oh! never more to be effaced,
Till that fond heart can love no more."

"I bring the picture back to thee,
To learn where thy sweet lips did rest;
Oh! show the hallowed spot to me,
That I may kiss it, and be blest.

"Wondrous that e'en th' insensate shade,
Should not be conscious of such bliss;
Were I within my coffin laid,
That warm, resuscitating kiss

"Would me awaken—me revive,
Dissolve cold dissolution's chill;
Oh, ev'ry pulse become alive,
Beneath its tenderness to thrill.

"These lips will never condescend
So far to bless and honour me;
How, more than thy most common friend,
Could I hope to distinguished be?

"Pardon the hope—forgive the thought;
Love not my mother's mem'ry less:
I blush I have her picture brought,
For purpose of such daringness.

"O, heav'n! upon it there's a tear!
What! what may I presume to think?
As happiness approaches near,
I faint upon its flow'ry brink.

"I deemed that nothing could increase
My filial love and reverence,
But now, my soul, a dateless lease
Renews, since tear of innocence

"Hath gemmed the shade, its kiss had made
Only too priceless in mine eyes.
Ah! could that love or chill or fade,
When such a tear it sanctifies?

"Yet, lavish all not on the dead,—
One tear—if not a kiss—but one;
As kindly, as benignly shed,
For that mourned mother's living son.

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'How rash we grow in our despair,
How bold to ask, how prone to take!
Oh, let me thy compassion share,—
Oh, let me, for my mother's sake!"

"Not for thy mother's, but thine own.
Look down from heav'n, sweet mother, now;
For, on thy death-bed, thou alone
Didst learn my young heart's truest vow."

"Oh, there are bursts of sudden joy,
So terrible in their excess,
They almost consciousness destroy,
Of our abounding happiness,—

"And this was one. Her tear,—her kiss,—
No more denied, but freely granted;
Confirmed the too seraphic bliss,
For which my heart so long had panted."

THE SECRETARY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "GUARDS, HUSSARS, AND INFANTRY," "THE BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Alas, poor Yorick!
I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.
* * * * * * *
Where be your jibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?"—HAMLET.

IT was a cold, dreary night, in the latter end of November; the wind and sleet rattled at short intervals sharply against the windows of the dismal looking houses, and the water, rushing impetuously down the channels on either side the streets, easily overcame all obstacles placed to impede its progress.

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The faint glimmer from the lamps on Westminster bridge flickered feebly in the storm, as though undetermined whether to continue the unequal contest with the elements, or to expire without further struggle. A thick fog was rapidly obscuring the few objects yet distinguishable through the gloom; the pavement was nearly impassable, and, altogether, the night exhibited every appearance of wretchedness, cold, and discomfort, which the uncongenial season of the year could possibly furnish.

But few individuals were visible in the streets, and those whom business or necessity forced abroad, glided swiftly to the place of their destination, muffled to the utmost of their ability, in hopes of being thereby protected against the inclemency of the weather; and, frequently, the loud slamming of distant doors, as the half-drenched persons regained their houses, proclaimed the willingness with which they exchanged the exposure to the shower for the comfortable blaze of their own firesides.

Nevertheless, there were some poor sufferers, to whom the luxury of a plentiful repast and sufficient clothing had been long denied, and who might—at the period of which we are writing—have been observed crouching beneath the insufficient protection of a doorway, which trifling shelter proved but a poor alleviation to their miseries.

Huddled together, their teeth chattering with cold, these unhappy creatures would ofttimes gaze upon the windows of the opposite mansions, from whence issued the reflection of the cheering fire, while ever and anon a slight figure glided by the casement, and for an instant obscuring the light, involuntarily caused them to draw the heartrending comparison between the happy lot vouchsafed to their fellow mortals, and that which their miserable destiny had decreed *them* to undergo.

The clocks had just struck eleven—the shops were closed—and as the wind rather increased than otherwise, there seemed but small prospect of the usual noise and excitement—which, in that populous district, commonly prevail—being resumed during the night. Now and then, the sound of approaching carriage wheels was borne indistinctly on the blast; and from amid the hazy atmosphere, the outlines of two miserable looking horses, impelled by a half drowned coachman, passing on their homeward career, gave indication that the causeway was not wholly deserted. But as the night advanced, the appearance even of a hackney coach, drawn sluggishly along by its poor jaded animals, became less frequent; and at length, the rumbling of the crazy vehicles was heard no more, and all sound of mortality died away.

As the wind rose, the dark clouds partially separated, and occasionally the moon, struggling to cast her light through the

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dense atmosphere, for an instant shed a sickly beam on the cold, deserted pavement, and immediately sunk into her former obscurity.

It was during one of these intervals, when the storm was temporarily lulled, as if to gather fresh strength for a renewal of its fury, that a person was seen to issue from a gloomy passage, leading out of Green-street, and wrapping the shawl which she carried, closely around her, hurried towards the broader thoroughfare of Higlers Lane. Now and then the figure stopped, as if irresolute how to proceed, and frequently on approaching a door, which apparently she had been anxious to reach, she turned away with a gesture of impatience, which clearly demonstrated the disappointment she experienced, at finding the habitation closed for the night.

More than once the figure raised the ponderous brass knocker which ornamented one of the most conspicuous houses in the street, but as it fell from her hand, the dismal echo of the noise reverberating through the neighbourhood, was the only result of her exertion.

Wearied with fruitless endeavours to obtain admission where she had sought it, she hurried across the Borough-road, when observing a light in Market-street, she instantly directed her steps thither. Fortunately for the wanderer, the light proceeded from a window, in which were displayed bottles and jars of various shapes and sizes, containing liquids, of all colours imaginable, and in fact, at that hour, it would have been as hopeless as vain to have expected to find any, save an apothecary's abode, illuminated and open; nor would this lucky chance have occurred, had not the worthy disciple of Æsculapius been but recently returned from some professional occupation, which he had found more in accordance with his duty than his inclination to attend to.

The gentleman in question was in the act of divesting himself of a large coat, thoroughly saturated with rain, when a knock at the street door speedily dissolved all the anticipations of immediate comfort, which his blazing fire, and ready prepared repast, seemed to promise.

It was therefore with no complacent feeling, or benevolent intent, that he proceeded to question his midnight visitor, as to the cause of being summoned at so unseasonable a time; and had his sense of duty permitted, he would most gladly have retired further into his domicile, and allowed the unwelcome applicant to seek for medical aid at the hands of some other practitioner; but in the present case this was not to be thought of, for, owing to the neglect of his assistant in not having closed the shutters of his dwelling, he well knew that the before-mentioned

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glass bottles in his window could not fail in proclaiming to the whole street, the laborious duties which it was his aim to induce his neighbours to imagine fully occupied his time, in administering to the maladies under which so many of his fellow creatures suffered.

"My good woman," exclaimed the doctor, on giving entrance to the person before noticed, "may I enquire the reason of your coming at this advanced hour of the night, when all respectable persons should be in their own homes? This is not a time to seek medical aid here—my assistants have departed—I am but just returned after a night of great fatigue, and consequently am unable to afford you any help whatever."

The person so addressed, was a middle aged, respectable looking woman, who on having made good her position within the house, seemed determined not to forego the advantage she had attained, for, on the door being opened, she straightway proceeded towards the fire, and commenced warming her hands and drying her garments, as unconcernedly as if seated by her own hearth.

At another time, perhaps, the doctor might have been amused at the nonchalance of his visitor; but in the present instance, a feeling of pleasure was the very last which held possession in his bosom: moreover, great as was his regard for the sex in general, a constant residence of twenty-six years, near the Borough-road, had not increased his respect for the ladies of that immediate neighbourhood, or gained for them a preference to those whom it had been his fate to meet elsewhere; and when he bethought himself, that it was near one o'clock in the morning, and that he, who had, for more than a quarter of a century, maintained a most exemplary character in that very house, might perchance be discovered in his present disagreeable situation—from which inferences and ill nature might ruin him in his profession—it therefore cannot be wondered at that our friend felt far from comfortable, and most particularly desirous for the lady's departure.

"My good woman," repeated the doctor, "I must for the second time, desire you will at once declare your business, and tell me whom and what you want? since it is utterly impossible you can stay here, as by so doing I may greatly suffer in character, as also may yourself—if indeed," grumbled the doctor, *sotto voce* —"you may happen to possess one worth retaining."

The woman thus energetically appealed to, at last desisted from her occupation, and raising her head from the fire, gazed full in the apothecary's face, thereby disclosing a countenance which needed only to be seen, effectually to silence any scandal

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which might have accrued from the knowledge of their position being made public.

"What do I want, do you say?" uttered a voice as unprepossessing as the features, "why what should I want at this time of night, at an apothecary's shop, unless it was physic! Here am I, a respectable lodging house keeper, wet through and through in trudging about after a doctor, and now I've found one, I'm not going off in such a hurry, I'll warrant you;—no, no," mumbled the somewhat ancient dame; and again she assiduously applied herself to exposing her habiliments to the blaze; the process of which seemed to afford her infinitely more satisfaction than it conveyed to the unwilling host.

"Physic!" quoth the man of medicine. "Oh, if that's what you want, take it and welcome, as much as you please. Help yourself if you like it," he continued, smiling at his own facetiousness; "only be quick and go."

"As for being quick," replied the lady, "that's as it may be; but as regards the going, I don't mean to move one inch without *you*."

"Without me!" cried the doctor, "where do you want me to go, at this time of night, and for what?"

"Why, as for *where* you are to go," answered the woman, "that you will know, by my showing the way: and the 'what for,' you will see when you get there; and now my clothes are somewhat drier, and the wind does not howl so loudly as it did, you had better put on your coat, and let us start."

"Upon my word, you seem to have settled the whole thing according to your own pleasure, without consulting mine in the least," angrily replied her companion; "but to end this useless discussion, I say, once for all, that until day-light, I will not again cross this threshold, neither shall you remain where you now are."

Had the lady been as talkative as some ladies are, it would be impossible to surmise to what extent their dialogue might have been carried; but very fortunately she proved herself the reverse. Yet, if scanty of her words, she was prompt and resolute in her actions, for, on hearing the final determination of the gentleman, she immediately seated herself in his own particular chair, and giving him to understand that it was her intention there to remain, until he thought proper to accede to her request, she forthwith proceeded to make herself as comfortable as the circumstances in which she was placed would allow.

Sorely perplexed was the worthy apothecary, as to the best mode of proceeding,— for having up that hour, lived a life of "single blessedness," he was but indifferently skilled in the act of persuading a lady to adopt any particular way of acting, when

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she chanced to have made up her mind to follow a directly opposite course; moreover, the old gentleman was somewhat nervous, and most feelingly alive—as indeed who is not?—to the shafts of ridicule, when directed at himself; and were he to summon the watch, and expel the intruder by force, he felt assured that the story in a few hours would have received considerable embellishments, and in all probability, would be circulated through his neighbourhood, at a pace at which nothing but a tale of scandal can travel.

At one time, he was strongly tempted to call his assistants to his aid, but the immediate remembrance that they, of all people, were the most likely to "make a good story of it," checked his voice, ere he had half uttered a syllable. What was to be done? It would never answer, were he to attempt enacting the part of ejector himself; for exclusive of the disgrace the fracas must inevitably cast on his house, he had not such unbounded confidence in his personal prowess, as to feel certain of coming off victor in the attempt. It seemed therefore most evident that his choice rested between two evils, the one was to sit up for the remainder of the night, watching his visitor; and the other to comply with her demand, however unreasonable, and accompany her he knew not whither, nor for what purpose.

Having well digested in his mind, which would prove tbe less disagreeable line to adopt, he finally resolved to embrace the latter alternative, and having communicated the same to the female, she instantly arose, and followed by the reluctant doctor, again stepped forth into the street.

Long as our worthy practitioner had dwelt within the precincts of the spot whereon our story opens, and conversant as he thought himself respecting the *locale* of his neighbourhood, be soon discovered his guide to be far superior to him in the profession of geographical information, regarding that part of the town at least; and when she stopped at the portal of a small and by no means prepossessing looking house, he was wholly incapable of forming any idea as to the place at which he had arrived. Not so the lady—for, on lifting the latch, she hastily thrust the doctor into the passage, when pointing to a narrow flight of stairs, apparently leading to an upper story, she motioned her companion to ascend.

Having thus far embarked in the adventure, Doctor Glitzom cautiously mounted the creaking steps, determined to ascertain for what strange purpose he could have been brought to so uncomfortable-looking a dwelling. On reaching the landing place, the obscurity of which the light was unable to penetrate, he pausedfor a few seconds in uncertainty, and possibly with no very pleasurable feelings, for he had already turned, with the inten-

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tion of retracing his steps, when he beheld a slight ray issuing from an apartment at no great distance, the door of which had been left partially open. Re-assured by this, the doctor advanced with as much caution as the ancient boards would allow, and on reaching the apartment, and gently forcing an opening sufficiently large to admit himself, beheld what it is our province now to describe.

The room in which the intruder found himself was some eighteen feet in length, particular narrow, and so extremely low, that the small posts of a miserable bed, placed in one of the corners, nearly touched the smoke-coloured ceiling.

There were two diminutive window frames, which at each gust of wind, gave indication of their sympathy with the storm —of glass, they could boast but a small portion,—the apertures in which it formerly stood, were now stuffed with whatever chance had made capable of supplying the deficiency, and as if enraged at the substitution, the frames shook and rattled in their sockets, apparently determined to expel the intruders by force, and, save a table and two or three chairs, not a particle of furniture was visible.

At one end of the room, the scanty remains of some coal dust reposed on the floor, and exclusive of an ancient hat, and threadbare coat hanging on a peg, there was little to authorize the supposition of so wretched a place being inhabited. Yet inhabited it certainly was, and by more than one tenant, however uninviting the apartment might appear; for little can the wealthy and happier part of society form a conception as to the wretchedness and misery in which many and many a one of their fellow creatures is doomed to struggle through life, reaping nothing but the bitterness of existence, and anxiously looking forward to death, as their welcome deliverer from an uninterrupted course of agony and grief.

The building to which we have now introduced our readers was within the rules of what in those days was termed the King's Bench, in the immediate neighbourhood of which may be found as much agony of mind and reckless profligacy, as can be met with in any spot of similar dimensions. Yet it by no means follows that the misery there experienced is inevitably the consequence of guilt—far from it: the dingy walls of that horrible prison have witnessed innumerable scenes of human wretchedness brought about by a long train of unmerited persecution and suffering, until at length the poor victim, ceasing to strive against what to him appears relentless destiny, and considering all efforts unavailing in struggling with his accumulating miseries, relinquishes his exertions in despair, and not unfrequently ends his days in madness or a jail.

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Damp and chilly was the air of that comfortless room when Dr. Glitzom entered, nor was it until after a few minutes, when his eyes had become partially habituated to the gloom of the chamber, that he perceived a form reclining on the scantily clothed pallet in the corner. At the sight of real distress and human suffering, the good-hearted practitioner immediately forgot his own doubts and surmises as to the somewhat dubious character of the place wherein, so much against his inclination, he then found himself; and anxious to administer what relief he might have it in his power to bestow, he approached the sick man's couch.

The unhappy looking tenant of the bed now extended before him, was the wreck of what had once been a being courted, fawned on, flattered, and admired—the spoiled child of fortune —the idol of society, and the leader in all those frivolous pursuits which an ever craving appetite for novelty induces those who, *par excellence,* are termed "the world," to pursue with such unabated vigour.

The time had been, when, even among the leaders of imperious fashion, his word had been received as a law—his applause or ridicule considered as the final decision, against which all appeal would be fruitless. Young, handsome, talented and rich, what might he not have been? And what was he now? A miserable, emaciated creature, worn down with sickness and disease, without a friend, and with scarcely sufficient left of his once enormous fortunes, to purchase what nature absolutely required to feed the flickering flame of life, which at that moment trembled in its socket.

Though the name of this unfortunate individual had, in days gone by, been as familiar in the mansions of the greatest personages in the realm as his utmost ambition could have desired, yet had its magic influence never reached within the doors of the humble apothecary who now stood by his bed side. To him it mattered little who the patient was, or what he had been; splendour and ambition had never crossed his mind, and in the worn frame he now gazed on, he beheld only one of God's creatures suffering under an accumulation of human infirmities, who in all probability would, in a few seconds, be called upon to close his eyes on this world for ever.

The dying man could not have passed more than about thirty years, and though the fire of the once bright eye was fast sinking into the fixed glassy stare of death, the features pinched and haggard, the hair lank and damp, yet was it clearly visible, that in the days of his strength and power, he must have been eminently handsome. One arm, supporting his finely formed head, resting on the pillow, while the other emaciated hand lay power-

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less on the thin coverlid that insufficiently protected him from the cold.

On the doctor's entrance, the invalid languidly raised his eyes, as if in surprise at the interruption, but as quickly withdrew them to gaze perhaps for the last time, with all the fond affection of a father, on the countenance of the child beside him.

The little fellow could hardly have been five years old, but sorrow and he had made early acquaintance; no joyous childhood had been his, no laughing playmates had he to share his sports, no tender mother's care to meet his every wish, and lull his infant woes to rest upon her bosom. He could not call to mind the remembrance of a kind word uttered from any lips save his father's. Not an endearing expression, not an encouraging look, had ever been directed towards him, except from his only parent; all were strangers, and in his mind every thing of happiness was centred in the approving smile and affectionate caress of him who alone, of all the world, had ever treated him with gentleness and love.

This it was that imparted to the child's face a melancholy, thoughtful expression, such as is rarely, if ever, witnessed in the countenances of infants of so early an age. But this poor boy, from the dawning of his memory, could only recollect the unceasing sorrow of his sole friend, and often, after watching his father's deep dejection, the fair-haired child, creeping to his side, and placing his little hand within his parent's grasp, would gaze into his face with a countenance so touchingly sorrowful, that it seemed as if he had been gifted with power to understand and enter into the feelings which made his friend and companion so unhappy.

Sorrowfully did the invalid gaze on the beautiful features of the infant, and what at that time must have been the agony of his feelings, when his internal monitor forced the conviction upon him that, in a few hours, perhaps minutes, he must for ever leave his boy, uncared for and unprotected, to the doubtful mercies of a cold, unfeeling world.

Life was with him fast ebbing to a close, and as the little fellow, unconscious of the near approach of his bereavement, nestled in his father's bosom, the unhappy parent breathed a silent, though fervent, prayer to Heaven, that at whatever time he might be summoned hence, he should not be parted from the only link which bound him to the world.

Who can tell the inward workings of that man's mind, when in rapid succession the destitution and misery to which he must leave his child, rose to his quick imagination! The hot tears coursed each other down his pallid cheeks, and the convulsive sob and heaving of the chest too plainly spoke the harrowing grief of that sad parting hour.

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It has before been said, that Dr. Glitzom was a kind and warm-hearted man; and to a sympathizing mind like his, the scene before him spoke more eloquently to the heart than any words that could have been uttered. He was not one of those who can stand by the bed of death unmoved and unconscious of any thing beyond his own professional duties, and who can as readily turn away and enter on the common topics of the day at the instant the soul has left the quivering frame. Far different were his feelings, and the air of poverty and desolation which reigned around, too plainly bespoke the presence of stern misery and almost starvation.

Seating himself on the bed, the doctor silently placed the emaciated hand of the invalid within his own, and in that feeling tone of sympathy which never can be mistaken for feigned, anxiously enquired regarding his malady. Once or twice the patient attempted to speak, but the effort was too much; the sound from his lips died ere the words were formed; but his half closed eyes, intently fixed upon the child, bore certain evidence as to the direction in which his thoughts rested.

"What can I do for you?" eagerly exclaimed the practitioner, as though in reply to the stedfast look with which he continued to regard the boy. "Where are his friends to whom I may conduct him—where may I seek his relations, where?" But at this instant the well-meaning comforter checked himself, and mentally upbraided his own indiscretion in asking such uncalled-for questions—"where are his friends?" Did the slow and painful dissolution then so apparent, without a single voice to comfort him, speak of the anxiety of relations for *his* welfare? The questions seemed as very mockery, and the good samaritan checked his speech.

But what was to become of the child? The parent was evidently dying; and could the infant be left there to perish? Heaven forbid! But how to gain the required information to enable the doctor to be of eventual service, he knew not; and yet to let the spirit pass away without an effort to obtain some clue as to who the person was that now lay stretched before him, he felt to be a cruel injustice towards the offspring, so young, so helpless, and so beautiful.

Under this conviction, which he rapidly scanned over in his mind, the practitioner determined to make one more attempt, and was on the point of speaking, when the eyes of the patient lit themselves up with sudden brilliancy, and turning them full on his visitor's face, he slowly raised one of his almost transparent hands towards Heaven, and with the other pointing to the child, uttered in a hollow and almost unearthly tone—

"Will you?"

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"I will," was the nearly unconscious reply; and the next moment Dr. Glitzom gazed upon a corpse.

Here was a situation far from enviable, in which the old gentleman found himself—sitting in a strange house, situated he knew not where—called in to witness the dissolution of a fellow creature for another world, and becoming involuntarily, and as if decreed by fate, the protector of an infant of whose parents he knew literally nothing, nor was he even acquainted with the name which had formerly belonged to the body now fixed in death before him.

From the boy he could gain no information whatever; in fact, the poor little fellow, although unconscious of the extent of his loss, knew, as if by instinct, that his only friend was insensible to his caresses; and when he found his endeavours to obtain the accustomed endearments unavailing, he hid his face upon his parent's breast and sobbed with very anguish.

In this dilemma, the doctor happily bethought him of the woman, whose summons in the first instance had been the remote cause of his participating in the miserable scene he had but just witnessed; nor had he far to search, for on pushing open the door, the landlady was found standing close to the threshold ready to act as circumstances might require.

"Is all over?" was her first and eager question.

"All," replied the doctor.

"And the child?" rejoined the woman.

"The child," answered the apothecary, "is of course too young to know the extent of his loss—neither can I glean any information from him regarding the names of his parents; probably you can assist me."

"Indeed," said the woman, "not I; what know or care I who his relations are, though from all appearance they are not likely to do much for him: but come, let us see what the dead gentleman has left behind him," and following up her words by deeds, the unprepossessing dame advanced to take possession of the few things which the chamber contained, and had already appropriated to her own share a small writing desk, when Dr. Glitzom thought fit to interfere.

"My good woman," commenced the doctor.

"Good woman, forsooth," repeated the lady. "Who do you good woman, here, I should like to know? And don't you suppose I am going to pay myself for two weeks' lodging with what I can find? And who do you imagine is to indemnify me for keeping the brat, till I get it on the parish? No, no, live and let live; you've plenty of rich patients, so let me alone, and as I cannot afford to lose the price of my lodgings, I must therefore help myself."

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At this most unfeeling address, the benevolent doctor was in no slight degree astonished—the more so, as he was greatly at a loss to account for the apparent incongruity in her having in the first instance braved the inclemencies of so dreadful a night, apparently for the charitable purpose of procuring medical aid for her lodger—conduct which was wholly irreconcileable with this disgusting manner of speaking of the deceased; and it was not until the lady had explained that the reason of seeking professional advice was solely with the view of meeting any unpleasant remarks which the coroner might eventually feel disposed to make—and from no other motive did the apparently christian solicitude emanate—that the doctor began clearly and dispassionately to review the affair in which he saw himself entangled.

The poor child still lay weeping on the corpse, and as Dr. Glitzom marked his affectionate embraces, now lavished on a heap of senseless clay, the benevolent old gentleman inwardly vowed that, as long as life was spared to him, the boy should never need a protector. And well that promise was performed.

The first and greatest difficulty having been surmounted, the rest was comparatively easy of accomplishment, for on the doctor undertaking to pay up all arrears for lodging which the landlady might feel disposed to demand, the few things belonging to the deceased were readily handed over—the medical man at the same time promising to attend the inquest on the body.

All that now remained was to draw the child from the room where his father's body lay—nor was it without much persuasion and some force that he was carried to another apartment, where, in a short time, overpowered with grief, excitement, and fatigue, he sunk into one of those heavenly slumbers which none but children can enjoy.

The next morning's sun shed his glorious beams on the windows of Dr. Glitzom's old house, and penetrating the clean white curtains surrounding a small bed in an upper room, woke the young *protegé* to a new existence, which in time left the impression of the events of his previous life but as the indistinct shadow of a dream upon his mind.

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CHAPTER II.

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."
KING HENRY V.

IN accordance with the promise made to the morose landlady, the doctor sallied forth on the following day, for the purpose of attending the inquest; and also with the view of gaining any information that might be collected regarding the deceased. In the first of these objects, he fully succeeded, neither was it a task of much difficulty to point out to the Coroner and his coadjutors, that the natural follower on grief and bitter privation may, in all human probability, be death; nor was it necessary to seek for hidden causes, wherewith to account for the dissolution of the prisoner, since there was little visible in the miserable apartment where the body reposed, which was likely to have induced the late occupier to cling to life with more than common tenacity.

Of the child's existence all appeared wholly ignorant; nor was a word uttered which could lead the worthy practitioner to imagine the circumstance an object of interest to any human being safe himself. No anxiety whatever was manifested, with regard to the property of the dead, if property it could be called —the external evidence of all around, rendering it superfluous to enquire whether anything of value could by possibility have been in the possession of the defunct.

The only circumstance which seemed to excite the slightest particle of interest, arose in the complaints and murmurs of the parish officers, upon whom devolved the duty of seeing consigned to the earth, the body, on which when instinct with life, they would not have expended the meanest trifle.

Thoroughly disgusted with the parties, and feeling a somewhat compunctious throb at leaving the remains of the parent of the child he had adopted, in the hands of such mercenary agents, he at once expressed his determination to defray all expenses of the funeral, and thus in an instant converted the gloomy looks of the bystanders into a satisfactory smile, anything but in accordance with the scene around.

In vain the worthy doctor endeavoured to elicit some information regarding the dead. None of those present knew aught on the subject; and if the truth were told, cared as little. The

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very creditors through whose instrumentality the prisoner had been detained, ceased to trouble themselves further. Persecution and human animosity could not reach beyond the grave. And all that remained of the victim was readily consigned to the more charitable intentions of the doctor.

At the eastern corner of a small church-yard, much within a quarter of a mile of the prison gates, may yet be seen a plain flat stone, whereon is simply cut the date on which he who sleeps beneath, passed away. No pompous praise, nor adulatory lines record

"Not what he was, but what he should have been."

Not even the initials of the dead are carved; and when last we visited the spot, the weeds and rank grass that sprung up so luxuriantly throughout the charnel house, had nearly hidden the grave from the eye, as had the memory of the departed long been erased from the recollection of those who had once eagerly grasped at the distinction of being accounted as his friends.

With a heavy heart and dejected countenance—for who can witness the last obsequies paid even to the corpse of a stranger, without emotion?—the worthy doctor slowly retraced his steps toward his house; nor did the remembrance of the task he had so suddenly imposed upon himself, greatly contribute to the even tenor of his mind; and the view which he at first took of the case, presented an aspect anything but exhilarating. Conscious, however, that it was utterly impracticable to undo that which was completed, he resolved to persevere in what he now considered to be his duty, as an honest man and a good Christian.

It most indisputably was far from satisfactory to reflect, that he who for so many years had eschewed the pleasures and delights of matrimony, in a great measure to avoid its natural accompaniment—the torment of children—should now, in his old age, be saddled with the charge of an infant, regarding whom he literally knew nothing. But when the doctor called to mind the privations, misery, temptations, and guilt, into which his charge might be hurried, if thrust from the protection of his roof, to be buffeted by the storms of life, it must have been a far harder heart than Dr. Glitzom's, which could have been steeled with any mercenary considerations, to thrust the little orphan from his door, to perish.

The two words which he had uttered to the parent, he regarded as a sacred promise of protection towards the child, and when after a few days, the boy would run and welcome with his winning smile, the return of his benefactor after a long day's

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toil of professional labour, the old gentleman would part the fair hair from his forehead, and gaze upon his beautiful countenance with a pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction, which during his previous existence, he never had an opportunity of enjoying.

By degrees the sombre gravity of the child's manner wore away, and his gentle and affectionate disposition manifesting itself as his natural reserve departed, he insensibly gained so greatly on the heart of his benefactor, as speedily to convert the first feeling of interest into a sincere regard in his behalf.

Not a little scandal and gossip were bandied about throughout the neighbourhood, when this addition to the quiet and regular establishment of the doctor became known, and various, though unsatisfactory, were the many "undoubtedly correct" reports, which the arrival of the little stranger gave rise to.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of him against whom certain old ladies fulminated their disapprobation of what they thought fit to designate unblushing immorality, Dr. Glitzom was far better occupied in the consideration of what was further to be done in the matter, than agitated with useless regrets for what had passed; and totally heedless, if indeed aware, of the crimes laid to his charge, he continued to pursue the even tenor of his way, much to the advantage of his pocket, and the trial of the constitutions of his patients.

It has been already stated, that out of the trifling remnant of property found in the room formerly occupied by the deceased, the penurious owner of the lodging fixed her avaricious grasp upon what appeared to be a small writing desk, but which was as speedily transferred to the doctor's possession, on his guaranteeing the payment of whatever sums might have been due to her at the time of her tenant's death.

This desk had been carefully preserved by its new possessor; and on the day succeeding the funeral, he proceeded to examine its contents, under the hope of thereby obtaining some clue towards solving the mystery in which his newly-found protegé was so closely wrapped. But here again he was fated to meet disappointment. The desk contained nothing whatever in any degree calculated to compensate him for the search. There were various unfinished momorandums probably penned during the latter days of the writer, since every line breathed the bitter invectives of a crushed and desponding mind. One letter, and one only, could be found among the mass of useless papers, with which the drawers were filled; the contents, however, proved of small moment, the signature having been torn off, and even the seal removed; but the direction was undefaced, and "Frederick Garston," might legibly be deciphered; yet to

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identify that name as the cognomen of the deceased, was impossible, as the prison books, on being referred to, contained a far different appellation for the debtor.

The enquires which the doctor caused to be made as to who Frederick Garston might have been, were wholly unvailing, for the few persons to whom the queries were addressed, were as profoundedly ignorant of what transpired out of their immediate vicinity, as the greatest *deprecator of absenteeism* could desire.

Disappointed with the result of his search, the desk was on the point of being closed, when the doctor discovered a diminutive parcel carefully secured with ribbon; the fastenings were instantly unbound, and a long tress of beautifully dark hair fell on the floor. Again and again was the envelope examined, but not a line, or even figure was there, more clearly to elucidate the matter. A thin gold piece of thread bound the delicate fibres together; and from that point further inquiry was completely baffled.

Carefully replacing every article exactly as it stood prior to its examination, the desk was consigned to the custody of an iron safe, where it was left to repose in company with many an invaluable prescription, and what to the owner were at least of equal utility, the pecuniary accounts which were circulated periodically among his patients.

All hope of further discovery, regarding the child's birth, seemed at an end; and like a true philosopher, the apothecary dismissed the subject from his mind, having come to the determination of doing unto the boy as he would that, under similar circumstances, others should have done unto him, and to the satisfactory conclusion, that all that is, is right.

To have omitted any of the acknowledged ceremony of the established church would, in Dr. Glitzom's eyes, have amounted to a most heinous offence; and consequently, having no evidence to produce, nor word to affirm, that the child had ever been christened or even baptised, he resolved that all doubt on that head should be speedily removed.

The preparations having been managed, the child was conveyed to the church, immediately without the walls of which his father slept undisturbed, and forgotten; and there, at the hands of his godfather, received the name of "Frederick Garston," that being, as the doctor explained, the only christian or surname he had been able to discover among the papers of his supposed parent.

Time wore on apace; and having thus introduced our hero, though somewhat with prolixity, however necessary to those who may honour his career with a perusal, we must at present leave him to the care of his kind old guardian, and the not equally

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tender consideration of those persons to whom was deputed the unenviable occupation of instilling the first rudiments of knowledge into his mind.

The education which in the boy's earlier years, the generosity of his best friend procured for him, though not brilliant, was eminently useful; and while the lighter accomplishments which so essentially tend to embellish and beautify the higher grades of society, were in a great measure neglected, the seed that was sown, produced good fruit, and in whatever branch of study his attention was directed, some solid benefit was certain to result to him.

But it was not until Frederick Garston was about the age of fifteen that the doctor deemed it fit to enlighten him regarding the particulars already explained; and if any thing could have added to the affectionate regard which the young protegé had invariably evinced towards his protector, the knowledge that, but for his kind intervention, he might at that moment have wandered from door to door an outcast and a beggar, was well calculated to increase it.

Happily and retiredly as his young life had passed, the knowledge that a mystery which as yet evaded all attempts to penetrate it, hung over his birth, produced a restlessness of mind and peculiar sensitiveness of feeling hitherto unnoticed by his companions.

Up to the period when the doctor considered it his duty to put the boy in possession of all he had been able to gather, regarding his birth, the child had ever been accustomed to consider his guardian as his only protector; and it having been long since intimated to him that his parents died during his infancy, the boy naturally looked upou Doctor Glitzom as some relation, and always having viewed the abode in which he dwelt as his natural home, he was too young to encourage and indulge in feelings which, in after life, were destined to embitter many an anxious hour.

But the period had now arrived when he was to awake from the unconsciousness of his situation, to a knowledge of the painful reality; and although there was nothing in the brief tale which the doctor recounted, that could in any degree cast a blemish on his own character, yet the extreme sensitiveness of his disposition caused an involuntary sinking at the heart, when the probability of a disgraceful origin flashed across his mind.

From this time Frederick Garston's character seemed to undergo a complete change. From the gay, cheerful lad, who was ever the first to join in the sport of his companions, he became thoughtful and melancholy. The doubt which hung

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over his origin, was perpetually the subject of his ruminations, and the death-bed scene of his father continually occupied his mind.

That he was a burden on the bounty of Dr. Glitzom, a dweller in his house by mere sufferance, was a galling reflection; and although far from nursing any sentiment bordering, even remotely, on ingratitude, his entire bearing towards his protector, gradually but almost imperceptibly, became less familiar.

Frequently during the amusements in which, together with children of his own age, he had passed many happy hours, some indistinct sarcasm or distant allusion to his parents had been uttered in a moment of irritation, by some petulant child; but unconscious of the application to himself, the peevishness of his playmates was as little regarded as understood. But now that the whole affair was laid open to his view, circumstances innumerable sprung to his recollection, which to a mind jealously awake to whatever his imagination could construe as applicable to his position, seemed progressively to change his nature.

In the hope of drawing the attention of his protegé to the subject through any other channel than himself, the doctor placed in young Garston's hands the writing desk and its contents which he had some years before examined to so little purpose.

But few minutes elapsed ere the boy had gained his own chamber, bearing in his arms the only means by which he supposed it possible his family might eventually be discovered; and his disappointment, after a long and most minute search, could but slightly exceed that which a similar investigation had formerly afforded the doctor.

The long and beautifully black tress of hair, however, speedily rivetted his attention, and as he disengaged its silken softness from the paper that enclosed it, he gazed upon the glossy treasure as the only link remaining between his unknown parent and himself.

Those who have been blessed with the care of affectionate relatives to direct and support the helplessness of their infancy, and who have ever been accustomed to meet the doating look of a mother's love, little know the wretched void in the heart of the orphan as he sees his playmates around passing to their families, and hears the oft repeated anticipations of rapture with which his school fellows contemplated a re-union with all they love, at home. To him the word "home" conveys no definite notion of delight—his highest joy is derived from a cessation of scholastic rule; and though perchance the distant relative by whom he is received as an inmate for the brief period of his sojourn, may regard him with kindness, still there is nothing

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that can compensate for a father's attention and a mother's doating fondness.

It was with some such feeling that our young friend sat and gazed on the lock of hair resting in his hand. Was it a relic, the sole remaining memorial of his mother? or was it a braid from the rich tresses of one who had never heard his infant cry? What was there to solve the doubt? nothing—absolutely nothing, save a never-to-be repressed instinctive yearning of the heart, which caused him involuntarily to raise the treasure to his lips, and immediately afterwards thrust it for security in his bosom.

Nothing that the young orphan could accomplish by his own exertions was left undone, in the hope of obtaining some development of the secret. The dwelling wherein Dr. Glitzom first found him, or rather the site whereon the old house stood, became his familiar resort, but the owner of the wretched lodging was either dead, or elsewhere located. New occupants tenanted the more modern buildings, and all clue from that quarter appeared cut off for ever.

Timidity and jealous apprehension forbade his openly seeking for information which, though so anxious to obtain, he invariably pursued by the most circuitous mode. The result was that many who, from a personal regard towards himself, would willingly have exerted their energies in his behalf, were left in ignorance of his real wishes, owing to the disguised and ambiguous way in which his advances for assistance were made; and so little did he meet with calculated to encourage an extended confidence on the subject, that, excepting to Dr. Glitzom, the object which was ever uppermost in his thoughts never found utterance from his lips.

Mechanically he continued to perform the duties allotted to his station; but his mind, spurning all controul, wandered amid ideal hopes which there appeared but small probability of his ever realizing.

Thus rolled on the years of his boyhood; and it was not until fifteen summers had passed over his head since the day he had been rescued from penury by his benefactor, that any prospect of a change in his destiny was indicated; but it was not decreed that he should pass the remainder of his existence in the vicinity of the King's Bench, however advantageous his Æsculapian knowledge might eventually have become to that neighbourhood. But in order to trace how his emancipation came about, it will be necessary to refer to another and far different society, as will be made manifest by a perusal of the next chapter.

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THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR KATHLEEN AND DERMOT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE halls are deserted, the echoes are sleeping,
That breath'd of the beautiful, told of the brave;
The chill of despair round my lone heart is creeping,
Each blast of the breeze seems a voice from the grave.
He fell on the battle-plain: *she* darkly slumbers,
But far from her Dermot, the lovely one lies;
I only am left, to awake the sad numbers,
And echo alone to my sorrow replies.

The chambers are lonely, the hearth is neglected,
No voice kindly welcomes the pilgrim at night;
No banquet is spread, for no guest is expected,—
They slumber in death, that made all things so bright:
The halls are deserted; the bard only lingers,
To pour out his griefs for the lovely and brave;
The proud battle-notes, that once thrill'd to my fingers,
Are softened and changed to a dirge for the grave.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN SKELTON.

"THE reign of Henry the Seventh," says Mr. D'Israeli in his Amenities of Literature, "was a misty morning of our vernacular literature, but it was the sunrise, and though the road be rough, we discover a few names by which we may begin to count, as we find on our way a mile-stone which, however rudely cut and worn, serves to measure our distances." Amongst the writers during this and the succeeding reign,

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none had more influence—no one is more worthy to be remembered for what Southey calls "the power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the audacity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner," than John Skelton. Our poet was born in Norfolk; "the time of his birth," says Mr. Dyce, "which is left to conjecture, cannot well be carried back to an earlier period than 1460." He appears to have studied both at Cambridge and Oxford. For some time, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, one of the most accomplished noblemen of that age, appears to have been his patron. In 1490, Skelton had acquired great reputation as a scholar, and had recently been laureated at Oxford. This is evident from Caxton's preface to "the boke of Eneydos compyled by Vyrgule," in which he thus writes.—"But I pray master John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the Vnyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee, and correct thys sayd boke, and t'addresse, and expowne where as shall be found faulte in them that shall requyre it. In him I knowe for suffycent to expowne and Englysshe every difficulty that is therein. For he hath late translated the Epistles of Tullye, and the boke of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverse other works out of Latyn into Englysshe, not in rude and olde language; but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poets and oratours to me unknowen. And also he hath redde the nine muses, and vnderstande their musicalle scyences, and to whome of theym each scyence is approved. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycous well." In 1493, Shelton was admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge, and from a reference of a later date, it appears that some distinction in dress was granted him by the king. It is probable, that he was poet laureate to the king, as well as a laureate of the universities of Oxford and Louvaine. Skelton often styles himself orator regius, but the real nature of the office from which he derived his title, it is now we fear impossible to discover. In 1498, he took priests' orders, and it is probable that a little after this, he became tutor to Henry the Eighth, then Duke of York. Miss Agnes Strickland, referring to this fact, observes "*how probable it is* that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch, laid the foundation for his royal pupil's grossest crimes." Well may Mr. Dyce remark on this most sapient conclusion, "When ladies attempt to write history, they sometimes say odd things." Erasmus, a better judge of character than Miss Strickland, describes him as "*unum Britanicarum literarum lumen ac decus.*"

When Skelton became rector of Diss, in Norfolk, it is now impossible to ascertain. He certainly resided there in 1504,

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and was, nominally at least, rector at his decease. While resident there, he was suspended by his diocesan, "the bloody-minded and impure Richard Nix," as Mr. Dyce terms him, for being recently married. Fuller thus refers to his suspension. "The Dominican friars were the next he contended with, whose victiousness lay pat enough for his hand; but such foul lubbers fell heavy on all which found fault with them. These instigated Nix, Bishop of Norwich, to call him to account for keeping a concubine, which cost him (as it seems,) a suspension from his benefice." On his death-bed, he declared that he considered her as his wife, but that such had been his cowardliness, that he chose rather to confess concubinage, than what was then reckoned more criminal in an ecclesiastic,—marriage. According to the "Merrie Tales" of Skelton, the encounter with the bishop was short, if not sweet. "Skelton," says the writer, "dyd take two capons to geve theym for a presente to the bishoppe. And as soon as he had saluted the bishoppe, he sayde, 'My lorde, here I have brought you a couple of capons.' The bishoppe was blynde, and sayd 'Who are you?' 'I am Skelton,' sayd Skelton. The bishoppe sayd, 'a hoare head, I will none of thy capons; thou keepest unhappy rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished.' 'What,' sayd Skelton, 'is the wynde at that dore?' And sayde, 'God be with you my lorde!' And Skelton with his hys capons went hys way. The bishoppe sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde, 'what shall I come agayne to speake with a madde man?' At last he retourned to the bishoppe, whyche sayd to him, 'I would' sayd the bishoppe, 'that you should not lyve such a sclaunderous lyfe, that all your parisshe should not wonder and complayne on you as they dooe; I pray you amend, and hereafter lyve honestlye, that I heare no more wordes of you, and, you wyll tarrye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you,' sayd the bishoppe 'for your capons.' Skelton sayd, 'my lorde, my capons have proper names; the one is named *alpha*, the other is named *omega*; my lorde,' sayd Skelton, 'thys capon is named *alpha*, thys is the first capon that I dyd ever geve to you; and thys capon is named *omega*, and thys is the last capon that ever I wyll geve you; and so fare you well, said Skelton." Upon Skelton's return, he on the following Sunday vigorously reproved his parishioners. "You have," said he, "Complayned of me to the bishoppe, that I dooe keep a fayre wenche in my house. I dooe tell you, if you had any fayre wyves, it were somewhat to helpe me at neede, I am a man as you be; you have foul wyves, and I have a fayre wenche of the whyche I have begotten a fayre boy, as I dooe thinke, and

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as you all shall see. Thou wyfe," sayd Skelton, "that hast my child, be not afraid, bring hyther my child to me;" the whyche was done. And he shewing his child naked to all the parishe sayd, "how say you neighbours all? is not this child as fayre as is the best of all yours? It hath nose, eyes, handes, and feet, as well as any of yours; it is not like a pyge, nor a calfe, nor like no fowl, ne, nor monstrous beast. If I had," sayd Skelton, "broughte forth thys childe without armes or leyges, or that it were deformed, being a monstrous thyng, I would never have blamed you to have complayned to the bishop of me; but to complayne without a cause, I say as I have sayd before in my *antethem vos estes*, you be, and have be, and wyll, and shall be, knaves to complayn of me without a cause reasonable." Skelton's ready wit acquired for him great popularity. He was the Joe Miller of his day. His merrie tales were often reprinted, as "very pleasaunt for the recreacion of the minde." The two extracts we have given, are taken from them. Many of them now would be considered coarse; but nothing is more difficult, than deciding the merits or demerits of a writer, on the score of impropriety. Pope has the impudence to call Skelton beastly. Our reverend guardians of our national faith exclude Byron from our national Pantheon, and admit Prior! Skelton is not so open to the charge Pope brings against him, as Pope himself. Every man must be more or less modified by the age in which he lives. Skelton was a scholar and a clergyman, a poet and a wit; but he was no ascetic,—on the contrary, he lived much with his fellowmen, and was as gay and genial as if he had never worn the cassock. Many was the glass of ale, we doubt not, he drank from the fair hands of "Long Meg of Westminster," and many was the good chorus in which he joined in that Eagle, which should be as dear to the student of literature, as the "Mermaid," of a later day. Anthony Wood affirms that "at Diss, and in the diocese, Skelton was esteemed more fit for the stage, than the pen or the pulpit; undoubtedly, there are temperaments that but ill-accord with the conventional idea of the priestly office, and such a temperament, Skelton appears to have had; still he was far from being an evil living man. His aim in prose and verse was moral. He wrote against vice, and sought to reform the clergy, and did what Cranmer, even after the reformation had been partially begun, dared not do—live with his wife. Honour be given him for this—that he held the precepts of man against the eternal instincts of our nature, vain,—that he obeyed God rather than the Pope.

One or two of Skelton's merrie tales may even at this distant day amuse the reader. The first is not bad; it is called,—

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"HOW SKELTON DRESSED THE KENDALLMAN IN THE SWEAT TIME."

"On a tyme, Skelton rode from Oxford to London with a Kendallman, and at Uxbridge they beyted. The Kendallman layd hys cappe upon the borde in the hall, and he went to serve hys horse. Skelton took the Kendallman's cappe, and dyd put betwixte the linying and the other syde a dysh of butter; and when the Kendallman had dressed hys horse, he dyd come in to dinner, and dyd put on hys cappe (at that tyme the sweatynge sycknesse was in all England). At the last, when the butter had taken heate of the Kendallman's heade, it dyd begin to run over hys face, and about his cheekes. Skelton sayde, 'Syr, you sweat sore; beware that you have not the sweatynge sycknesse.' The Kendallman sayde, 'By the myste I'se wrang; I bees go tyll bed.' Skelton sayde, 'I am skilled in physicke, and especially in the sweatynge: that I wyll warrant any man.' 'In goode faythe,' sayth the Kendallman, 'do sie, and I'se bay for your stroll to London.' 'Then,' sayde Shelton, 'get you a kerchiffe, and I wyll bryng you a bed;' the whiche was donne. Skelton caused the cappe to be sod in boat lee, and dryed it. In the mornynge, Shelton and the Kendallman dyd ryde merily to London." We will give another, that our readers may value the wit as much as they do the wisdom of our ancestors. It is as follows.

"HOW THE FRYER ASKED LEAVE OF SKELTON TO PREACH AT DYSS, WHICH SKELTON WOULD NOT GRANT.

"There was a fryer, the whych dydde come to Skelton, to have lycense to preach at Dyss. 'What woulde you preach there?' sayde Skelton; 'dooe not you thinke that I am sufficiente to preache there in myne own cure?' 'Syr,' sayde the fryer, 'I am the binyter of Norwyche, and once a yeare one of our place dothe use to preache wyth you, to take the devocion of the people; and if I may have your goode will, so be it, or else I will come and preache against your will by the authoritie of the Bishoppe of Rome, for I have his bulles to preache in every place; and therefore I wyll be there on Sondaye next comynge.' 'Come not there, fryer, I dooe counsell thee,' sayde Skelton. The Sondaye nexte following, Skelton layde watche for the comyinge of the fryer; and as soon as Skelton had knowledge of the fryer, he went into the pulpit to preache. At last the fryer dyd come into the churche with the Bishoppe of Rome's bulles in hys hande. Skelton then sayde to all hys parishe, 'See! see! see!' and poynted to the fryer. All the

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parishe gazed on the fryer. Then sayde Skelton, 'Maisters, here is as wonderful a thynge as ever was seene: you all dooe knowe that it is a thynge daylye seene—a bulle dothe begette a calfe; but here, contrarye to all nature—a calfe hathe gotten a bulle; for thys fryer, beynge a calfe, hathe gotten a bulle of the Bishoppe of Rome.' The fryer, beynge ashamed, would never after that tyme presume to preache at Dyss." We should think not. We can imagine many a broad grin came over the faces of the men of Diss, at such scenes as these. Rowland Hill was not the first preacher who has moved to laughter as well as tears.

Of Skelton personally, but little more is known than we have already stated. According to Churchyard, his "talke was as he wroet" (wrote.) A writer, who might have been a contemporary, speaks of "his mad, merry veine." "Merrie Skelton" is the phrase by which most authors denote him. Anthony Wood, who by no means admired Skelton in particular, or poets in general, says, "Yet we generally saw that his witty discourses were biting, his laughter opprobrious and scornful, and his jokes commonly sharp and reflecting." This latter circumstance probably led to his quarrels with Gamesche, gentleman usher to Henry the Eighth; with Barclay, the author of "The Ship of Fire;" with Gaquin, who was sent by Charles the Eighth as ambassador to England; and with a man, perhaps more celebrated than all—the great William Lily, of grammatical renown. The origin of Skelton's quarrel with Wolsey is now lost in obscurity. That at one time the cardinal was his patron, is clear. His attacks on the cardinal were daring in the extreme, and excited Wolsey's utmost anger. To escape him, he took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, where the abbot Islop, with whom he had long been acquainted, offered him a home. There he died, on the 21st of June, 1529. The neighbouring church of Westminster received his bones.

Thus few are the authenticated facts in the life of one who was the first Englishman who wrote, not for kings and nobles, but for the masses of his countrymen. Southey, in referring to Warton's low estimate of Skelton, has accounted for much that has caused him by some critics to be overlooked. He (Warton) seems to have been disgusted with buffooneries, which, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a bite for the whole; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times." It must be remembered, as he himself urges in extenuation of his ruggedness, that

> "Our natural tongue is rude,
> And hard to be ameude:

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With polished termes and lusty,
Our language is so rusty—
So cankered, and so full
Of frowards, and so dull,—
That if I would apply
To write inordinately,
I wot not where to find
Termes to serve my mind."

It was obviously, as Mr. D'Israeli observes, his design, to be as great a creator of words as ideas. Many of his mintage would have given strength to our idiom. Caxton, as a contemporary, is some authority that Skelton improved the language. It is very true, as Dr. Johnson most sagely remarks, that Skelton cannot be said to have attained great elegance of language; but it is equally true, that had he attained great elegance of language, the populace would never have listened with delight, as they did, to those keen representations of the worldliness of a besotted priesthood, and the pride of an imperious cardinal, by means of which the foundations of the then existing establisment were loosened, and a way was made for the introduction of reform. Not for the admiration of the critic, but for the conviction of the vulgar, did Skelton write, and that end he attained. Did the pompous moralist do more? Not satisfied with this, he created a style of verse that will ever bear his name, and thus render his fame more lasting than could ever monumental brass. "The Skeltonical verse," says Mr. D'Israeli, "contracted into five or six, and even four syllables, is wild and airy. In the quick returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction, and the pungency of new words—usually ridiculous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous—there is a stirring spirit, which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of the verse has a carol of its own; the chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are rung about like corruscations. But the magic of the poet is confined to his spell; at the first step out of it, he falls to the earth, never to recover himself." Skelton is a great creator only when he writes what baffles imitation; for it is his fate, when touching more solemn strains, to betray no quality of a poet—even in imagination—and never in diction.

Mr. Dyce, who, in his valuable edition of Skelton's works, has done all the most industrious editor could do, judges of his principal performances as follows: "The chief satirical productions of Skelton (and the bent of his genius was decidedly towards satire) are the 'Bowge of Courte,' 'Colyin Cloute,' and 'Why come ye not to Courte?' In the first of these, an alle-

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gorical poem of considerable invention, he introduces a series of characters delineated with a boldness and discrimination which no preceding poet had displayed since the days of Chaucer, and which none of his contemporaries, with the sole exception of the brilliant Dunbar, were able to attain. . . 'Colyin Cloute' is a general satire on the corruptions of the church, the friars and the bishops being attacked alike unsparingly; nor, when Skelton himself pronouuced of this piece that "Though his ryme be ragged, it hath in it some pyth,' did he overrate its vigour and its weighty truth. 'Colyin Cloute' not only shows that fearlessness which on all occasions distinguished him, but evinces a superiority to the prejudices of his age in assailing abuses which, if manifest to his more enlightened contemporaries, few at least had as yet presumed to censure. In 'Why come ye not to Court?' the satire is entirely personal, and aimed at the all-powerful minister to whom the author had once humbly sued for preferment. While throughout this remarkable poem Skelton either overlooks or denies the better qualities, the commanding talents, and the great attainments of Wolsey, and even ungenerously taunts him with the meanness of his origin, he fails not to attack his character and conduct in those particulars against which a satirist might justly declaim, and with the certainty that invectives so directed would find an echo among the people. The regal pomp and luxury of the cardinal, his insatiate ambition, his insolent bearing at the council board, his inaccessibility to suitors, etc., etc., are dwelt on with an intensity of scornful bitterness, and occasionally give rise to vivid descriptions, which history assures us are but little exaggerated. Some readers may perhaps object that in this poem the satire of Shelton too much resembles "the oyster-knife that hacks and hews" (to which that of Pope was so unfairly likened), but all must confess that he wields his weapon with prodigious force and skill, and we know that Wolsey writhed under the wounds which it inflicted.

"When Catullus bewailed the death of Lesbia's bird, he confined himself to eighteen lines (and truly golden lines); but Skelton, while lamenting for the sparrow that was "slain at Carrowe," has engrafted on the subject so many far-sought and whimsical embellishments, that his epicede is really what the old editions term it, a boke. Phyllyp Sparrowe exhibits such fertility and delicacy of fancy, such graceful sportiveness, and such ease of expression, that it might well be characterized by Coleridge as an exquisite and original poem. In the "Tunnyng of Elynour Runnyng," which would seem to have been one of Skelton's most popular performances, we have a specimen of his talent for the low burlesque; a description of the real ale wife,

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and of the various gossips who keep thronging to her for liquor, as if under the influence of a spell. If few compositions of the kind have more coarseness or extravagance, there are few which have greater animation or a richer humour. The "Garlande of Literature," one of Skelton's longest and most elaborate pieces, cannot also be reckoned among his best. It contains, however, several passages of no mean beauty, which show that he possessed powers for the higher kind of poetry, if he had chosen to exercise them, and is interspersed with some lyrical addresses to the ladies who weave his chaplet, which are very happily versified. In one respect the 'Garlande of Laurell' stands without a parallel. The history of literature affords no second example of a poet having deliberately written sixteen hundred lines in honour of himself. Skelton is to be regarded as one of the fathers of the English drama. His 'Enterlude of Vertue,' and his comedy called 'Achademios,' have perished, so perhaps has his 'Nigramausir;' but his 'Magnificence' is still extant. To those who carry their acquaintance with our early play-wrights no further back than the period of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, this 'goodly interlude' by Shelton will doubtless appear heavy and artificial. Its superiority, however, to the similar efforts of his contemporariesis, I believe, unquestionable!

Such are Shelton's principal performances. By such, while living, did he achieve his fame; by such will he be remembered, though dead. As illustrations of his style, we make one or two extracts from his "Why come ye not to Courte?"—a poem of more than twelve hundred lines, against Wolsey, who seems to have aroused his bitterest spleen. Speaking of the court universally paid to the cardinal, Shelton says:—

"They make him so amased,
And his eyen so dased,
That he ne're can
To know God nor man.
He is set so hye
In his ierarchy
Of frantic frenesy,
And folysche fantasy,
That in the Chamber of Starres
All maters there he marres;
Clapping his rod on the bord,
No man dare speke a worde,
For he hath all the sayenge,
Without any renayenge;
He rolleth in his recordes,
He sayth, How say ye, my lordes?

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Is not my reason good*
Good e'en, good Robinhood?
Some say yes, and some
Sit styll as they were dom;
Thus thwartynge over thom,
He ruleth all the roste,
With braggynge and with boste,
Borne up on every side
With pomp and bitter pryde,
With trompe-up alleluya;
For Dame Philargerya
Hathe so his herte in holde
He loveth nothynge but golde,
And Asmodeus of hell
Maketh his members swell
With Dalyda† to mell,
That wanton damosell.
Adew philosophia,
Adew theologia!
Welcome, Dame Simonia,
With Dame Castlimergia,
To drink and for to eate
Swete ypocras and swete meate!
To keep his fleshe chast,
In Lent for a repast
He eateth capons stewed,
Feasaunt and pautriche mewed,
Hens, chickens, and pigges."

The manner in which even nobles were browbeaten by Wolsey is thus described:—

"For and this curr do quar,
They must stand all afar,
To holde up their hande at the bar.
For all their noble blode,
He pluckes them by the hode,
And shakes them by the eare,
And brynge(s) them in suche feare:
He bateth them like a bere,
Like an oxe or a bull;
Their wytess, he saith, are dull!

* This was, as Ritson observes, a proverbial expression. The allusion is to civility extorted by fear.

† *i.e.* Dalilah. "Unto his leman, Dalidah, he told that in his heres all his strength lay."—*Chaucer's "Monke's Tale."*

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He sayth they have no brayne,
Theyr astayte to mayntayne,
And maketh them to bow theyr knee
Before his maieste.
Juges of the kynge's lawes,
He countys them foles and dawes;
Sergyantes of the coyfe eke
He sayth they are to seke.
In pletynge of theyr case,
At the Commune Place,
Or at the Kynge's Benche,
He wryngeth them such a wrenche,
That all our lerned men
Dare nat to set theyr penne
To plete a trew tryall
Within Westminster Hall.
In the Chauncery where he syttes,
But such as he admyttes,
None so hardy to speke;
He sayth, Thou huddypeke,*
Thy lerning is to rewde,
Thy tonge is nat well thewde
To seke before our grace;
And openly in that place
He rages, and he raves,
And calls them cankerd knaves.
Thus royally he dothe deall,
Vnder the kynge's brode seall,
And in the Checker he them cheks,
In the Star Chamber he noddis and beks,
And bereth him there so stowte,
That no man dare rowte;
Duke, erle, baron, nor lord,
But to his sentence must accorde;
Whether he be knight or squyre,
All men must folow his desyre."

Many were the complaints made of Wolsey's inaccessibility by suitors of high and low degree. Skelton does not forget this: he says—

"No man dare come to the speche
Of this gentele Jacke Breeche,
Of what estate he be—
Of spirituall dygnitie,

* In plain English—fool.

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Nor duke of hye degree,
Nor marques, erle, or lorde,
Whiche shrewdly doth accorde.
Thus he, borne so base,
All noble men should out face,
Hys countenance lyke a kayser.
'My lorde is not at layser,
'Syr—ye must tarry a stounde,
'Tyll better layser be founde.'
And, 'Syr, ye must daunce attendaunce,
'And take pacient sufferaunce;
'For my lorde's grace
'Hathe now no tyme nor space
'To speke withe you as yet.'
And thus they shall syt—
Chuse them syt or flyt,
Stande, walke, or ryde—
And hys layser abyde,
Perchaunce halfe a yere,
And yet never the nere."

Our remaining extract will at least be conclusive as to the bitter hatred Skelton bore the cardinal.

"He (Wolsey) wolde dry up the streamys
Of ix kinge's reamys;
All ryvers and wellys,
All waters that swellys;
For with us he so mellys,
That within Englande dwellys,
I wolde he were somewhere ellys.
For els, by and by,
He wyll drinke us so drye,
And sucke us so nye,
That men shall scantly
Have penny or halfpenny.
God save his noble grace,
And graunt him a place,
Endlesse to dwelle
With the devyll of helle!
For and he were there,
We need never feere
Of the fendy blake;
For I undertake
He wolde so brag and crake,
That he wolde than make

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The devyles to quake,
To shudder and to shake,
Lyke a fyer drake,
And wyth a cole rake,
Rose them on a brake,
And bynde them to a stake,
And set hell on fyer
At his own desyer.
He is such a grym syer,
And such a potentate,
And such a potestireate,—
That he wolde breke the braynes
Of Lucyfer in hys chaynes,
And rule them eclime
In Lucyfer's time."

But we stop. Enough has been given to show the peculiar qualities of Skelton's verse. Rough and inharmonious, yet he was one of the early labourers whose efforts tended to give strength and copiousness to

"The tongue that Shakspere spake."

Honour be given Skelton for this. Honour be given him, that he was one of the first who, at their own peril, dared to proclaim to men in power unpalatable truths. Honour be given him, inasmuch as he was one of the first who sought to point the righteous indignation of the sovereign people, against whose wrath nothing can avail, at all political and ecclesiastical abuse.

J. E. R.

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THERE IS GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

There is gold in California! oh! wond'rous, wond'rous land,
Where earth pours forth her precious gifts to greet the eager hand;
The wild Arabian fictions, that entranced our early youth,
Possess no spell of magic, like this sober tale of truth.
The tempting heaps appear to rise before the dazzled throng,—
Artists depict the glittering scene, bards weave it in their song;
Adventurous spirits sally forth, the good ships skim the sea,
Fair land of wealth, a few short months may bring us safe to thee.

There is gold in California! why should we tamely stay,
Earning a poor and narrow dole from weary day to day?
Why in the tedious drudgery of sordid cares engage,
Wasting our youth in hoarding up a pittance for our age?
Away with toil, away with thrift, attend to fortune's call,
We do not covet garnered stones—earth yields her gifts to all;
And though we leave our native land, to seek a brighter track,
Laden with wealth, we soon shall shape our joyous progress back!

THE REPLY.

There is gold in California! but reason fain would ask,
Have ye who seek it, fairly weighed the perils of your task?
Your country, if ye suffer wrong, now advocates your cause:
Ye are guarded by her soldiery, protected by her laws.
But there, 'mid lawless numbers, ye may crave redress in vain,
And find the gold so lightly won, less easy to retain;
Ye may pine in want and hunger, or may fall in deadly strife,
While strangers grasp the treasure that ye purchased by your life!

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There is gold in California; but ever keep in thought,
That gold itself, the adage says, too dearly may be bought;
Take cheerfully the daily meed that heaven benignly sends,
And work your way to fortune 'mid your kindred and your friends.
Should you succeed, your gathered gains will always be secure,
Since England watches equally the rights of rich and poor;
Nor need her sons, in quest of wealth, to distant climates roam,
When patient, steady industry may lead to wealth at home.

THE FURNITURE-BROKER'S SHOP.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

The philosopher who is fond of speculating upon human nature, and the vicissitudes and changes to which mankind are exposed, would do well to locate himself in a large city;—watch closely and eagerly the different *traits* of character he sees exhibited—the scenes that are perpetually passing before his eyes, and to penetrate, as it were, into the recesses of the human heart, and divine the causes that have been instrumental in propagating the bulk of human actions. Here is a field of observation spread before him—here is a dish, if he be a philosopher indeed, that his palate will not fail to relish.

The man who shuts himself up in his study, pores over his musty, worm-eaten volumes, and cons the recondite lucubrations of ancient or modern writers, is but a fool in worldly wisdom and experience, in comparison with the illiterate blockhead who mixes in society, trades with mankind, and is constantly alive to everything that is passing around him.

As we were passing through one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city, in a somewhat speculative mood, our attention was arrested by A FURNITURE-BROKER'S SHOP. We had no idea of entering into a matrimonial contract with any young lady of our acquaintance, but we nevertheless stood and gazed for several minutes upon the articles therein exhibited. What a variety

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—what a medley of things jumbled together—upside-down, one upon another! Chairs, stools, tables, sofas, mirrors, pianos, etc. placed here and there, without reference to order or uniformity. Some of the furniture was nearly new, and manufactured after the latest fashion—some was very old, in short, ready to fall to pieces, and of a style so singular and quaint, as to cause it to appear exceedingly ridiculous, when placed by the side of furniture of a more modern character.

It was not the disorder and confusion so apparent, nor yet the style and make of the articles themselves that arrested our attention. The first question that presented itself was, how has this heterogeneous mass of furniture been accumulated? At public sales. The things exposed belonged, perhaps, to people that are dead, or who have left the country, or become bankrupts. It would be quite possible to attach a long story to any one of the articles that the shop contains.

There is something mournful and touching in the sales of household furniture. What peculiar trains of thought do they suggest, how ready and quick is the imagination to conjure up and invent scenes in which is assigned to each chair and table, its own particular part in the picture. Here, in the centre of the room, stood the table, it is covered with cards; the young people have been amusing themselves with speculation, *ecarte*, &c. On each side of the fire-place stood the arm-chairs, on which papa and mamma were accustomed to sit, watch the progress of the game, laugh at any peculiar manifestation of shrewdness on the part of little Emmy or Hal, decide disputes, or check any attempt at cheating on the part of that sly little rogue Fred, who was determined to win, either fairly or foully. At these arm-chairs were the children accustomed to kneel every night, and say their prayers, there did they receive the parental blessing and instruction, there were they caressed and kissed before they bade mamma and papa good night.

Near to mamma's chair stood the sofa, (it was then nearly new) on which grandmamma used to lie down when she was fatigued, and where she used to scold the children when they were making a noise, or when they awoke her from her pleasant slumbers. On that sofa, too, did little Emmy lie when she was recovering from the measels. How much better was she there, than in the bed surrounded with curtains in that dark, cold room up stairs. How delighted she was, when after her three weeks' illness, she was carried by papa into the parlour, and laid upon the sofa, and allowed to play again with her brothers, and her old favourite Tray. What things people brought for her,—oranges, jellies, raisins, grapes, &c., three-fourths of which were always eaten by her brothers. The tops of those foot-stools,

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and that fire-screen, were worked by little Emmy when she was at school. What a prodigy her mamma and papa thought she was, what fine things her governess used to say about her. There never was such a clever child—nobody could do such wonderful things with the needle as she could, and she was only ten years of age. How often were these specimens of her talent exhibited, and how the ladies and gentlemen used to praise her, and kiss her, and call her a clever little girl. Why when they were shown to old uncle Travers, who was known to be exceedingly mean and selfish, even he was so much pleased with them, that he opened his purse, almost for the first time in his life on such an occasion, and presented his little niece with half-a-crown. It would be impossible to adduce a stronger proof of the little needlewoman's ability.

Close to the window stood the piano, that was bought for Emmy. How transported she was, when the men brought it into the room and screwed on the legs, and put in the sounding board. How she longed to run her little fingers over the keys. What suspense she endured till papa returned from his business, and unlocked the instrument. What fighting and quarrelling and disputing there was, as to whether Emmy, or Hal, or Fred, was to play upon it first. Then there was the music-stool, what trouble they had with that. It was too low for Emmy, and it was too high for the boys; none of them, indeed, could sit upon it, so a chair was brought, and Emmy tried that, but it was likewise too low. At length, they placed some cushions upon it, and in this way succeeded in enabling the young tyro to sound the chords of the instrument. What a rich, mellow tone it sent forth; Emmy was delighted, she fancied she could play already, the boys were delighted, papa and mamma were delighted, every body was delighted. Then Jane came running up from the kitchen, she had heard the sound of the piano, she too had an ear for music, and had not listened in vain to the street organ, that was in the habit of playing "The Drops of Brandy," regularly every morning in front of the house. Then the boys set to quizzing poor Jane, and asked her to sit down, and play them a quadrille, and they would have a dance, at which both papa and mamma laughed heartily. Little Emmy did not laugh, she was too much absorbed in her employment in striking the keys, and noting the different sound each produced; ah! that was an important epoch in these little people's history, when the piano was bought.

Which of them will forget the night, when the professional young lady, (Miss Scram) came to give Emmy her first lesson, when she sat down at the instrument, when she ran her long

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fingers over the keys, when she struck three or four of them several times, as though they did not please her, when she lifted up the lid of the piano, and took out the sounding board, when she placed her foot upon the pedal, and put the sounding board in again, when she did all this, I say, preparatory to commencing; which of them can possibly forget that night? What excitement there was, what breathless, eager expectation! Every body was convinced that she was a great musician, everybody could perceive that she knew what a piano was, by her going through this important and essential ceremony before she began to play. And when she did commence, were not they delighted, were not they enraptured and surprised? They had no idea till now, that it was half so fine an instrument, that it was capable of producing such exquisite music. And that inquisitive, prying slut Jane seemed to have had no idea of it either, for she had remained in the kitchen till this moment; but when the music commenced in earnest, she bounded up the stairs, and came slyly and stealthily to the parlour door, where she stood, till her mistress invited her in. So soon as Miss Scram had finished, and represented the piano to be a very excellent one, (and surely she ought to be a judge) it would be quite impossible to recount half of the fine compliments that were paid to that lady. I have heard Mozart, and Beethoven, and Thalberg lauded for the brilliancy of their execution, but I am certain that if Miss Scram had been equal to any of those illustrious persons, she could not have had more praise showered upon her. After such an achievement as that, of course, every body predicted that Miss Scram would obtain great eminence in her profession.

Well, then the wine and some sweet cakes were placed on the table, and Miss Scram and the family made themselves very comfortable and agreeable for the next half hour. As it was now, however, getting late, Miss Scram proposed to give her little pupil her first lesson, but she did not learn much on this occasion, for both Fred and Hal would insist upon remaining in the room, and standing beside the piano, and striking the keys for their own amusement, and so diverting little Emmy's attention from the instructions of her preceptress, and so annoying and perplexing Miss Scram, and so rendering the lesson almost useless to her pupil.

Ah! that piano, what merry, what happy times is it associated with. How often has its chords thrilled through the heart at a birthday—an evening party. How often, too, has its solemn music been invoked on quiet sabbath evenings on occasions of sorrow or affliction.

There was a time when Emmy (Miss Emma, now) had be-

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come older—when she had got a lover. How many times has he bent over her shoulder—watched the rapidity of her fingers—exchanged significant glances with her, as she has played over some favourite piece of music! How many times has he stood there, entranced with the pathos of her singing, or the beauty and finish of her playing!

There, on that sofa, did his arm first encircle her waist—there were those mutual vows of constancy and fidelity exchanged—there did they paint to themselves a future, in which love and prosperity and happiness were the most prominent features. Oh! that the curtain that hid that future from their eyes, had never been drawn, to reveal the harshness and the cold reality that lay beyond!

And what a price was set upon those pictures painted by Fred. How fine was the outline—the perspective—the colouring—the different lights and shades; and how well did the whole harmonize. What a great achievement it was, when you consider that he was just beginning to paint. Of course, he painted a long way better afterwards, but there was more value placed upon them than any of the *chef d'œuvres* he subsequently produced.

As you entered the room, the first thing that met your eyes was the book-case that had been in the family for nearly a hundred years. It was quaint and old fashioned, but not the less valued on that account. That was to have been Hal's, had he lived, he was so fond of books. Of a night, it was his chief delight to hunt amongst its well filled shelves, till he had discovered some volume that pleased his fancy. It contained every description of reading—Travels, History, Biography, Philosophy, light and amusing literature, etc. etc.

There is that in each household article, be it the most trifling, which is capable of arousing reflection, and recalling most vividly to the memory, the most minute circumstances of by-gone years. We prize those things from association. We love the piano on which we took our first lesson—that has contributed to the amusement and entertainment of our merry Christmas parties. We love the sofa, whereon we and our dearest friends have laid in sickness, on which we have romped as children: the arm-chairs, becasue they were the favourite sitting places of a father or a mother. We prize the stools on which we first exhibited our talents and ability. In fine, an attachment gradually and imperceptibly springs up for the most common-place thing, with which we may have been for a series of years associated; and which has become of primary importance to our comfort and convenience.

It is difficult to part with these objects of our affection. But

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changes are of constant occurrence in the destinies of human nature. The once happy family, whom we have pictured to ourselves in their prosperity, gradually descend in the scale of social importance. Misfortune after misfortune presses upon them; circumstances become every year more unfavourable; business declines; one little resource after another is exhausted; and finally, they find themselves reduced to poverty and privation. They still, however, struggle on, but it is a struggle against a fearful crowd of evils. The creditors at length grow importunate, they will brook no further delay. There is no alternative, the work of ruin must be completed, and the household furniture is at last announced to be sold by public auction.

The day of sale arrives. Sofas, chairs, beds and bedding, lie lumbering about in all directions. Passages are blocked up, people come crowding in from all quarters, some for the purpose of buying, others from mere idle curiosity. The furniture is examined—remarks are made upon its novelty, or its antiquity, questions are asked concerning the family, and reports, with little foundation in truth, are freely circulated concerning them. One professes his sympathy for their misfortunes; another looks very grave—shakes his head, and says—

"Ah! I knew it wouldn't do. I knew such extravagance couldn't be kept up. I was sure that it would come to this at last."

The auctioneer,—a pompous, worldly, bustling-looking man,—at length makes his appearance. His only thoughts are, how to sell to the greatest advantage. The more the goods produce, the greater his commission. He never thinks for a moment, of the misery—the despondency of the family, upon whose property he is making his vulgar jokes—passing off his ribaldry, or his pointless wit.

In due time the house is cleared, and let to a new tenant, and the majority of the household treasures are transferred to THE FURNITURE-BROKER'S SHOP.

LITERATURE.

Twice Told Tales. By N. HAWTHORNE, ESQ. London: Kent and Richards, Paternoster Row.

Twice Told Tales—a curious title, forsooth; but we believe an author, like the Duke of Newcastle, may do what he will with his own, and therefore we do not quarrel with our author, if his Tales have been told more than the number of times implied by the title. They will bear repetition, and we doubt

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not, but that in England, as well as in America, Mr. Hawthorne's Tales will be read with interest and delight.

But we have a bone to pick with our author. His title is inappropriate. The elegant little volume now lying on our table, does not consist exclusively of tales. Often, like the weary knife grinder of Canning, Mr. Hawthorne may exclaim:—"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

We have reviews, moral, poetical, by the sea shore, by churchyards, on calm Sabbath mornings, in the stillness of the night, full of fine feeling, in graceful language,—to many, we doubt not, as acceptable as tales; but tales they certainly are not. Such tales as the volume does contain, are such as must delight, especially the young, to whom the work will form a most appropriate present; to such its pure tone of style and thought must be especially grateful.

Mr. Hawthorne is an American, and strongly reminds us of his countryman, Washington Irving, and we need not add of our own unrivalled Addison; not that he has their peculiarly felicitous vein of humour, but he resembles them in the elegant simplicity of their style. We do not agree with some of our American brethren, when they tell us, that in America alone is the English language spoken in its purity; but we do think it would be difficult to find a writer whose style is more correct than that of our author. Like Washington Irving, Mr. Hawthorne's modes of thought and expression are strongly those of the best writers of our Augustan age, and we trust that our author will find as hearty a welcome here as the writer of the "Sketch Book" obtained. Like him, he writes not for America alone, but Britain as well, and by many a fireside, we predict, will the "Twice Told Tales" be joyfully perused. We have to thank the publishers for making such a valuable addition to the literature of the day.

But Mr. Hawthorne can speak better for himself, than we can. We will therefore extract one tale as a specimen, and leave the reader to judge for himself. It is headed,—"David Swan; a Fantasy."

"We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

"We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Bos-

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ton, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

"While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But, censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

"He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"'How soundly he sleeps!' whispered the old gentleman. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that,

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brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind.'

"'And youth, besides,' said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.'

"The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"'Providence seems to have laid him here,' whispered she to her husband, 'and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?'

"'To what purpose?' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.'

"'That open countenance!' replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. 'This innocent sleep!'

"While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burthen of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour, who fell asleep in poverty.

"'Shall we not waken him?' repeated the lady, persuasively.

"'The coach is ready, sir,' said the servant, behind.

"The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing any thing so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

"The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark

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shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"'He is handsome,' thought she, and blushed redder yet.

"How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him only could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"'How sound he sleeps!' murmured the girl.

"She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

"Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

"The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"'Hist! do you see that bundle under his head?'

"The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"'I'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, 'that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket.'

"'But how if he wakes?' said the other.

"His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"'So be it!' muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed

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the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"'I must take away the bundle,' whispered one.

"'If he stirs, I'll strike,' muttered the other.

"But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"'Pshaw!' said one villain. 'We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind.'

"'Let's take a drink, and be off,' said the other.

"The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

"He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burthened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked in an inward tone to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"'Halloo, driver! take a passenger,' shouted he.

"'Room on top!' answered the driver.

"Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available?"

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SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER VIII.*

The Valley of Chamounix.

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bold, awful head, O, sov'ran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines:
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air, and dark,—substantial, black,—
An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount, I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone."

S. T. Coleridge.

There is a cross in the centre of the stone bridge at Sallenches, whence Mont Blanc can be seen to greater advantage than from any valley in the whole range of Alps, although the view to its summit may be computed at four or five leagues, as the crow flies.

There is a great similarity in this to the mind of man. The eye which cannot compass the hoary monarch of Europe, amid his own domains, which, from the immensity of the surrounding objects, becomes dead in virtue, is like the mind intent upon a gigantic study. Both have to retire a certain distance, ere they

* Continued from page 253, vol. liv.

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can grasp the matter in view. There, as from a lofty resting-place, calm, disturbed but by their own thoughts, they contemplate with coolness, encompass by a wide sweep, where before, excess of presence had fettered their views, and overwhelmed them as with a torrent, the grandeur, depth, and sublimity of their aim.

Here is the mouth of the valley of Maglan. It has gradually increased in breadth since we quitted the wayside inn at La Balme, and the appearance which this gives to the eye when scanning the valley in its depths, is that of a pyramid. The mountains are loftier, and more rugged; some of the highest are slightly capped with snow, and awful precipices, with their ridges sharp as needles, jut out from the sides. The Arve, with the expansion of the valley, occupies a larger bed; its waters flow with less impetuosity, though with as rapid a course; it wears more the appearance of a river, than a mere mighty torrent; its surface untorn by blocks of granite, charged with fewer springs, and hill-streams, cold from its source amid eternal snow, black as Erebus, is like a long, dark, wintry night; its roaring in the distance, like the dull murmur of a coming storm. Thus, though more deserving the name of river, its sides are as cheerless as ever. Hard flints and stones wound the foot that approaches them, and form a fit border to its gloomy course. A few beeches redeem the banks occasionally, but they seldom attain their full growth in this poor soil. It is a common tree in Switzerland, and when sheltered from the devastating storms that sweep the Alps during the winter, it flourishes in great perfection. The glistening leaves are then carefully gathered by the peasants, and they form excellent beds. But it is the alder alone which may claim friendship with the Arve. It fringes its bed in thick clusters along the whole valley, and adds a degree of beauty which raises its scenery in some places from barren and untamed, to that of picturesque grandeur.

However, it is from the cross on the stone bridge, that connects Saint Martin and Sallenches, looking out of the valley, that the scenery deserves most notice. As I have before remarked, and it has long been allowed as a fact, it is from this spot we have the finest and most complete view of Mont Blanc. We were also fortunate in the weather. The evening was that of a cheerful summer day, not the misty languor of an oppressive one. The sky was blue and clear; there was not a cloud or vapour hanging upon any of the Alps; and the mighty monarch, spread out high and wide in the firmament, its several peaks seeming to touch the heavens, and its spacious wings and lower ridges forming, as it were, the boundary to the universe. There he sat

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enthroned, white as with the snows of age, and surrounded by his court of Alps. The Aiguille de Miage bounded the horizon on our right, and Mont Maudit on our left. None of the glaciers were visible, being hid by the nearer mountains; but several of the needles shot out in beautiful relief. Though by no means the chief as to form and acuteness, in height they were only surpassed by the Aiguille Verte, in snow by none; and the ridge from the extreme summit of Mont Blanc, that ridge which has so often formed the track for the adventurous mortals who would scale the monarch, and which slopes so suddenly and fearfully with its three steps, as the Aiguilles de Gouté, Bionnassay, and Miage may be styled; how terrible did it appear!

Saint Martin, on the right bank of the river, is a village of to-day; one of those spots which date existence from the traveller, and spring up in a thought. It may contain forty houses, besides the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, and the church. The latter is a very elegant structure for such a handful of dwellings, but I suspect that it affords accommodation for most of the people on the opposite bank of the river. The spire, surmounted by a large, gilt cross, is lofty and well designed, and forms a very prominent feature for several miles along the road to Servoz. We had no curiosity to inspect its interior trappings, they being, doubtless, in the most approved style of catholic village churches, that is, a gingerbread imitation of the gorgeous cathedrals of the towns.

We must have come upon the good folk at the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at a most unseasonable hour, to judge from its larder, and the accommodation they offered us, for *Murray* very strongly recommends their house to all lovers of good entertainment. I noticed this the more, because we were charged for everything as highly as in the first hotels along the route.

In the dusk of evening we crossed the stone bridge, and visited the town of Sallenches, an ancient looking place, and full of interest. On returning to Saint Martin, the view from the bridge wore a different aspect to that on our arrival; but one not less beautiful. Though the objects were the same, night rendered them still more solemn and awe-inspiring; all was hushed, save the perpetual fretting of the river at our feet; the mellow moonbeams, now flickering on the waters, now slanting from the mountain crags, or tinging the maiden snow with a golden hue, tempering the wild grandeur of the scene.

We were early astir the next morning, eager for the realization of the hopes which the distant view of Mont Blanc had awakened within us, with regard to the scenery in its immediate neighbourhood. We had all three of us now entered so fully into the

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spirit of the journey, that those hopes would brook no delay, while we felt sure, from the unexpected beauty of the fruit, that we should not suffer disappointment in its taste. It was not yet five when we shouldered our knapsacks, and, with a hunch of rye bread in the spacious pocket of our blouses, quitted the threshold of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc.

But I must record an exploit of the young Etonian and myself; to wit, a bath in the river Arve. I call it an exploit because, from what fell from the peasants who witnessed us, I understand that neither they, nor any other traveller, have submerged themselves willingly in the waters of that stream so near its source. Now I make it a point to bathe wherever the element is to be found, and although in a form so little attractive as the Arve, at Saint Martin, I determined to attempt that mode of ablution. When I signified my intention to the landlord, and the peasants about the village, and questioned them regarding the depth and best localities of the river, they stared at me in the greatest amazement, and, except opening their mouths with wonder, they delivered no answer to my question, till I had several times repeated it. They then tried to dissuade me from my purpose, saying that the Arve was not fit to bathe in; that its waters were as cold as ice, and might paralyse my limbs; that its depth was unknown, because unfathomed. To the last argument alone did I attach any importance. I knew that the Arve, however broad and rushing, was very shallow in all parts, but there might be holes and under-currents which would change my pleasure into foolhardiness, were I to plunge indiscriminately into it. I therefore chose a small branch of about fifty yards long, which it cuts into the shore, and there terminates, for my experiment. I proposed that my companions should join me: the Indian said that at all times he preferred a warm bath, and that especially in the present, he would not go to extremes by taking one of ice; that a fit of insanity must have come over me. The Etonian laughed at his brother's fears, applauded my resolution, and declared that he should join me in the bath. Accordingly, attired in our *caleçons*, and surrounded by some dozen "natives," among whom were the two German waiters of the hotel, Caspar and I plunged into the branch of the stream which I have described. But oh! ye frosts and snows, how cold it was! While I was plunging frantically about, like a Red Indian executing his war-dance, to get myself seasoned to the element, I called to mind all the situations in life where I had experienced extreme cold, to bear comparison with the present; but in vain. I remembered that, when a young urchin at school, I used to think that Siberia must have been an oven, and Polar bears bakers, compared with the intense

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misery of a January morning, after the Christmas holidays—awoke out of some smiling dream of home by the ubiquitous usher of the establishment, to a hasty ablution in frozen water, and a toilette by rushlight—hurried down, long ere chanticleer had crowed, to a cheerless school-room, where, ranged in class round a miserable stove, we were wont to calculate problems of the "rule of three," ingeniously framed by cunning men to puzzle the youthful generation, with our minds more on the warm pillow we had just quitted, than on our task, with our hands resting on the slate—and oh! the coldness of that slate, meet accompaniment to the figures;—all these combined, I used to regard as the *ne plus ultra* of frigidity; but they were nothing to the waters of the Arve. It needed no Reaumer, or Fahrenheit, to discover that their temperature was but little below freezing point; our limbs were like to have been paralysed, and our blood congealed, had we not yielded to the entreaties to come out, of our elder companion.

Far from doing us an injury, the bath did us a world of good; it not only strengthened and refreshed our limbs, but animated our spirits, and the heavy knapsack seemed four pounds lighter when we again resumed it, and marched cheerily along the road.

When we had been in motion for about an hour, we came in sight of the village of Chède, where we met a barefooted lad, who offered to conduct us to the cascade of the same name. We followed him up a by-road to the left, then up a rugged declivity into a small wood, in the centre of which we came suddenly upon the cascade. By starting so early in the morning, we were fortunate enough to have the sun so far east, as to see its rays reflected on the falls in the form of a rainbow, which considerably heightened the beauty of the scene. In front there was a sloping bank, so soft and verdant, as to invite a few minutes' repose; behind it the wood stretched out, and before us, an enormous rock, over which the mountain stream dashed with deafening roar, forming the beautiful cascade of Chède. It was a spot fit for meditation. In its retired scenes, man's thoughts could roam without fear of interruption, surrounded by nature's grandest works, and attuned to depth and charity by the roar of the sweeping waters. It was a spot peculiar to itself; in position and objects to be met with nowhere else. This gave me the reluctance to quit it; but on we must. Caspar, eager for more stupendous works, starts up and cries, in the attitude of the general in Xenophon,—

"And now for Chamounix!"

The road, as we advanced, increased in beauty, and became more varied in its scenes. It took us a good hour to traverse

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the wood; now halting to admire a glimpse of the Alps, when the position of the trees allowed it; now lingering by some mountain torrent, watching its leaps down the declivity; now standing on the edge of the once lake of Chède, but which a detached portion of the heights above filled up some years ago; and now, shouting in all the strangest whoops imaginable, to raise the echoes, and count the number of their falls. But when we did at length top the hill, and emerge from the wood, what a scene presented itself! Mont Blanc stretched out in its full immensity before us, with all the needles and some of the glaciers glittering in the sunshine. We met here the first traveller; he was seated on a bank of grass, and endeavouring to sketch with his pencil the scene which so utterly beggars description with the pen.

"Happy man!" cried I, inwardly, "to have the gift of preserving on canvass nature's wonders, and refreshing the eye with them in other scenes, when the mind wanders back in recollection."

The road to Servoz was all descent, but so broken by the storms of winter, and so covered with stones, that our shins would have been in peril had we attempted a more rapid pace. The tourists began now to increase; we met none on foot like ourselves, but several in *char-à-bancs*—large carriages would be knocked to pieces in this road. At length, about eleven o'clock, we reached Servoz, and sped forthwith to the nearest hotel, where we breakfasted with all the appetite which a walk of a dozen miles in the early morning is apt to give one. The wine, it is true, was sour, and the coffee was none of the best, being grossly flavoured with *chicorée*; but the eggs, rolls, fresh cream, and honey, from Chamounix, were undeniable. We stretched our limbs for a while after our meal; the Indian conning a missal, with the translation in the Savoyard patois; Caspar paying a visit to the curiosity shop at the entrance of the hotel, whence he returned laden with specimens of quartz, petrified lizards, and real granite from Mont Blanc, with some francs less in his pockets; while I amused myself with the *feuilleton* of the "Courrier des Alpes," and became irresistibly drawn into Dumas' latest production, which was therein pirated from the Paris "Constitutionel."

There were a good many travellers about Servoz; some setting out for an excursion to the Buet; some waiting for return horses to take them on to Chamounix; some, like ourselves, resting in the inn, and recruiting mind and body with the entertainment it offered. Among the latter, I noticed a short, stout man, dressed in loose trowsers, a bright green swallow-tailed coat, and collars *à la* Byron, which gave free space

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for a pair of extensive, bushy whiskers to grow. His countenance, like the rest of his body, betokened little care and good-living, while a ruddy, cheerful glow intimated that he had enjoyed neither in excess, and that he was of opinion that there was yet much good, sound, rational enjoyment to be found along with the evil in this world. He was alone, and had finished breakfast when we entered. He sat at a table on our left, near the window, and scribbled over two or three sheets of paper while we were dispatching the eggs and coffee. He then sealed the letters with a ponderous bunch which hung at his girdle, and calling in the *magd* (it was thus he styled the pretty damsel that served us), he delivered them, with the air of a stage king to his bearer of dispatches, into her hands. He charged her by a *tausend teufel* to see them well taken care of, and put into the post-office, accompanying the oath with a chuck under the girl's chin. But he looked so good and innocent the while, and, like Chaucer's squire, "as modest as a maid," that the girl laughed merrily, which set us all three a-laughing, till the Indian grew black as the hole at Calcutta, and I had well nigh choked over a hard-boiled egg.

"Ha! ha!" roared the Dutchman, joining in our laugh.

"Ho! ho!" echoed the Indian.

"A good joke, by George!" cried Caspar. And we all laughed and made remarks to one another; so that in half an hour, we were as intimate with the Dutchman as if we had known him the whole of our lives, and he had given us the rise of his family till they became the first brewers on the Scheldt, and had informed us how that one of the epistles he had just dispatched was for his dear *engel*, his *frau* Gretchen.

"The good soul will receive it this day week—washing-day; it will cheer her up to learn that I am well and happy, so far away from home; and I have enclosed little letters for the two boys. Ah! by St. Maurice, but they are rare little imps!"

The communicative and lively Hollander then laid his route before us, and explained to us how that, by dint of much coaxing, he had got leave of absence *from his dear Gretchen, for the space of six weeks*. Sweet angel! her indulgence was as wide as her heart.

"You make the tour of Switzerland, then?" inquired I.

"Of part; I shall not go east beyond Martigny; there I intend to strike off north, to Villeneuve and the lake of Geneva; thence by Berne and the Black Forest home."

"And when do you set out?"

"This instant."

"Towards which of the four winds?"

"Towards the south."

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"Then you are bound for Chamounix?"

"I am."

"We are going there too."

"What say you to travel together, gentlemen? Do you like my appearance?" said the Dutchman, standing up: "do you object to my company?"

"On the contrary, we shall esteem it a great compliment, Mynherr von Artavel.——Your name, sir?" continued the Indian, checking himself.

"Van Tasselt. Leave out the title, gentlemen, if you please. Van Tasselt is much shorter, and, like my beer, good enough in itself to require no additional flavouring. They only tack the *Mynherr* to my name when I am seated among the casks and surrounded by my coopers—do you see?"

"Then it is agreed that we have each other's company at least as far as Chamounix?"

"With all my heart. Are you ready, gentlemen?" and the Dutchman strode past the threshold, followed by us, into the street.

We had scarcely traversed the little village of Servoz, and were just passing its last house, when our new companion halted suddenly, gave his hands a nervous twitch, and without a word either of apology or explanation, set to running, as fast as his short legs would carry him, over the ground we had passed; and rushing through the streets like wild fire, we saw him turn into the inn again.

"By George!" cried the Etonian, with a look as petrified as the specimens he had been purchasing.

"The little damsel, the *magd*, as he calls her; he has yet another word to say to her," said the Indian, laughing.

Whatever might have been the cause of this mysterious proceeding on the Dutchman's part, no conjectures of ours were sufficient to fathom it, until we discovered him to emerge from the inn, with as much haste as he had entered, waving an umbrella on high. Here was the explanation; he had forgotten his umbrella.

He seemed anxious to make up for the delay which his neglect had occasioned, and therefore set forward at a smart pace. We all kept beside him.

Leaving to our left a ruined castle, situated on a lofty rock, and commanding a fine sweep of the valley of Servoz, we crossed our old friend the Arve at Pont Pélissier, one of those covered bridges so common in Switzerland, which I shall hereafter have occasion more minutely to mention. The road grew narrower and wilder at every step: it lies close under the foot of the Breven, whose overhanging rocks scowled at us as we passed,

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threatening to crush us by a fall. A little farther on, and the road bent to the right again, crossing the Arve this time by a primitive bridge of stones. Here the river is densely wooded, and almost entirely lost sight of, till we reach the valley of Chamounix. We had it as a companion, however, for we could hear the gurgling of its waters below the wood. We slackened our speed a little before a steep hill, and when we had gained its summit, we threw ourselves on the grass, among the trees, to recover breath. A few wild strawberries, and a purple fruit, well known in the Highlands of Scotland, and here called *ambresailles*, very luscious and pleasant to the taste, rewarded our search. We refreshed ourselves with them, till the Dutchman deemed it proper to give the word:—"*En avant!*"

And now for the promised land; now for the realization of all our hopes. A rapid descent brought us to Chamounix—the valley of vallies, the smiling border of eternal snows.

The first object that welcomed us was our old friend the Arve, which, so near its source, was even blacker and considerably narrower than before: then the Glaciers of Taconnard and Bossons, with a village at their foot, which we mistook for the Priory: and finally, the mighty monarch, whose crown we could not discover, from its immensity of height—indeed, the view we had of him was not nearly so extensive as that from the bridge at Saint Martin, though several leagues nearer in point of distance. It would be difficult to record one's first impressions of the valley of Chamounix, for the multitudinous objects which it displays to the eye, and the extreme novelty of each, confuse the memory to such a degree, that it can only contain a sense of pleasure.

As we approached, the objects developed themselves. Above the Glacier des Bossons rose the Aiguille du Midi, between which and the Mer de Glace there are no glaciers, but a succession of needles, namely, those of Blaitière, Crépon, Charmaux, Lechau, du Moine, shoot up towards the heavens. The loftiest is the Aiguille de Blaitière, but it is a mere dwarf compared with the Aiguille Verte, which towers above the Merde Glace, and which nothing can exceed in beauty, or grandeur. It is surrounded by small needles, which, however, have no distinct name, but are merged into that of the Verte, and its head of granite is higher than the Dome du Gouté, the last resting place of those who attempt the summit of Mont Blanc. It is not covered with snow, as many other needles less lofty are, but is only lined with it between the crags. It is more difficult of ascent than Mont Blanc,—indeed, I believe, that no one has ever gained the summit. Continuing our view, the eye, having passed the Aiguille Verte and the Mer de Glace,—sea of ice,

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from which native appellation Byron probably caught the beautiful and expressive simile which he puts into the mouth of the "First Destiny,"—

> "The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
> Frozen in a moment;"—

rests successively upon the Glacier and Aiguille du Tour and the Col de Balme, which is the chief outlet of the valley at the other end.

We had now a view of the whole valley, and after passing the base of the Glacier de Taconnard, we entered a small village where a man offered to guide us to the Glacier des Bossons, which lies directly above it. We, therefore, unhooked our knapsacks, and gave them to another man, with strict charge that he should carry them safely to Chamounix, and there deposit them at the Hôtel de la Couronne, where he was to bespeak rooms for us.

"And the *parapluie* of monsieur; shall I not carry your umbrella?" said the porter to our new acquaintance.

"No! no! it will be safer with me."

"Does monsieur doubt my integrity?" said the man, with a proud air.

"Far from it; I know that the men of Chamounix are honesty itself. I mean that the umbrella will assist me," explained the Hollander.

"I hope I have not offended, monsieur. I was too hasty. But the *parapluie* will be an encumbrance. Pray let me carry it?"

"No! no!" said the owner, clasping it with a tighter hand, and looking at us with the air of a school-boy, who possesses a cake or plaything, which he defends against the greed of his companions. "No, no! my good man. I want my umbrella."

Relieved of our heavy knapsacks, we followed the guide at a smart pace, up an ascent which brought us to a wood of alders, where we halted to gain breath. Here there was a little cabin inhabited by a crone, who dispensed *lémonade gazeuse* for our refreshment, and who used every blandishment of her mumbling speech, and decrepid limbs, to induce us to purchase "specimens;" but the Etonian was not to be caught. Had the speaker been any other than an old woman,—a fay of the Alps, for instance—he might have yielded, but he declared in strong terms, his aversion of hags, comparing the present one to those in "Gondoline," or her of Vesuvius. The guide now produced a few *alpenstocks*, poles, such as are used in leaping, which support the bearer on the glaciers, and are necessary in all

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Alpine excursions. He presented one to each of us; but the Hollander refused, saying that his umbrella would do. We all represented the danger he might incur, by trusting to an umbrella alone, for support across the glacier, and reminded him that he was a married man, and the father of a family.

"True, true," replied he; "I am a married man, and have a family but ——, Gretchen, I am sure, would recommend the umbrella."

We did not choose to press the matter, so we departed upwards. The path was now lost, and the ascent became very steep and difficult, till we reached a wood of firs, where we halted to admire the view. Slanting upwards before us, were the glacier, and the snowy plains of Mont Blanc; opposite to us was the Brevent; in the valley to our right was the village of Chamounix. When we had traversed the wood of firs, we turned to our left, and, lo! the glacier was beside us.

"Carefully, messieurs, carefully! Allow me to go first, if you please," said the guide to the Etonian, who was hurrying on; "and beware of the clefts. Short and nervous step, for the Alps, messieurs; let your *alpenstocks* first feel the ground before you; keep to the left of that chasm. Take my arm, monsieur," said he, addressing the Dutchman, "don't trust to that umbrella."

The Glacier des Bossons is by no means the most extensive in the valley, the Mer de Glace, or sea of ice, being fifteen miles long, and nearly four broad at the top, but it ranks second in point of beauty. It divides itself in two parts, the lower and upper glacier. The lower is generally styled by the guides, Glacier des Pyramides, from the shape of its needles; the upper is the real Glacier des Bossons. Bossons, a corruption of Buissons, signifies a thicket, and popular tradition has assigned the name to once existing woodlands on its spot. The country people tell you, that the fairies of this happy region, being insulted by some shepherds, informed the queen of Mont Blanc, who punished them, by covering, at a stroke of her wand, the groves and fields with ice. Where are now plains of snow, and pinnacles of ice, there formerly existed, according to these simple peasants,—and I admire them for such souvenirs; there is a poetic fancy about them that well accords with the nature of the surrounding objects,—there formerly existed waving fields of corn, verdant meadows, bounding rivulets and groves of pine. Where the chamois alone is to be seen, there reclined flocks of sheep; where the hunter only ventures, there stood shepherds, some of whom, alas! insulted the beautiful fays. The Glacier des Bossons has been compared by a Genevese poet, to the snout of a whale; the longitudinal pinnacles that furrow it, being the

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fins. Another has likened it to a lovely nymph coming out of a bath and drying herself in the sun, voluptuously stretched on a carpet of turf. But the Etonian, delighted with the exceeding beauty, and novelty of the scene, recited aloud that hymn of the author of "Christabel," which, intended for the description of glaciers in general, came home forcibly to the present one:—

"Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain;
Torrents, methinks, *that heard a mighty voice,*
And stopped at once, amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer. Let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds;
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!"

The truth of these glorious lines struck deep into my heart, as I gazed around me, and felt their force in each object, and Caspar recited them with much feeling, and in a fresh, manly tone. The guide himself appeared to enter into our enthusiasm, and I inwardly vowed he should have an extra franc for his patient appreciation.

But the Dutchman—where was he? Shouts for help smote my ear, as Coleridge's last words were dying in the distance, and turning quickly round, I found them to proceed from the gentleman in question. Full of apprehension, I hurried to the spot; but my fears proved to be groundless, for the Hollander stood safe and sound on the brink of a chasm in the ice. We questioned him on the cause of his shouts, when he pointed with a most woeful countenance to the chasm below. We peered down; nothing was to be seen but blue towers of ice, glittering in the sun-like rainbows.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the guide, "what has happened, sir? Has any one fallen in?"

"Yes—my umbrella, my *regenshirm*, my umbrella!"

"*Dame,*" said the guide slowly; "is that all?"

"All? Guide! we have hired you; you are our servant remember your duty," said the Dutchman, in an angry tone.

The other blushed like crimson, and appeared hurt, which the Dutchman observing was sorry for.

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"Stay! my good fellow; what are you doing?" cried he. The guide had stuck the end of his pole into the ice on the opposite side of the chasm, placed the top against his chest, and laying himself flat on the snow, endeavoured to fish up the umbrella with one of our *alpenstocks*. The Dutchman laid hold of his arm and pulled him back, saying,—

"You will endanger your life!"

"And be wanting in duty!" added the man. "You reminded me of my station just now; I thank you for it, sir—let me now fulfil it," and he stretched fearfully over the crevice, till the pole bent, and uprooted a portion of the ice on the opposite side. We now interfered, and the Dutchman joining us, declared his satisfaction of the guide's devotion, though it could hardly, said he, have been directed to a better end. We at length, after much persuasion, induced the guide to desist.

All the way to Chamounix, we heard him muttering, "Know my duty! know my duty!" and the Dutchman walked beside us in deep thought, and with a mournful brow.

We were so fortunate as to secure beds in the Hotel de la Couronne, though it was very crowded. We were in time, too, for the late or Englishman's *table d'hôte*, and the bustle and confusion that reigned around us offered a strange contrast to the scene we had just quitted. There were several ladies present, who with country appetites, asked the waiter in a gentle tone for "the smallest piece of that chamois-pie—very little of the crust, if you please;" and there was a surly gentleman, who found fault with everything, and had the master of the hotel called in, to explain why he had no red-currant jelly for the chamois?

"Red-currant jelly, sir? we have no such spice in Switzerland."

"Then you should get it from civilized countries—from London; there's a wholesale shop in Piccadilly."

"Pick—a—what, sir? I'll take a note of it, if you will allow me. We have jelly of *ambresailles*, if you will try it."

The *ambresaille* preserve was accordingly brought in, and placed before the gentleman.

"Blue! blue! blue! *caviare*, by Jove," and he pushed it away.

I had got helped to a slice of chamois, when the surly man rose in a great fury, and had the master of the hotel again called in.

"What do you mean by this? Here, you give chamois, and you have no hot plates?"

"Herman, bring the gentleman a hot plate."

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"Psha! I do not mean a *warmed* plate. I can't eat my venison without a spirit-lamp being under the plate."

But neither could they please him in this respect, so he cursed the Savoyards for being so uncivilized as to eat their venison without a spirit-lamp being under the plate.

At another end of the table were two scientific gentlemen, who were short-sighted and wore spectacles, and who were deeply engaged in a discussion as to whether the chamois was antediluvian or not. The windows were all thrown open, and we looked out upon the valley, with Mont Blanc and some of the glaciers before us.

The wine and fare were excellent, though there was neither currant-jelly nor a spirit-lamp. The Indian, who liked made-dishes, was delighted with a chamois ragoût, and declared that it would make an excellent curry. He wondered if the *chamois* was to be found in the Himalaya mountains, for if so, he should introduce it when he returned to Calcutta. The Dutchman had lost his appetite. His thoughts, instead of being on his plate, were evidently in the chasm, and beside his umbrella.

When dinner was ended, most of the guests, among whom were the ladies, and the surly man, who eyed the waiter with such an expression, as to cause the poor German to shrink like a snail's horn on being touched, left the room, while we adjourned to a room above, where coffee and chocolate was served round. We here found the two scientific gentlemen who, it appears, had come to the conclusion, that the chamois *was* antediluvian, but were at variance, as to whether it was the *catoblepas* of which Pliny makes mention. Both, however, were agreed that it was among the order *ruminantia*, because its legs were four, its feet cloven, and its stomach constructed for ruminating. True, Blanville has placed it among the order *cervicapra*, but that was merely for a distinction of genus. Undoubtedly its proper classification is *antilope rupicapra*.

While this interesting discussion was going on, we had seated ourselves in a circle before the open window—each sipping his coffee. The two naturalists might well have classed our friend the Dutchman among the order *ruminantia*, for he was as silent as a check-taker, and puffed away at his *meerschaum* with a solemnity of thought that would have graced a mufti of the Bosphorus.

"Your loss seems to have grieved you?" said I.

Three or four nervous whiffs was the reply.

"And yet it was an old umbrella?"

Clouds of smoke at irregular intervals.

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"It has seen better days?"

"You say true," answered the Dutchman, laying down his *meerschaum*. "It has seen better days."

"Then its loss cannot be so great?"

He turned round and looked me straight in the face.

"Are you really serious?" said he, "are you really serious in saying its loss cannot be so great?"

I reiterated my opinion.

"Ah! true, true; I had forgot, you cannot know," returned he with a sigh.

"There is something more than the intrinsic worth of the umbrella that afflicts you, if I mistake not," said the Indian, kindly.

"There is sir, there is. I regarded that umbrella with the strongest feelings of attachment. But its loss is a just reward for my having been so careless as to leave it behind at Servoz this morning."

We all grew interested; none more so than the two scientific gentlemen, who drew their chairs closer to the window. We related to them how our friend had lost his umbrella.

"Ha! down a chasm—eh?" said one. "Ice first, then granite. It will make a beautiful petrifaction. Imbedded in gneiss with alternating strata of hornblende, quartz, eurite, talcose, and argillaceous slate, and a powerful sun to melt the ice above, the petrifaction will be speedy—say, a beautiful specimen in a thousand years."

The Dutchman groaned, and said:—"You amuse yourselves at my expense, gentlemen. You cannot understand my feelings."

"Not so long as we are ignorant of them," responded the other. "We cannot lament over an umbrella."

"The story would fatigue you."

"Not me, for one," said the other. "My friend here and I have nothing to do; the view from this window is fine; the coffee and cigars are excellent; and the relation of your story, whatever it may be, will heighten our enjoyment."

We all commended the words of the last speaker, as our curiosity was tickled to hear the Dutchman's reasons for his attachment to the umbrella. He therefore, after a little more pressing, a few whiffs at his *meerschaum*, and a sigh or two, related what we shall find in the next chapter.

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'TIS NOT FOR ME.

'Tis not for me to trace the deep,
Or urge my way to foreign shore;
To teach the heathen—bid them weep
For crimes committed o'er and o'er.

'Tis not my province to command
A host of men on battle plain;
To conquer foes by sea or land,
A proud distinction to obtain.

'Tis not in senates to enchain
The listening ear to words of mine;
Nor yet in courtly splendour vain,
I seek applause, or seek to shine.

'Tis not to lead the giddy dance,
Or emulous of nobler praise,
The sons of song I would entrance
With siren voice, or dulcet lays.

'Tis mine submissively to Heaven,
With thee to thread the maze of life;
Thankful, dear Mary, God has given
For my companion—such a wife!

G. W.

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MY WHITE CHARGER:

OR,

THE HORSE THAT COST ME £200; LOST ME £70,000; DROVE ME FROM SOCIETY; EVENTUALLY DEPRIVED ME OF ALL MY FRIENDS; AND FINALLY COMPELLED ME TO QUIT THE SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HORT.

"MISFORTUNES never come singly, as the old saying truly has it," I exclaimed, in no very good temper, to a brother officer, one morning, after parade at Hounslow. "I lost both my watch and cloak at the opera, last night, and now my first charger has got the glanders, so of course he'll go likewise."

"That *is* a bore," replied my compassionating auditor. "But are you *sure* it's the glanders?"

"No mistake about that," answered I; "the veterinary surgeon has so decided. Yet there was small occasion for his corroboration of a fact which one instant's observation could substantiate."

"I am heartily sorry for it," answered my condoling friend, "for if I recollect rightly, you gave a long price for him," and, somewhat fearful that *his* stud might suffer also, my companion immediately departed, to issue strict injunctions for the prevention of any intercourse being carried on between the quadrupeds occupying our different stables.

The loss of the horse was to me most annoying; not so much on account of the pecuniary deprivation, but more by reason of the great difficulty I anticipated—as generally is the case with all similarly situated—in providing myself with an equally docile and showy charger; for, be it known to those not initiated into the service, that a well trained horse is next to invaluable on parade; and, indeed, I have known in infantry regiments instances where a Bucephalus of accredited strength of nerve in standing fire has been handed down—not from generation to generation—but from field officer to field officer, until I question if the brute did not understand fully as much of the complicated

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manœuvres enacted as did the biped who bestrode him for the purpose of directing the movements.

Well; the charger was dead and gone, and another was to be procured forthwith—but from where? Of the four horses remaining in my stables there was not one sufficiently handsome for escort duty or review. It was therefore evident I must look elsewhere for that most necessary adjunct to a cavalry officer's appearance on parade, and accordingly I ordered my cab, and drove immediately to Bartlett's.

At the moment of my entering the yard, a splendid-looking animal was led out for the inspection of a gentleman who had remarked him when walking round the stables; and assuredly, when I beheld the horse, he appeared at the first glance to be the very personification of a charger, and exactly what I wanted. Little did I then anticipate how bitterly I should rue my acquaintance with the brute in after years; but who can foretell his destiny? Better would it have been for me had I ridden at the coming review on a jackass, than have bought that magnificent looking quadruped.

The horse then under criticism was apparently perfect in all his points,—milk-white, without spot or blemish, and in possession of that *sine qua non* in the opinion of all fair equestrians, a long flowing mane and tail.

"On my word, sir, the os is dirt cheap at £200," exclaimed the dealer, while his helper trotted him up the yard; "Sir Lubin Leathers would have given £300 for him, last week."

"Then why didn't you let the baronet have him?" I asked.

"Oh, there's more reasons than one for that, sir," replied the owner, with a significant chuckle. "But trot him up again, Jem," he exclaimed, addressing the groom. "Give him his head," and in accordance with his master's instructions, off went the milk-white steed up the tan-strewed yard, and certainly he was a beautiful creature.

"There's action, gentlemen," cried Bartlett. "See how his head's put on. He's well worth £300 any day. Beautiful," he continued, by way of soliloquy. "Now, sir," he again exclaimed, exalting his voice, "pass your hand down his forelegs," he continued, as the rider pulled up suddenly, bringing the horse well nigh on his haunches. "Clean as a lady's new kid glove; warranted sound in all his paces; five year old; never done a day's hard work; free from vice, spavine, wind-gall; never meet his match—never. The very thing for a charger, sir," added Bartlett, turning to me.

"What's the figure?" I replied.

"The very least I *could* take, sir, is £200; he cost me more than that, upon my honour."

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"Oh, of *course*," I observed. "All your horses somehow or other *do* cost you more than you sell them for. But never mind that. Come in doors and see if we can make a deal."

I was accordingly ushered into the small room off the stables, an apartment well known possibly to many of my readers, and after sundry trials of the quadruped in the yard, and long conversations with the dealer, I wrote a cheque for £200, which he sent to the city, while I, claiming the horse, sent him to the barracks.

Nothing could more fully have answered my expectations than the progress my new purchase made in his military education, and I had every reason at being pleased with my bargain.

The horse was admired by all who beheld him, and if vanity is allowable in beasts, as it is sometimes affirmed to be pardonable among ladies, the white charger might have found excuse in pourtraying a self-satisfied air, as he stepped proudly along Rotten Row, his ears regaled with the unsparing encomiums lavished on his beauty. Numerous were the offers,—I mean of money—made for my handsome companion, but they were all refused, though more than once I was sadly puzzled how to retain the friendship of an extremely pretty woman, and at the same time keep possession of my horse.

When a man fancies a violent predilection for another person's property, which, though in utter disregard of the tenth commandment, is of no unfrequent occurrence, he can put the question, "Are you disposed to part with her?" without intending or conveying offence, and, on receiving a reply in the negative, he may perhaps ask you to give him the refusal, in case you should change your mind; and there the matter rests.

Not so, however, with a lady. If a pretty woman, she thinks herself slighted, should her request be not instantly complied with; but if, on the contrary, the fair petitioner cannot claim the distinction of being pointed out as "the Belle of the Season," nothing will convince her but that the horse is destined for "that odious Lady Arabella," or "that affected Julia Telverly," both of whom she *detests*.

Should you hear one of the gentler portion of creation exclaim, in an ecstasy of surprise and rapture, "*Oh, what a lovely mane and tail!*" take my advice, that is, if you do not wish to make a present of the animal to the fair admirer, and canter off. Unless, indeed, you have the fortune—good or bad, I don't pretend to know which—of having it in your power to say "no," in reply to a boon requested from the lips of a pretty woman. Some men *can* evince that strength of mind; at least, so I am told; but not ranking myself among those favoured few, and considering that in similar cases discretion is the better part of

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valour, I should never dream of standing the bewitching appeals of a lady's supplication, but on the sure forerunner of a coming attack being opened, I should decidedly depart, taking my quadruped with me.

However, my horse and I, or, as my *friends* who wished to purchase the animal worded it, "I and my horse," were the admiration of London during the season, though, in my own opinion, I am somewhat convinced that had it not been for my stable adjunct his master might have readily been passed by unheeded.

Time flew on, as, indeed, when does it not, except in the opinion of lovers separated from each other, and according to the prejudiced views of gentlemen at the treadmill? but as usual, the scythe of the ancient gentleman gradually and surely progressed, and, among other changes which his unsparing hand inflicted, came the alteration in my locality from Hounslow to Canterbury.

That *was* a change, indeed: to leave Hounslow, so contiguous to London; to lose the honour of royal escorts; bid farewell to clubs, parks, and the innumerable gaieties of the metropolis, was indeed appalling to contemplate. And then my charger, my milk-white steed, equal, I'll be bound, to Richard the Third's famed "White Surry," of Shaksperian memory; nay, I should opine, far superior, for though the said "White Surry" was ordered to "be saddled for the field to-morrow," we have no authentic record to show that the identical favourite did carry his master on the morning alluded to, while *mine* indisputably had his share of work, as many a long drill can testify. However that may be, certes, in the days of the Plantagenets, horses must have been extremely scarce, since we have it from the same undoubted authority already quoted, that the third Richard was so passionately fond of equestrian exercise that he was induced, when in Leicestershire, to go as high as offering his "kingdom for a horse." But sportive as the offer undoubtedly must have been considered even in those days, the present and all future generations are doomed to remain in the dark as to whether any spirited gentleman closed with the proposal, though in my own mind, I am strongly inclined to favour the supposition that no bargain *was* definitively arrived at; since, from the same source, we find the husband of Lady Ann informing his friends one evening that he would "stand the hazard of the die," which resolution must of course have had reference either to the French or English game so called. What he threw, the bard of Avon withholds from our knowledge; but his antagonist, anxious to become the seventh Henry, called "seven," and, as he instantly took up a "crown" from a tent

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at Bosworth, where they were playing, it is more than probable that the gentleman just arrived from abroad rose from the table a winner.

But this has nothing to do with *my* horse, so now a truce to digression.

The edict for Canterbury having been issued, it only remained for those commanded to obey, and accordingly in due course of time we marched into that ancient city, as much celebrated in modern days for the excellence of Wright's *cuisine* at the Fountain, as it was in times gone by, through the notoriety afforded at the unenviable expense of Thomas á Becket.

Everybody knows Canterbury, for everybody has passed through it *en route* to Dover; it is not my province therefore to enter on an elaborate description of its cathedral and catch clubs, nor dwell on its hospitalities and amusements.

Canterbury was not a bad place by any means to exist in, but as that city did not furnish the scene of my catastrophe, I will forthwith proceed with my narrative, as in truth I did with my troop, to Deal; whence I was ordered by way of a support to the coast blockade service, though of what use Hussars could be turned to on such a duty, has never been made clearly comprehensible to my limited imagination.

Although, as I said before, everybody has been at Canterbury, I much doubt, if the same assumption can be jumped at regarding Deal; at any rate, as effecting my own knowledge, it was perfectly novel, and previously unvisited either by myself, or my cornet who was with me; the other subaltern being at the time on leave.

No cavalry, nor indeed soldiers of any description, had for some time past been quartered in Deal at the period I write of. The consequence was, we were considered for the time as a novelty, and as it is generally admitted that "novelty is always pleasing," no exception appeared to have been formed in our particular persons; for the kindness and unbounded hospitality bestowed upon us, partook more of the unaccountable enthusiasm with which John Bull is accustomed to hail a successful general returning—from the mob knows not where, and from achieving, the great unwashed, knows not what.

We had not occupied our new quarters beyond a few hours, when the paternities of the neighbouring families called on the two strangers, and after the first introduction, invitations to dinner, pic-nics, and dances fell as fast as snow at Kamtschatka, and extremely pleasant those meetings were. The old "Ramalies" was then stationed off Deal, and many were the jovial festivities, and numerous the balls, enjoyed by the surrounding gentry, at the instance of the hospitable occupants of the fine

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old "man of war." As for driving forty or fifty miles to a ball—that was nothing then; I know not the reason, but certainly every one appeared during that summer, pleasure-seeking mad. Archery meetings, races, sailing matches, excursions on the Downs to Dover, followed each other in startling propinquity; those who parted at evening, after a day of delightful excitement, were confident when uttering the farewell "good night," that ere a few hours should elapse, all would be re-assembled for some fresh project of amusement.

Oh, those *were* jovial times. My brother officer and myself, never having been so much made of in any previous quarter, were in no slight degree delighted at not having others of the regiment to deprive us of even a portion of the good fortune so unexpectedly thrown in our way. Our military duties we contrived to make easy enough, and assuredly no two men could have been better fêted, or more willing to be noticed, than our most worthy selves. But this could not last—like all good things, our prosperity was destined to have a check, and thus it came to pass.

Not far from Walmer, a family had taken a residence, and an extremely pretty spot they had chosen; it was close to the sea, and here, for the better elucidation of my tale, it may as well be noticed, that the beach on that part of the coast is what is termed shelving—that is, it had been so washed up, as to form a succession of banks of shingle, each raising above, and reaching behind the other. At this distance of time, I cannot bring to mind the name by which the edifice was designated, but well can I recall to memory each window, and particular feature in the formation of the building, the grouping of the trees around, the neatly trimmed parterres in the garden, blooming under the green painted balcony, surmounting the door facing the ocean; all placed within a very short distance from the beach.

If I can recollect the locality, with all its inanimate features, so distinctly, it may not appear strange to the reader, that my memory is equally tenacious of an impression received from contemplating a living object, by whose presence the mansion was illumined—and few could have beheld the beautiful countenance of the possessor without being struck with admiration of its loveliness.

I am fully aware, that at this particular point of my narrative, I ought, in accordance with the custom of writers in like cases, to furnish a correct inventory of my enslaver's charms, faithfully pourtraying the colour of her hair, eyes, and skin, the shape of her nose, mouth, head, feet, hands, and waist; concluding with assimilating her teeth to pearls, and her graceful

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figure to the waving boughs of the scented acacia, bending its blossoms to the soft south breeze.

But *I* have no intention of giving any such publicity to those enchantments; perfections which, at whatever value the lady's numerous acquaintances may have rated them, fascinated *me* from the first moment I beheld her. She was beautiful; and I conclude must have been conscious by my countenance, that such was the conclusion I had arrived at on our first meeting, for on my eyes encountering her notice, the fair object of my homage immediately averted her gaze, while a slight blush which increased her beauty suffused her cheek.

The meeting was unpremeditated on my part, for until the moment I beheld her on the beach, I was even ignorant of her existence. At the time of the *rencontre*, I was returning from a party of friends, who purposed riding to Dover; but having ordered a parade that afternoon, I accompanied them but part of the way, and was returning alone, when I encountered a face and figure, such as it never had been my good fortune previously to dwell on, and in all probability never shall again behold.

Who could the lady be? I thought I knew every one in the neighbourhood for miles around, but I had indisputably never cast my eyes on that beautiful countenance previous to that happy hour. I could not call to my recollection, having heard such a person even hinted at as residing in seclusion. I was completely puzzled. The lady was not alone, but accompanied by a tall, handsome woman, from whose likeness to her younger companion, and apparent age, might possibly pass as her mother. The mystery, if mystery there were, I felt convinced could speedily be solved, since, in so limited a circle as the neighbourhood round Deal, it was impossible such a being could exist, without being known to some one; so gently pressing the sides of my milk white charger, I doffed my cap as I passed the ladies, and received from the elder one a gracious, though somewhat distant, acknowledgment of the courtesy.

If I was puzzled at not knowing who the strangers were, most awfully was I disconcerted when the truth was made known; for, on hearing that the junior of the two ladies was a peeress in her own right, and moreover, that her companion was neither more nor less than her lady mother, all chance of bringing my budding, though indistinct, ideas of ulterior happiness into full blossom seemed in a fair way of being nipped in their precocious infancy.

To become acquainted with the family I was resolved. But here again sprang up an apparently overwhelming difficulty;

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the young peeress was not, according to London parlance, *out*, and as her lady mother lived in the strictest privacy, no visible facility offered for forming an acquaintance. But introduced I resolved to be; and accordingly, I commenced a canvass amid my acquaintance, in the hope of being successful through their friendly intercession.

Now was the time to bring my milk-white charger into play. Daily, nay frequently, during the day, did the noble animal practice his most captivating accomplishments adjacent to the house, or at all events in sight of the balcony to which the youthful peeress was accustomed to resort, for the benefit of enjoying the invigorating sea-breeze; but so intent did the rider appear in the management of his horse, that none could surmise that any ulterior object was secreted under the apparent anxiety manifested in the tutelage of the quadruped he bestrode.

So far, all went well, though no great progress was effected; but when day after day the same lessons were practised, without seeming reference to any other object than the horse's training, the lovely cause of so much schooling made her periodical appearance at the accustomed seat as regularly as the white charger and his master arrived for the recommencement of the lesson.

By and bye, the lady mother joined her daughter, and as I never visibly—to them, at least—noticed their attention being drawn towards me, they evidently derived amusement by watching the various positions I endeavoured to tutor the tractable animal to place himself in.

How ardently I daily hoped, while the fair proprietors of the mansion were supporting their delicate forms against the fragile railings of the balcony, that some slight portion of the trellice work might give way, just sufficient to elicit a scream, and thereby give an opportunity for my officious interference, by a speedy proffer of assistance! But no such opportunity occurred; the iron-work remained as immoveably fixed as the statue of Achilles opposite Apsley House, and my horse and myself might have danced on the shingles until we rivalled Fanny Elssler, had not the Fates taken pity on my perseverance and brought about the much wished-for introduction through a far different channel.

A horticultural fête was in progress of realization; for a long time it had been talked of, canvassed, and commented on, but at length it was decided to take place, and the day was finally fixed.

There is an indisputable analogy between women and flowers, which cannot brook contradiction; otherwise, how comes it

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that when poets indite sonnets in praise of some seraphic being, whose favour they are anxious to conciliate, each charm of the fair inspirer is ever typified by some one of the lovely offsprings of Flora, symbolical of all that is delightful and charming? Therefore the conclusion must be arrived at, that a general opinion exists, conveying the idea that where the fairest exotics of the garden are congregated, naught but purity and innocence can approach their proximity; and consequently, children of all ages are permitted to visit horticultural shows, when the announcement of a fête champêtre, or a *dejeuner à la fourchette,* would at once be sufficient to call forth the undisputed prerogative of the elder branches, and enclose the juvenile expectants within their well protected bowers—and that, too, perhaps, at a period of youth when the progress of a few coming months would liberate the blooming girls from those trammels of customary seclusion which fashion enjoins, and then enables them to plunge headlong amid the vortex of dissipation inseparable from a London season.

Erroneous or not as the system may be—so it is; and for my part, I deemed, at the time, the inconsistency to be a marvellously wise arrangement, for it brought to pass the long wished-for introduction between Lady Lilla Emslie and myself.

Once under the same roof with the beautiful stranger, I found it no very difficult matter to obtain the honour of being presented to the lady mother; when after a few courteously-worded common-place remarks, I ventured to join in the playful conversation carried on by the circle surrounding the daughter, and ere an hour had elapsed, I had the supreme delight of occupying for a time the coveted attention of Lady Lilla exclusively to myself.

"What lovely camelias!" exclaimed the fair girl, whom I had then the felicity of escorting; "I should not have imagined so fine a collection could have been found in the neighbourhood."

"They *are* magnificent indeed," I replied, reserving to myself the opinion which I dared not utter, to the effect, that no flower upon earth could equal the loveliness of the one leaning on my arm; "but you need not be surprised at the splendour of those we are now looking at," I continued, "for at Lady Deerburgh's ball, the other evening, the same description of flower, and equally splendid, was worn by many a lady present."

"I heard," answered my companion, "that Lady Deerburgh's was a delightful ball—was it not so? I should so much like to have been there."

"Then why were you not?" I rejoined; "for I should

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imagine no one could consider their party complete without the presence of Lady Lilla Emslie."

"Oh! you are complimentary, Captain Lugard," answered the fair girl; "but I doubt much if the absence or presence of so insignificant a person as myself could have added or detracted from the amusement of those who were invited."

"You cannot mean to say *you* were not asked!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh no!—I don't mean *that*—for Lady Deerburgh kindly sent mamma invitations for herself and me. But I never can persuade her to go out of an evening alone; and as I am not what is technically termed 'out,' I am compelled to remain at home, and consequently, mamma invariably stays with me."

No great deprivation of pleasure to the respected maternal parent, thought I, wishing, at the moment, it was possible to exchange the command of my troop for the charge of the young lady, aye, and without receiving a difference to wit.

"But," I continued, aloud, "though you may not care to honour any evening party with your presence, surely, you do not seclude yourself during the day? and indeed, unless I am very greatly mistaken, I had the honour, some few weeks since, of meeting you when walking on the beach; in fact, I am confident I *cannot* be in error on that point."

"Oh yes," replied Lady Lilla, laughing; "and if *I* am not mistaken, you were riding that beautiful white horse, which you take such pains to train daily."

"How *could* you have been made acquainted with my folly?" I exclaimed, in affected amazement. "I never supposed any one could have witnessed my efforts in teaching the animal some of the tricks one sees so frequently practised at Astley's."

"Indeed you are quite in error there, Captain Lugard," Lady Lilla answered, archly smiling; "mamma and myself have been almost daily amused at the exhibition."

Every day she *might* have said—but the confession that the fair girl *had* watched me was something.

"And indeed," she continued, "mamma and I quite agree that your white horse is the most beautiful creature we ever beheld."

Now, I mentally ejaculated, if my white horse stands my friend, and if through his instrumentality I eventually gain my point, the noble beast shall riot in corn and clover for the rest of his life, and never do a day's work more. And while my lovely companion leaned forward to reply to some remark addressed by her lady mother, confused visions of twelve miles an hour, in a plain, dark green chariot, pelting along the northern road, whirled through my brain with a rapidity not to be equalled

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by the progress of an electric-telegraph despatch; and then the hairy-capped ostler, at the last change of horses at Carlisle, looking as a matter of course for the expected £5 note, with the well understood meaning that "no followers were allowed,"—a consummation not only wished, but speedily arrived at, by the withdrawal of a linch-pin, or the production of a rotten trace.

But as I said before, those good old days have passed, forty years back, and our legislators deemed the affairs of Mars and Neptune sufficient to furnish occupation for their sage deliberations, without intrenching on the prerogative of Venus and Vulcan. But the schoolmaster is abroad, and in his northern progress has not failed to trespass on the rights and privileges of the border, and probably, next session will behold him to whom so many are indebted—for good or for evil—stripped of his long undisputed sway, and returning to his anvil, there to forge fetters, not more durable, and assuredly not so lucrative to himself, as were those which in his palmy days he was wont to entwine, garnished with flowers, which latter peradventure faded ere the victims could fully appreciate the strength of the rivets with which they were encircled.

The horticultural fête passed off; to me, by far the most agreeable party I had participated in during my sojourn in Kent; though, of course, it is not to be supposed I so far lost sight of my own interest, as to devote my whole attention to the lovely being with whom I was so irretrievably enchanted. There were other duties to be attended to, and paramount of all was to gain the good opinion of the titled mother; and partly, I suppose, by the lady being delighted at seeing her daughter happy, when conversing with my humble self—partly by the deferential attentions I took care to demonstrate to her parent, added to some assurance, which, by the way, my enemies are kind enough to designate as impudence, and which they enviously affirm to be my *forte*—I had the supreme felicity, when handing the ladies into their carriage, to receive an invitation to call whenever it might suit my convenience.

The party drove off, leaving me bowing, hat in hand, with a full sense of the gratifying honour conveyed by her ladyship's kindness; and possibly, a somewhat satisfactory smile, at the success of my own diplomacy, passed across my features; and there I might have remained, following the receding vehicle with my earnest gaze, until dark, had not I felt my shoulder touched—a not very pleasant way, by the bye, of awaking a man from an agreeable reverie—by my jovial subaltern, Fred Alwick.

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"Capitally done, old fellow!" exclaimed my lieutenant; "you've headed them all—nothing could have been better—ten to one, you'll distance the field yet. And *I*'ve been working hard all day in your behalf as well, I can assure you, and I'd defy the Siamese twins to stick closer together than I have to your interest, for the last five hours."

"How do you mean?" I replied, somewhat annoyed, but unable to feel angry, when looking at Alwick's good-humoured countenance; "I don't comprehend your meaning in the least."

"Oh, of course not," was the dry and ironical reply, given in a laugh. "But don't let us stand here talking, when so many are observing us; yet this I must tell you, Harry—you are hated by every man present." And my mercurial friend assumed as dolorous an expression as a captive missionary would pourtray, at hearing a New Zealand chieftain ordering his carcass to be served up for a cold luncheon.

"A truce to this folly, Fred," I ejaculated. "What is it you do mean?"

"Well, then," said my tormentor, "are you aware that the lady—I mean the younger lady—to whom you have devoted your whole day, is a peeress in her own right?"

"Well," I answered, "what then?"

"Ah, I thought you knew *that;* but perhaps you do *not* know that when she is of age—twenty-one, mark you; none of the old style of reckoning, *twenty-five*—she will have £70,000 in her own hands, and manors, lordships, or ladyships, or whatever you like to call them, amounting to about as much more per annum, on the decease of certain respectable old persons, who, doubtless, like those accommodating Israelites, will do anything to oblige a friend."

This, to me, was news indeed; but how could it affect my own fortunes? Pshaw! I was not so *very* young in the world as to suppose a peeress in her own right, only seventeen, would be permitted for one instant, by her friends, to dream of a captain of hussars, however much the said captain might value himself as her husband. Unless, indeed, possessed of advantages sufficiently obvious to make a *parti* desirable on her side; and as this did not in the present instance happen *exactly* to be the case, my recently rising aspirations were suddenly nipped in the bud, and they sank as rapidly as the value of railroad scrip in the present day. The following morning I indisputably devoted more than the usual period allotted at the toilette, in adonizing my person; and although Boskohzones hoi Vandoline had not their existence at that by-gone period, roe

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there were numerous others of the cosmetic fraternity with which to make one as unlike to what nature intended as possible.

It would be prolix were I to detail the course of my gradually progressing intimacy with that enchanting girl. The mother invariably received me with kindness; but when she discovered an old acquaintance among some of my enumerated relations, her regard partook more of the affection of a parent towards a son, than urbanity to a mere stranger. Whether Lilla Emslie received me as a brother, I cannot say; but if so, it was decidedly in the light of what certain families term a favourite one. I have often since cogitated touching the object this beautiful girl's preceptress could possibly have been influenced by, in bringing her daughter and myself so constantly, and apparently designedly, together. But it is utterly fruitless, at so distant a date, to venture surmises as to the cause. The effect, however, might readily have been guessed at by any one who for one minute cared to watch us together. For my part, I was irrevocably in love, as the saying is—head over heels—gone past all redemption, deeper and deeper than any shaft ever sunk by adventurer in Mexico, when hunting for gold. Respecting the lady, I can but guess what the state of *her* feelings might have been. True it is, she never avowed her preference, nor indeed, did I ever press the point; but judging from certain little passages in our acquaintance, I flattered myself I had grounds for the pleasing supposition, that her ladyship did not consider herself contaminated by her intercourse with the commoner.

In her delightful society, time flew by on rapid wings. All with me was happiness unalloyed; and how could it be otherwise, when blessed by the seeming preference of her who shone immeasurably superior to any woman I had previously met?

But like the forerunner of a tropical hurricane, the calm appearance of security in which I basked was but the prelude to my annihilation, and when it *did* break on my devoted head, I was indeed undone.

It was a delicious afternoon, when, as usual, being in attendance on the all-engrossing object of my thoughts, visitor after visitor poured in, and the conversation passing from one light topic to another, the never-failing subject of the rare and exquisite beauty of the white charger was brought on the tapis.

"I should marvellously like the possession of such a quadruped," observed a very juvenile gentleman, just gazetted to a cornetcy in some yeomanry corps. "I think I *would* astonish the natives, when we go out for our summer drill."

"I quite agree with you," interrupted Fred Alwick; "there can be little doubt on that head, provided you did not part company, which is more than likely."

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"Part company!" rejoined the other, "oh no, not I! nothing would prevail on me to separate from him."

"Unless at the horse's own request," laughingly replied my lieutenant.

"How do you mean?" observed the other, not perceiving the drift of my friend's allusion to the probability of his knowledge of equitation being somewhat circumscribed; "and then, when returning to one's quarter, to sit on that noble charger at the head of my men, smoking my *écume de mer*; it would indeed look imposing. Aye—soldier-like, would it not?"

"I daresay it would," laughingly replied the other; "and a very appropriate description of pipe to indulge in, when mounted on the snow-white charger."

"Is not the literal translation of *écume de mer* froth of the sea?" inquired my enchantress.

"Undoubtedly," replied Alwick, "and it would appear our aspirant for military effect is ambitious of figuring on Lugard's white horse, with a meerschaum in his mouth, as emblematic of his having risen from the foamy brine on one of Neptune's milk-white steeds."

"What a beautiful idea!" chimed in a not very sagacious young lady of the party. "Does your horse ever swim in the sea, Captain Lugard? Oh, it must be so deliciously delightful to see that adorable charger breasting the waves in all his glory, like Leander crossing the Hellespont. Oh *do*, pray *do* make him swim about."

Whereupon the lady visitors before alluded to all chimed in with the strange request, "Do swim him about, Captain Lugard, now pray do; it will be so pretty, and so extremely pleasant to look at."

"Do *you* wish me to swim the horse, Lady Lilla?" I inquired, turning towards the only person among the party who had not uttered an opinion on the subject, "since if it is *your* desire, the matter is at once settled."

"Why, I must own," replied the beautiful girl, "that, provided there is not any danger likely to affect yourself, or damage to the horse, I cannot deny but that I should very much enjoy the sight."

"Well then," I answered, "if such is *your* desire, I will essay my nautical trip to-morrow, at the same hour as now," and having received the thanks for my acquiescence to their whim from all the ladies present, I took my leave.

What evil planet ruled over my destiny at that moment I know not; but, instead of returning to the barracks, I rode tolerably along the beach, and, on following a slight deviation from the main track, occasioned by a stream rushing down a rocky

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gulley, and pouring its tribute into the ocean, I pulled up my horse, cogitating as to what might produce the best effect in the performance of the morrow's pantomime:—aye, verily it was a pantomime to some, but something beyond even a melo-dramatic performance to myself. At this moment, when a gulf of nearly forty years separates the actual performance of the exhibition from the recollection of the reality, the very blood circulating through my heart feels checked in its progress, and turned icy cold, as I retrace in imagination the effects of my rash promise.

The spot whereon I then stood was, as previously mentioned, hidden from view of the house where my kind friends resided; and, the better to cogitate undisturbed on the most approved method of gaining *éclât* by my forthcoming aquatic expedition, I dismounted from my steed, and seated myself on the green turf.

I do not think that at that period of my career I had ever swam a horse, and certainly not in the sea, and, to the best of my knowledge, the white charger was equally innocent of the pastime. I knew I was an adept in the art myself, individually, and doubtless the animal could keep above water likewise; yet how to manage him when off terra firma puzzled me not a little. Common sense pointed out the inutility of having recourse to the bridle, since a check on the curb must inevitably throw the brute on his back, and consequently engulph me under him; but as knowledge in most cases is only to be obtained by experience, I resolved to have an immediate rehearsal. No one was near; not a living soul could behold me where I then was; and though, as a matter of necessity, I should be compelled to ruin one suit of uniform in the salt water on the morrow, I saw no necessity for infringing on the forbearance of my tailor, by destroying two; and, with this laudable consideration for the man to whom I was so gratefully indebted, I commenced divesting myself of my apparel, when, having unsaddled my horse, and trusting to his docility, I slipped the bridle over his head, and vaulting on his back, with nothing save my forage cap ornamenting my person, I pressed my unarmed heels to his sides, whereupon, sliding down the first ridge of the shelving bank, like the launch of some graceful frigate, gliding into what the newspapers term "its native element," my horse and I were in one instant careering on, and under the waves; but after a few struggles the animal left the surf behind him, and made straight out to sea.

This was considerably more than I calculated on, but, concluding the brute's instinct would soon induce him to return, I made myself as easy as the novel circumstances in which I found myself would permit. But not a bit of it: not the

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slightest appearance of a desire to return actuated the creature. Away went the beast, carrying me with him, sticking like a limpet to his back. The joke was now becoming serious. Did the horse mean to carry me out to sea, where we must both have perished? and even if he determined on a retrograde movement, would he have sufficient strength left to enable him to reach the shore?

In vain I stretched out my arms, striving to guide him by pressing his jaws, but all in vain; onward he swam, paying no more attention to the words by which he was accustomed to be ruled than though he had never heard my voice before. In front was a long, boundless extent of sea: I turned in consternation to my right, and there again beheld nothing but the unfathomable deep. To the left was the distant town of Deal; but, on changing my uncomfortable position, to ascertain how far I had progressed from the land on this to me most unhappy voyage, to my indescribable horror I perceived the tide had drifted us to nearly opposite the mansion I had but some half-hour since quitted. Judge what my horrible sensations must have been, when, holding tight by the mane and tail of the accursed brute, to enable me to vere my body round, the better to ascertain whether any one occupied the balcony, I beheld that fiend in human shape, Fred Alwick, madly gesticulating, and waving his handkerchief with the vehemence of a mainsail in a gale of wind, evidently summoning from far and near all and every one whom he could collect, to witness the unexpected kindness on my part in so readily and with such extreme delicacy catering for their amusement, rather than keep them in suspense, though it were but till the following day. Oh, how I cursed his obtrusive officiousness in my heart at that moment! But what signified *my* feelings as regarded him? in all probability we should never meet again. I was evidently bound for New York, the West or East Indies, China, or the Loo Choo Islands—who could tell? no one on earth or sea, save the infernal horse and the foul fiend that evidently possessed him. Yet of one thing I was morally certain, and that was that wherever the demon I bestrode cared to take me, there I most unquestionably must go: and so we progressed, till, seriously fearing the animal was in right earnest resolved on quitting England for ever, I again looked back, in hopes of discerning some symptom of aid in progress to avert my destruction; and in so doing I was not far removed from meeting the fate of Lot's wife, with this difference only, that whereas the lady in question was converted into salt, I was on the point of being transferred to brine, since, forgetting at the moment the uncaparisoned state of my steed, as well as of myself, I slipped from the brute's back, and, had

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it not been for the tight grip I had on his mane, he might have pursued his voyage alone.

For some seconds we were both under water, but after great exertions, and having a lively idea of immediate suffocation, I contrived to regain my seat.

At first, I felt so utterly confused and helpless, that I could scarcely comprehend the perils of my position, nor appreciate my escape from the dangers I had surmounted; but after shaking the salt water from my head, which nearly blinded me, consciousness of my situation returned, and I found myself sitting with my face to the animal's tail, thereby affording me an uninterrupted view of the coast fast receding from my sight.

What would I not have given for an opportunity of making some sort of signal of distress,—a handkerchief, a bit of linen, anything in the hope of obtaining relief. But I had nothing, literally nothing, save my forage cap with its shining gold band, which the more I waved in the air, the greater delight I afterwards heard was afforded to those on shore, they supposing it to be emblematical of my perfect contentment and confidence in this noval species of exhibition.

From the distance I had reached from the shore, it was not possible that any of the spectators could identify the fact of my non-costume, and as the gold on my forage cap caught the rays of the sun, it never was imagined I was otherwise arranged than *en grande tenue.*

What the brute saw, felt, or thought, I know not, but suddenly, without any apparent reason, he wheeled about, nearly capsizing me a second time, and made straight for the shore.

The predicament I now anticipated exceeded in horror all I had previously undergone, for the vile quadruped, in despite of all my caresses, and most endearing terms, swam on as if with renewed vigour, making for the very spot of beach, close approximating to the abode of my beloved, where he had so often been accustomed to be fed from my hand, as encouragement in the performance of the various tricks I taught him, and of which I was now about to reap the fruits.

Forward we sped; no power of mine could retard his progress; on looking over my shoulder, I perceived the balcony, and indeed most of the adjoining houses crowded with spectators.

Against my will was I carried, even like Mazeppa in all and every respect, saving that the future Hetman of the Cossacks had the hope of revenge to look forward to, while I had nothing to anticipate beyond disgrace and misery.

In desperation, I spread my charger's long tail on the surface of the water, in the vain hope, that it might act on the brute's

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carcass, as a rudder would to a ship; but in vain. Onward we still went, he plunging, snorting, and breasting the waves, while I, miserable wretch, crouched down as far as possible, screening my person in the water.

Shouts rent the air, voices well known to my ear became awfully distinguishable; laughter, shrieks, and screams mingling together, drove me nearly mad. Yet what could I do to escape? Onward we went—at length the wild brute touched the shingle with his forelegs, with a spring he reached the first shelve of the beach—the second, cleared the next—the third, he stood at the gate of that house which of all habitations in the universe, I had rather should have crumbled to atoms at the instant, burying me in its ruins, than I should have been thus irrevocably disgraced. For an instant, and for one instant only, as if satisfied that he had fully retaliated on me, for all the injury imposed on him during his education, the white charger stood by the balcony; but not feeling the accustomed check of the bit, away he again started towards the town, I, holding on like grim death, clasping tight his tail with both hands, and followed by all the yells that throats rendered hoarse by laughing could utter; and thus with an escort of the sharp bark of curs, and the shrill screams of urchins which my mad career attracted, my horse dashed through the town—rushed past the astonished sentry at the barrack gate, making his maddening career towards the stables; nor did he for one second slack his impetuous course, till he lost his footing on the slippery stones by the officers' quarters, where providentially his proceedings were abbreviated, and I and the milk-white steed rolled together in the dirty gutter of the barrack-yard.

"A creditable thing for the regiment, you have brought to pass to-day, Captain Lugard!" exclaimed Fred Alwick, entering my room, where more dead than alive, I was reclining on my couch, cursing in silence the disasters of that dreadful morning. "Not only have you disgraced yourself past all redemption," he continued, "but you have affixed an everlasting, and no very creditable stigma on the corps, which neither time nor explanation can by possibility efface. What," he exclaimed, raising his voice, "what on earth, could have induced you so to commit yourself?"

"It was *not* on earth," I replied testily, "it was at sea."

"Sea or shore," interrupted my monitor, "you've done for yourself *here*, and for me into the bargain; you *must* be mad, raving, downright mad, to have played so abominable and infamous a joke."

"*Infamous!*" I exclaimed, roused to anger as much by the

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epithet, as by the tone of voice, and the manner in which the objectionable word was uttered. "Strong language, sir, and not to be tolerated by me, I assure you; yet, considering appearances are certainly somewhat against me, at least to those unacquainted with the facts, I will first take the trouble to explain how the abominable exploit had its origin, and then possibly you will see the desirability of forthwith retracting your expression."

My friend,—who by the way, was no friend apparently at that moment—merely inclined his head, as though prepared to listen; but before I had an opportunity of commencing the detail of my miseries, my servant entered the apartment, informing me that two gentlemen were waiting below, having requested I would see them without delay."

"What do they want?" I exclaimed, in no very good humour. "Who are they? Do you know them?"

"I rather think, sir," replied my batman, "they are what they call civil officers."

"Civil officers," I responded, connecting the idea of gentlemen of that peculiar province with indistinct notions of sheriff officers and sponging houses; "I am not aware, that I owe a shilling to any one here?"

"Oh no, sir," replied my attendant, "I don't think they are anything of that sort, sir; but I rather imagine they belong to what they call here the "Suppression of Vice Society." "Shall I turn them out, sir?" and my worthy servitor grinned, as the notion of a salubrious ducking under the pump vividly arose to his imagination.

"Oh, members of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," you say—why, what can they want with me? However, show them up," I uttered; and up they came.

A corpulent individual, by no means emblematical of having forsworn the appropriation of the luxuries of good cheer to his own immediate benefit, made his somewhat apparently unwilling appearance, propelled by the aid of the masculine digits of his lean companion, following in his wake; neither of whom gave evidence of anxiety for the interview, however great their wish may have been verbally uttered prior to the meeting taking place.

To abbreviate my story, the two worthies at length made known that they were delegated to call at my quarters, on account of the disgraceful exhibition which, they affirmed, I had thought fit to exhibit in their streets. In vain, I endeavoured to explain; the dignity and respectability of Deal, they said, had been outraged. Common decency had been lost sight of, for the perpetration of—to say the least of it—an ungentlemanlike

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and disgraceful jest. The authorities, they affirmed, were resolved to commence an action against me, forthwith; added to which it was their fixed resolve to report my dreadful conduct to the commander-in-chief; and, having unbosomed themselves of this to me palatable information, my most agreeable, though uninvited visitors took their leave.

This, however, was nothing to my agony, at finding the door of my adorer's mansion closed against me. I essayed again and again to obtain an entrance, but without effect; the original Cerberus could not have been more determined to prevent egress, than was his modern representative.

Bribes and threats, each in their turn were attempted, but though the janitor took the one, and smiled blandly while listening to the other, still was I as far from gaining an audience with my beloved, as though we had never met.

That failing, I essayed to wield my pen; but, to my utter horror and disgust, the epistle I had worded with such care, and bedewed with tears of contrition and repentance for my unavoidable crime, was returned *unopened.*

My former acquaintance shunned me. I was cut by every respectable family in the neighbourhood. My wretch of a subaltern wrote *his* version of the affair to the regiment, which certainly did not tend to *my* benefit. I published the true statement in the provincial papers, but that only made it worse. No one would credit a syllable in my favour; whereas, the most marvellous fabrications uttered to my disparagement, found ready listeners and unquestioned credence.

I was nearly distracted. From the fêted, the favoured, and honoured guest, I was now looked on as something too infamous to be tolerated; I was met with averted eyes, avoided when possibility offered, and in short, I found myself deserted and despised by all.

To make my misery complete, I received a letter from my commanding officer at Canterbury, expressing his regret, at having detached an officer from head quarters, who had proved himself so totally incompetent in upholding the honour and respectability of the distinguished regiment to which I belonged; and after a long and severe lecture on the enormity of my offence, I was informed, that another troop would relieve mine in two days; with a trifling addenda to the same, bearing the pleasing intelligence, that if I could make it convenient to relieve my brother officers of my proximity, by quitting the corps, no objection on the part of the colonel would be started in opposition to such an arrangement.

And who, or what, was the cause of these accumulating miseries? The white horse—the long-tailed, flowing-maned, white

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horse. Would that I could have nailed him to the Dorsetshire hills, like the white horse there, and for years past, existing. Would that he had been, since his appearance upon earth, immoveable as the same coloured animal bestrode by the commandant of Don Juan notoriety. But, wherefore wish? Pshaw! that indeed were worse than folly. So, with a hearty curse by way of a farewell to the brute, I send him to the nearest dealer for sale, while I myself finding matters too uncomfortable to wrestle with, sold out of the service.

Thus were my prospects, not only professional ones, blighted, but in civil life, I found myself avoided, as the man who had done *something*, though no one seemed clearly aware what awful crime had been committed sufficient to exclude him from society.

Years upon years have rolled by, and most miserable was I during a very considerable period; but time at length assuaged my more poignant regrets at the recollection of the past; and I date my recovered spirits from the hour when, sauntering down Regent Street, I beheld my once cherished pet, and afterwards detested enemy,—the milk-white horse—shorn of his flowing mane and tail; labouring along the slippery wooden pavement, in the performance of the pleasant duty of offside wheeler to a bank omnibus, having the luxury of conveying in the carcass of the vehicle about thirty insides, and not more than about three times that number on the roof.

FOREST THOUGHTS.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Above me rise the dark, o'erhanging woods,
Whose pillared vistas, like cathedral aisles,
Sink dimly into distance; nor intrudes
The thought-dispelling sunlight, that beguiles
The mind from deep reflection; as the smiles
Of bright-faced beauty dazzle with their ray
The student heart, and with enchanting wiles
Beckon it from its lore-strewn paths away,
And beam with joy to lead that sober soul astray.

Though all is dim, all is not dark: around,
The soft light struggles through the clust'ring leaves;
And many a wild shape on the mossy ground,
In shadowy tracery it deftly weaves.

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It is a haunt for him who best believes
That silent solitude engenders thought;
A sanctuary, too, for him who grieves
O'er fallen hopes, or happiness long sought,
Which, when possession came, then vanished into nought.

It is a solemn place, that forest shade;
A temple vast, where Reverie sits enshrined,
The silent priestess. Yet no vows are made
Before her altar green; no heads inclined
In worship there; no chants, save when the wind
Sweeps the tall arches of the trees among,
No choral voices swell with tones refined,
Save when some lonely robin's liquid song
In evening's dreamy hour melts in joy along.

There is a music in a wild bird's song,
That wakes to life each pulse where nature dwells,
And makes old blood again bound quick and strong;
Of boyhood's heedless happiness it tells:
Of sun-bright mornings, ere the lily's bells
Had yet from out their dewy slumbers stirred;
Of heart-embalmed home and all its spells;
Not all the orchestral strains that ear hath heard,
Could move the soul to tears, like one free singing bird!

Soft, soft, it steals upon the listening ear,
And memory's spell-bound portals ope once more
To its wild, magic notes: and then the clear
Bright stream of age-remembered youth steals o'er
The soul, like a forgotten dream; wafting a store
Of beauteous thought along with it, that make
Us innocent again. The weed-strewn shore
Of our life's ocean is washed clear; we take
A journey o'er the past with that bright bird that singeth in the brake.

Yet there are those who bid us all believe
That beings such as this will pass away,
And live no more; and who, when we would grieve
For some dumb friend, will, with proud conscience say,—
"It is not good to love such things of clay."
Oh! why not love them? What dark, guilty deed
Stains their pure race, like what each passing day
Brands with disgrace proud man's *immortal* breed?
Away, away, thou stern votary of a selfish creed!

More beautiful is that old love-born faith,
That lights the wild sons of the Indian land,
And bids them, when their chief is low in death,
To lay in his green grave his dog, his brand,
And that proud steed, that loved his master-hand.
And now, when his strong grasp hath felt the spell
That all must feel; when the fierce heart hath spanned
Its hour of rude enjoyment,—he will dwell
In happier lands, with all on earth he loved so well.

Sing on, then, minstrel of the wilderness! sing on;
Thy voice hath not less joy, thy shape less grace,
Because thou'art blotted from the scroll where one
Less innocent than thee, his name may trace
As man immortal. Hast thou, then, no place
Beyond this earth? Is there no hope for thee
Of stormless woods and summer skies, whose face
No dark clouds shadow? Yes, thy warblings free
Are breathing of God, love, and immortality!

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THE PEARL.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

" Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."
Shakspeare's " Passionate Pilgrim."

Lord Melfont, to the Honourable Harry Spendwell.

Broadlands, May 4.

My Dear Spendwell.—I am luxuriating in the country; the weather is most delicious, and all nature in harmony with the amenity of my own innate and thankful tone of feeling. I really wonder how you, or any other rational creature, can endure London at this invigorating season of the year; there being a youth aud buoyancy in the early freshness of spring most exhilarating to me, whereas, the autumn, although perhaps lovelier in its richly-mellowed tints, always depresses my spirits with an inexplicable sadness, reminding me of the universal and inevitable decay of all earthly things.

At this moment, now, only five o'clock a. m., I am enjoying from the open window of my library one of the most exquisite scenes imaginable. The plantations, made by my kind, considerate, and ever to be regretted father, for my advantage, are in the greatest perfection; the tender and vivid green of the larch, contrasting strikingly with the sombre hue of the majestic Scotch fir; whilst the elm and sycamore are laughing into life, their grateful buds expanding to meet every sunbeam that condescends to salute them; the water of the lake also glitters and twinkles beneath the flashing ray, its myriad bright bubbles rising and dancing like so many sportive fays gemmed in their diamond dewdrops, for a festival.

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The birds, too, are perfectly outrageous in their amatory melody, warbling, at the very top of their voices, like so many rivals of the Corps d'opera struggling to out-vie each other. A blackbird has just commenced to his ladie love. the plaintive "vivi-tu," of Ivanoff; whilst a thrush, at a little distance, is imitating Tambourini's charming "Deh veni alla finestra."

But the idea of expatiating to you, thus, on the beauties of nature, is quite preposterous, you, who are at this moment, probably, endeavouring to seek a feverish and disturbed slumber, after the heat and excitement of Almack's, or the more maddening and pernicious frenzy of Crockford's—studiously excluding the chance ray, that literally appears to shine by mistake, in your artificial apartment; and closing your ears to the healthier sounds of those who, compelled to labour, enjoy, at least, whatever fresh air can penetrate the dense region so many are doomed to breathe in. Most truly has Young observed, "a man of pleasure is one who, desirous of being more happy than any man *can* be, is less happy than most men are. One who seeks happiness every where but where it is to be found. One who out-toils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it." When I remember how worn and jaded I have often sought my pillow, I feel, with a sorrowful contrition, the justness of the definition; and so will you ere long, if you do not already.

But, now for something more cheerful. Last evening, I was enjoying a most delectable *tete-à-tete* with Lady Blanche Lorraine, in her unique boudoir, of which, she very flatteringly assures me, I alone have the privilege of the *entrée;* mentally marvelling at the vast accumulation of costly and useless *bijouterie* she had collected around her; moralizing on starving artizans, with sorrowing wives, and sickly children. *Mais n'importe,* the wealthy and high-born must have their luxuries —their necessaries, as they consider them. She looked most enchanting, her demi-toilette becoming her *à merveille.* The apartment was redolent of the fragrance of the rarest exotics, from an adjoining conservatory, admitted by the partially-opened window, whose ample drapery of satin, *couleur-de-rose,* imparted a warm glow on every object; and even, as it were, to my heart; for I became *passioné,* Lady Blanche, all smiles, vivacity and wit, faintly reproving my temerity, and then, when I took the alarm, really fearing to offend, recalling my startled confidence; now, by murmuring a touching air, tremulously accompanied with the harp; then turning over the leaves of a port-folio, filled with matchless drawings; or, repeating in a low whispering voice, and with touching pathos, her own lovely and inimitable verses; seizing my hand with engaging inadvertency, at the most

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striking passages, as if led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and then as instantly dropping it, with an apparently overwhelming confusion.

I was actually bewildered, intoxicated, no woman knowing better the art of fascinating—coquetry having been her sole study from her youth up, and she is complete mistress of it; indeed, too complete, for she sometimes deceives; it appears so like feeling, sentiment, nature; for instance, if she perceives that her lively sallies fatigue, and one becomes distrait and thoughtful, she also suddenly becomes pensive, her gaiety will forsake her, even her cheek lose its colour, her eye its brightness, and she will lean her head on her hand, while a large, clear, soft tear will roll silently down her lovely cheek, and fall unheeded on her bosom. Then, if you question of her melancholy, as I have more than once unwittingly done, she will hesitate, blush, smile and falter out, "alas! how can I help being distressed, when I am but too conscious that I am considered by those whose esteem I most value only as a creature absorbed in selfish gratifications; without sympathy and without heart; one who exists only for her own pleasures; and who would deem the smallest sacrifice of personal ease and enjoyment too much to make, even for her dearest friend,—whereas what would I not do for those I love,—but my feelings are betraying me, I am too ingenuous,—pardon, forget my imprudent confession. Even you, Melfont," she will add, "despise me, as a mere woman of fashion."

Then, when I protest, as I did last night, that she wronged me, that she knew I could entertain no thoughts so injurious to the fairest, the dearest, she will interrupt me, exclaiming, scornfully, "yes, fairest, dearest, I grant, until your wavering eye, and fickle heart, are caught by newer charms."

Not able to endure this unjust reproach, and pitying the anger which awoke it, I took her hand, and exclaimed, with a truthfulness, I could have sworn, came from the deepest depths of my soul,—

> "When the devout religion of mine eye
> Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;"

when, as if to confound me, and make me perjured on the instant, the door suddenly and noiselessly admitted the gliding figure of the young and sylph-like Lady Marguerite, her sister.

I started with an admiring and reverential astonishment at the beautiful vision.

> "Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
> For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night."

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She had just returned from a long walk; her cheeks were flushed; her long silken hair, almost out of curl, and lovelily disarranged, fell over her face and shoulders in gorgeous profusion; her large blue eyes, lighted by the sunshine of an innocent mind, beamed with absolute ecstacy; she was voluble with the delights of her ramble; she smelt of the fresh air, the fresh flowers, the fresh fields; her voice sounded like the singing of birds, and her gleeful laugh like the reverberation of echo, at her sylvan revels.

She had been violet and harebell hunting, and her ungloved hands were brimful of them; which she presented lovelily and lovingly to her sister, protesting she had gathered them all for her, and hoping she would like them; adding, "O Blanche, if you had but been with me, you would have enjoyed it so."

From the moment of her first appearance, I had not uttered a single word, so confounded was I at the sight of her unsophisticated artlessness, I, who could have fearlessly encountered a whole coterie of coquettes. She did not seem to notice my presence, nay, mortifying as the confession is, I really believe she never observed it, for I had retreated to the furthest end of the sofa, on her entrance; or, if she did, she only considered me as one amongst the crowd of her sister's slavish worshippers, and, consequently, not worthy her especial regard; the young and uncontaminated having an intuitive abhorrence and contempt for that perversion of the noblest, the purest feelings of our nature, which stigmatizes the very name of affection, and prostitutes sincerity at the shrine of conventional deception and flattery.

Lady Blanche, with the instinctive jealousy of her sex, detected the impression her sweet, fair sister had made on me; and pettishly desired her to leave the room and take her disagreeable flowers with her, for they were quite overpowering.

"What! violets and harebells, Blanche? I think them the most fragrant."

"I detest them, so go, pray, or I shall faint; nothing affects me more distressingly than their strong perfume."

It was in vain that we struggled, after her departure, to shake off our mutual restraint and embarrassment, and resume the easy flow of conversation, so inopportunely (at least, for one of the party) interrupted.

Lady Blanche played, sang, laughed, and talked a monstrous deal of nonsense; but the spell was broken, the illusion gone; nature had triumphed over art, and I left her, rejoicing that I had not sealed my irrevocable misery by a hasty and unreflected proposal.

I think I see the cynical curl of your supercilious lip at

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this change, after the ardour formerly expressed for the very object whose loss I now contemplate as a subject for serious and heartfelt self-congratulation. I think I hear you exclaim, in that caustic tone, which cuts as sharply as Damascus sabre,—

> "Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
> Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
> Of an old tear, that is not washed off yet."

I deserve your taunts, and will submit to them with all humility; indeed, ought I not to do penance for being allured, even transitorily, by the meretricious affectations of a creature so hacknied as Lady Blanche, one who so truly defined herself as selfish, heartless and insincere?

Oh! when I think of the contrast her peerless sister now affords, when I think that a few seasons in the destroying haunts of fashion may make her the same; I tremble with indefinable anxiety, I sicken at the idea of her purity being sullied by its hot and fetid breathings which, like the transparency of a Venetian mirror, is dimmed by the slightest contact, the faintest respiration.

How, when the dreadful hour comes, when her innocence is unveiled to the gaze of libertinism; when her beauty is exposed, as it were, for sale, when her every feature, her every gesture, becomes a mark for competition, and her retiring coyness is gradually exchanged for the daring audacity awakened by the consciousness of her eagerly contested charms, shall I hover over her; shall I, unperceived, and unsuspected, perform the part of a guardian Ariel, to save her from the Calibans she will encounter!

Would, I could offer her the shelter of this adoring bosom at once, without the fear of rejection; but the bare possibility of refusal terrifies me beyond all expression. I must bridle my rash impatience; I must ingratiate myself gently and imperceptibly into her timid heart; I must win her love, without startling her fear, or dazzling her senses,—I must make myself her friend before I attempt to become her lover.

I must for a long, long time, satisfy myself with her sweet idea; and as a proof how completely I am under its charming dominion I send you a poetic midnight musing, the first I ever essayed, so, in your critique be merciful, but still candid; for, I am fully aware, that I cannot boast with Ovid—

> "Et quod tentabam scribere, versus erat"—

whatever I tried to write, was verse; nor with Pope, who

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"lisped in numbers." Still, I have seen better—modesty forbids my saying worse—but, slow comes the verse that real love inspires, as you may now judge.

Oh, costly gem! might I but string
  Thee to my heart's prized, Marguerite;
Propitious fortune could not bring
  To man, a destiny more sweet.
O pearl of price!—O priceless pearl!
  Could I but call such jewel mine,
All other gifts, enchanting girl,
  Of Antium's goddess, I'd resign.
The pearl, which Gresham's founder drank,
  To show what England could afford;
Or Cleopatra's, in her prank,
  To honour reft Octavia's lord.
The costly one Servilia gave
  To Cæsar, whom she dearly loved;
Though, nought for him, at that time, save
  The deadliest hate, her brother moved,
Or e'en that one of Catifa,
  Which Pliny mentions with amaze,
The marvel of Arabia,
  Meet for its proudest monarch's gaze.
My soul thee ranks beyond all these,
  Thou pearl, comparison above:
A gem, the heartless miser fees:
  To homage beauty, and to love!

I think you will agree with me, when I opine, that I cannot do better than conclude this really unconscionably long epistle with the above very verdant, alias, green, production; which, when commenced, I positively had no intention of so immoderately elongating; but, as Sterne justly observes, "let no man say he will write a duodecimo; matter grows under one's hands," particularly, in the present pardonable case, *mon ami.*

Here I am in a "fix," until Lord Bondeville and his charming daughters return to town; so, if you have any compassion, write by the following post; and as often besides, as you have leisure, ever, dear Spendwell,

Yours Faithfully,

Melfont.

I am not used to call you "my lord," yet.

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CHAPTER II.

"All other passions have their hour of thinking,
And hear the voice of reason. This alone
Breaks at the first suspicion into frenzy,
And sweeps the soul in tempests."
Francis's "Constantine."

Lady Blanche Lorraine, to Miss Janet Macalpin.

Ma chère Janet.—Io sono infelice, far, far more so, than you can imagine; every thing, in fact, conspires against me. It was not enough that papa should choose to have the gout, and be ordered out of town, just at the commencement of the season; and that I was prevented, in consequence, being present at the first "réunion" at Almack's, which is really what I call, avoir du malheur, with a vengeance; but, in addition to that, I have every reason to fear I have lost all chance of securing Lord Melfont, who followed me like a shadow to Edmondthorpe. Not, that I have the slightest penchant for him individually, entre-nous, excepting that which every sensible woman must naturally have for a man with an unincumbered income of twelve thousand per annum; and sufficiently handsome and elegant not to make one ashamed to accept the spending of it.

I have now been presented four years; I have figured in all conceivable and inconceivable costumes at fancy balls; I have dazzled the eyes of the vulgar, and abashed the modest, in every printshop window; I have been bepraised to nauseating in annuals and magazines, and I have had stimulating hints thrown out to the tardy and reluctant, in the fashionable papers, of my *approaching* marriage; and, yet mortifying as the confession is, beautiful as I am universally acknowledged to be, I have never had the remotest shadow of an offer—never could flatter myself, even in the height of my egregious pride and vanity, with having ensnared any one, until I thought Lord Melfont safe in my trammels;—and how I slaved to secure him; how I laboured to captivate! how I toiled to enchant, studying his tastes, affecting his sentiments,—pretending a reciprocity of feeling, agreeing in all his opinions, and sacrificing all to him, even to the caprices of temper, so indomitable in me generally; and all for nothing, worse than nothing; for I really am horrified, lest the wretch supposing me in earnest should actually imagine me attached to him, irrevocably attached, and feel a sort of humilia-

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ting compunction for his desertion. That would provoke me indeed, beyond endurance; for, fancy me an object of pity to him whom I thought to lead submissively in chains for ever!

No doubt, mia cara, you will be astonished that I should apprehend this failure, after the sanguine hopes I expressed in my former letters,—I will, therefore, give you my reason for that fear; then you can judge for yourself how far I ought to consider it likely to be verified. You already know his devotion to me for months past,—how nothing but his absolute declaration was wanting to assure me of my triumph; hé bien! of that I was confident, in fact, it was hovering on his lips only a few hours since, when the sudden entrance of my sister Marguerite put it to flight. Never was a man so eblouié at the sight of a girl before! he was perfectly confounded; she certainly did look most lovely, I must admit, her whole appearance quite au naturel, with her hands filled with wild flowers, and her dress the very beau ideal of rural simplicity. What a strange thing even a high-bred girl is, in the unformed ignorance of country life,—in the unschooled artlessness of her real character! Yet, I have a faint, a very faint impression on my memory of having once been precisely as Marguerite is now; seeking with the avidity of a cowherd's daughter, for violets and primroses, and thinking a run in the woods the acme of human felicity. How disgraceful of parents such as ours, to allow such proceedings,—surely their duty points out a more watchful restraint, a more refined training! Bah, what fashionable parent ever thinks of so obsolete a virtue as duty? it disappeared with our great grandmothers, and their hoops and farthingales!

There are some men who have what I term a morbid admiration for unsophisticated nature, and Lord Melfont is one of them, I am convinced; for never was it so strikingly, so eloquently depicted, as on his animated and glowing countenance, as he followed my sister's every movement as she flitted, rather than walked, arranging her simple flowers about the room; scarcely leaving an impression on the rich Axminster carpet, so light, so whispering were her aerial footfalls.

Had she not been my sister, had I not been jealous of her, I should have participated in his admiration; I could scarcely resist yielding to the influence of her wondrous loveliness, her inimitable grace, her unstudied elegance, and naïveté, as it was; I never observed how beautiful she was before, what exquisite hands she had, nor yet how splendid her complexion was; she must have improved amazingly of late, or my own jealousy embellished her with charms surpassing all I ever beheld. She resembled a bud, which one scarcely notices in its crude unattractive greenness, on the previous eve; but, which,

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in the full meridian of the following day, challenges our spontaneous wonder, when, in glorious bloom, it has expanded to the sunbeam, gratefully reposing on its fragrant and blushing bosom.

I felt, in contemplating her, in all the freshness of the spring of beauty, overwhelmed with the same desponding regret, as that which weighed so mortally on the spirits and energies of Corinne, at the sight of the young and lovely Lucile—"Elle se compara dans sa pensée avec elle, et se trouva tellement inférieure, elle s'exagéra tellement, s'il était possible de se l'exagérer, le charme de cette jeunesse, de cette blancheur, de ces cheveux blonds, de cette innocente image du printemps de la vie, qu'elle se sentit presque humiliée de lutter par le talent, par l'esprit, par les dons acquis, enfin, ou du moins perfectionnés, avec ces grâces prodiguées par la nature elle-même."

You may believe I struggled to hide those feelings, you may believe, I hurried the sorceress out of the room as fast as I possibly could, without absolutely betraying the jealousy, gnawing, like the vulture of Tityus, at my very vitals; mais, hélas, c'était trop tard !—the spell was wrought, the enchantment done, the victim was in the magic circle, from which, like the scorpion girt by fire, was no escape, save by self-immolation.

In vain, after her departure, I endeavoured to re-awaken him from his delirium of delight, his reverie of almost celestial bliss; to recall the power I had exercised over his imagination, I will not say *heart*, so shortly before. I rallied him on his abstraction, but it roused him not; I flew to my harp and warbled plaintively—"Una furtiva lagrima," but, he suffered me to dry it unsympathisingly; "Questo silenzio amico," but he broke it not; at last, I bethought me of his favourite ballad,

> "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
> And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,
> In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
> To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

Oh! would you loved those roses now! he exclaimed, in a voice, which a writer d'école Minerve, would designate of the deepest pathos. So I do, I replied, starting up, and plucking a beautiful moss-rose, from the stand in my window, which I playfully presented to him, repeating emphatically Byron's exquisite and appropriate lines.

> "This rose to calm my brother's cares
> A message from the bulbul bears;
> It says to-night he will prolong
> For Selim's ear his sweetest song.

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> What! not receive my foolish flower?
> Nay, then I am indeed unblest,"

I continued, in a tone of real mortification, as he scarcely deigned to notice the lovely offering; observing bitterly, no, no, Lady Blanche, this is all affectation; you have long, long since lost all taste for aught so natural; to you, the following is far more apt,—

> "Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
> And larks and nightingales are odious things;
> But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight;
> And to be prest to death, transports her quite!"

Oh, a thorn! I suddenly exclaimed, as if in extreme pain, flinging down the rose, with which I had been trifling to conceal my conscious confusion, at the truth of these sarcastic lines. See! how it has hurt me; and I held my hand towards him. You know, sans vanité, I can boast of my hand; I had bitten it furtively, just to give it a pink tinge, to contrast with the pearly whiteness of my arm; do look how red it is! but it made no impression, for, without glancing at the place, or, even dreaming of touching that beautiful hand, he coldly observed, It is nothing, you will soon get over such a trifle; and, wishing me a good evening, he prepared to leave the room, "Fermez la porte doucement," I murmured, languidly flinging myself on the sofa, "for my nerves are sadly shattered, and cannot endure jarring." "I am not surprised at that," he replied, pausing at the door, "you really should get out more into the air; this close apartment is enough to enervate you." Was there ever such a barbarian? without the slightest regard to my complexion, he would have me expose myself to the variability of this horrid climate, which, in one four and twenty hours, embraces the extremities of the poles, for heat and cold!

I should not care so much for his dereliction, if I had not, in the exultation of fancied success, published my conquest, especially to annoy and wound those who aspired to subjugate him too: now I shall be considered by the very creatures I aimed to spite in the pitiful light of une demoiselle délaissée, une demoiselle encore à marier; one of that unfortunate class of beings, I have so frequently sneered at, as the mark for the low, unmoving finger of scorn; and thought there ought to be an asylum erected by Government, for girls after five and twenty to take refuge in, those barren fig-trees which cumber the ground of May Fair.

I must not lose a moment in defeating the malice of my amiable friends, I must not lose a moment in insinuating as deli-

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cately as I dare to spare his feelings, that I have rejected him; he will never be base enough to contradict me.

I cannot describe the pang the idea of really losing him costs me, the latent regret I experience in thinking of it. It can, however, only arise from disappointed vanity; I cannot surely, after all, love him; I cannot so far forget myself, as to be guilty of the foolish sensibility of a vulgar affection;—and yet my heart almost throbs naturally, and yet my eye almost weeps naturally, as I recall the influence I once possessed over him, his various perfections, his manly sentiments, his noble dignity, his firm and truthful conduct, his abhorrence of all that is mean, base or dishonorable, the grace and ease of his very handsome person. Oh, I must indeed remember the insult of being so slighted, so despised, to prevent my regret being too, too bitter. I must return to town, I must plunge into the distracting dissipations of the dear Metropolis, I must make new captives, I must compel him to feel that the charms he rejected are still invincible. What a combat I am preparing, what a battle to fight! I shudder at the idea of defeat, and shudder more at the idea of success!

I have endeavoured to ridicule away my real chagrin, I have endeavoured to cloke under a sportive and artificial badinage my real remorse, my real self-tormenting conviction, that, when he thinks of me calmly, dispassionately, severely, he will congratulate himself on his escape; he will marvel at his blind infatuation, and rejoice at being so timely undeceived; he will feel no compunction for my wounded tenderness, my outraged sensibility, because he imagines I possess neither. But, O Janet, Janet, now, now, that it is too late to avail with him; now, now, that it is too late to convince him; I find, to my sorrow, find, that, despite of the force of habit, the perversion of sentiment, I have still a heart susceptible of true affection, I am still a very woman, a fond, confiding, dependant, devoted woman; one, to be moulded to the will of another, one,—to glory in the humble obedience becoming her sex! none, none save your precious secret self, however, must ever know this; and, in particular, Lord Melfont, for I would rather die, a thousand times die, than forswear my false, delusive, hateful seeming in his eyes, or those of a world, I most throughly abhor, but, which I love to triumph over still.

Write and advise me for the best, Janet; you know the confidence I have in your understanding, the reliance I have in your affection; write, write then, without disguise. Lecture, scold pity, condemn; only do write to your unhappy, but still devoted Blanche,—I will not say Lorraine—I am sick of signing myself by it so long.

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Oh, how changeable, how vacillating is the mind of woman! I begin to think I have taken alarm too soon; I begin to think that, blinded by an unfounded jealousy, I have imputed intentions to him, which he never harboured; I begin to think that, lending his actions the colour of my own distempered imagination, I tinged them with the dark shades of an indifference, really foreign to them, for, indeed, how often does the change in our own feelings cast a sickly hue over every object within their range, causing us to blame or lament in others that which is only produced from our own fickleness, our own restraint, our own coldness of manner!—In fact, Janet, I begin to hope again.

"La tolleranza, il tempo
Forselo vincerà. Vince de'sassi
Il nativo rigor picciola stilla
Collo spesso cader. Rovere annosa
Cede ai colpi frequenti
D'assididua scure."

Sweet Metastasio, be prophetical. Addio. Addio.

CHAPTER III.

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage where every man must play a part."
Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice."

"I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."
Ibid. "Richard the Third."

The Honourable Harry Spendwell to Lord Melfont.

White's Club-House.

My dear Melfont.—For the first time in my life, I will be punctual, if only for the sake of novelty, and reply to your letter immediately, as you requested me. Why! you really appear more than ever enamoured of woods, and groves, and purling streams, and, now you have discovered this new sylvan dryad to worship, I despair of reclaiming you. What a splendid high-priest of Mona you would have made! I think I see you, en

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grande costume, preparing to offer sacrifices to the sacred "vervain," before you venture to cut a sprig for your bouquet d'amour. I can picture you, climbing the old oak tree, armed with your golden knife, a regular couteau-de-chasse, to demolish the venerated "mistletoe," to wreathe your august brow, and that of la Diva of your adoration. Prenez garde, mon cher, that there is no rustic Pollio, lying perdu, to steal the kisses one always associates with that Christmas-gracing, sport-creating plant.

So! you have positively forsaken la belle Blanche? C'est dommage! she is really a superb creature; her walk is worth an empire; I know no woman who enters a room with a greater, a more overpowering consciousness of the prerogatives of birth and beauty; she has a decided allure, a vivacity, a felicitous assurance quite unrivalled. By heaven! with such a woman leaning on his arm, the meanest poltroon would feel his soul elevated, ennobled, dignified!

Then, her piquant repartee, her esprit, her badinage, her charming coquetry,—and you have actually resigned her for a chit, a mammet, a pretty, glittering, unthawed icicle, a thing all innocence and alarm, one, who never declined even the present tense of the verb aimer in her life; one, who if asked to marry, would reply much in the manner of Juliet,—

"It is an honour that I dream not of:"

or, like a city miss, who has been finished at Boulogne, "Il faut que vous vous addressiez à maman, monsieur!"

My dear fellow, how can you seriously contemplate such an undertaking in its crude state, without horror? think of the immense labour of breaking her into anything like the pace of a fashionable woman; think of the wear and tear of cultivating the raw material, to a mind even tant soit peu blasé. If you do persevere in your folie de jeune homme, and make her Lady Melfont before she has had the advantage of a season or two to blow off the smell of new-mown hay now hanging about her, you must positively take her to Paris, to have her put properly on her legs, before trotting her out at St. James's, on a presentation day.

So you wonder how I am able to exist in this "Village," imagining, that I must expire of ennui, that I have nothing to do; au contraire, I am as affairé as a newly elected cabinet minister, or a common councilman of the ward of Farringdon without, not having a moment's leisure.

Think what I have to accomplish in one poor four-and-twenty hours,—breakfast, papers, letters, dressing, the clubs, calls, the

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park, dinner, opera, Almack's, a few routs, Crockfords, un charmant petit souper with Julietta, and then to bed. Does any slave in our West India Colonies work harder, or, any millocrat's half starved victim? Talk of philanthropy, who deserves it so much as a real man of fashion? then, again, you reflect on my want of taste in preferring the squares of the Metropolis, to your groves of Blarney: I plead guilty to the soft impeachment, confessing myself a veritable disciple of the epicurean school of Captain Charles Morris, to say nothing of the more redoubtable uthority of the great Samuel Johnson, who fixed the locality of his own "Happy Valley" in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. Listen to the Anacreon of Carlton House, and be edified!

> "But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
> And for groves, oh! a grove of good chimnies for me.
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!"

In fact, my dear Melfont, London is the only place for a man whose heart has become completely petrified; an unimpressionable calosity. Heart did I say? yes, I once had one, a warm, sincere, hopeful, loving heart, but it was chilled by the cold hand of pride and disappointment. You, who have only known me as the roué, the spendthrift, the "man about town," the vulture preying upon the young and facile of his own sex, and too often on that of the frailer and fonder of the opposite, will marvel to hear that I once loved,—loved with all the intensity of a first pure unworldly passion; and just such a being as you describe Marguerite to be, save for her noble birth, an angel of innocence and beauty; trustful as a child, but devoted as a woman; but she could boast of nothing else, neither fortune nor ancestry, being only the daughter of my tutor, and my father, who was as proud of his pedigree as an Affghan chief, remorselessly tore us asunder, as soon as he discovered our mutual affection, threatening me in the usual manner with the succession of a shilling, if I did not instantly relinquish the mad and degrading infatuation; nor could entreaties, despair, expostulations, menaces, ever induce him to alter that barbarous resolve, so long as he lived. Thus was my fate sealed, thus I became what I am, for could I entail poverty on one so dear? No! my soul shrank from such selfishness, and we parted, parted for ever.

I will not linger on the agony of that tremendous moment, the tears shed, the blessings breathed, the embraces given and permitted then, then, for the first and last time. I will not pause on the tedious and wretched existence which was mine for years after that separation, how I mourned over,—how I regretted the loss of that love. Oh! such a love is not compressed

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from the heart at once, like the envenomed juice of the deadly "Amaryllis disticha;" but is distilled drop by drop, like the precious perfumes which make fragrant the disembowelled monarchs of the east.

Lucy Forrester, too poor to be able to wait for me, married before my father's death secured to me the means of providing for her as she merited. She married in her own station, a young and amiable clergyman; and, no doubt, hearing of me as I am, she congratulates herself on her escape from such a dissipated monster; alas, forgetting that it was her loss, which made me so depraved; so much the better, for that remembrance might have uselessly embittered the happiness I knew she enjoyed, for I watched over her welfare, and promoted that happiness, although she was unconscious of the hand from whence she received it.

I have beheld her once since her marriage, only once did I dare allow myself that felicity; I have heard the music of that voice again; but without her knowledge. I made a pilgrimage to the shrine of my early and only love, a few summers since, and hovered about the premises which contained my idol, with that sickness of the soul which only the wretchedly hopeless experience, when waiting to catch a glimpse of the treasure once within their grasp; but, wrested from it for ever.

She came, at length, with her children, to walk in the shubberies; I was behind a hedge, crouching like a robber.

I heard her talking to her pretty ones, with that expansion of heart, which only a mother indulges in when conversing with her children unrestrainedly. How happy she appeared, how happy they seemed, how did she mingle instruction with amusement, how did she enter into their innocent gambols! Then, they came to seat themselves close to where I was; I overheard all they said; how musical their voices! like a nest of callow nightingales, they reverberated to my heart, and awoke a strange, long-forgotten gladness there, a memory of childhood, a sweet, pensive, prayerful memory; and I wept, but not for despair as formerly, I felt the better, the purer for those tears.

How did they multiply question on question, with that infantile prattling manner, so winning, so endearing, which shows the perfect confidence and affection of their artless bosoms! How did she endeavour to satisfy them all, how inexhaustible her patience, how varied her information, how triumphant her pride at the abilities they displayed! I heard the kisses of reward she bestowed on them, I could not resist the temptation of contemplating such a picture, so, raising myself up as noiselessly as possible, I looked, for an instant, over the hedge; oh, how

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lovely she had grown, how, in the maturity of domestic felicity, had she become embellished!

She held her youngest cherub in her arms, whilst the other was looking up in her face, with the holy earnestness of expression given by "Mantegua" to the infant St. John, in his magnificent picture of "La Madonna della Vittoria."

How did my heart palpitate, as I almost shrieked out, thus might she have blessed and caressed my children; how did I recall poor Byron's anguish of soul, when he first beheld his Mary's child; how did I repeat his pathetic lament, to express my own acute regret—

> "When late I saw thy favourite child,
> I thought my jealous heart would break;
> But when the unconscious infant smiled,
> I kissed it for its mother's sake.
> I kissed it and repressed my sighs
> Its father in its face to see;
> But then it had its mother's eyes,
> And they were all the world to me."

Alas! alas! although I could not actually embrace those precious children, I kissed and blessed them mentally, with a fervour only experienced by such a riven heart as mine; and at such a moment. More than once I was on the eve of making my proximity known to her, moved by a restless desire to discover whether she had entirely forgotten me—whether she was so utterly indifferent now as to bear my presence with the calm, repelling dignity, which became the virtuous wife of another. But I quickly checked this morbid curiosity, as reason pointed out the folly, the absurdity of my wishing to penetrate the mystery of her heart, for of what avail to me, the real state of her feelings? Far preferable to think her indifferent; far preferable to think her too chaste, to dare to regret one whom she was forbidden, both by duty and religion, to love or lament, than to know for a certainty, that a latent sorrow did occasionally cloud the serenity of her mind, a memory of something bright and beautiful, like a child-dream long, long since vanished. For, although that knowledge might have made me dwell more passionately on her contemplation, it would have diminished its reverence, and it was the pride, the glory of my soul to esteem her unsullied in thought, in word, and in deed; as if by once having been beloved by her, I still retained a portion of my original purity, but only, alas, by reflection! for, world-stained, polluted as I was, I felt myself too unworthy, too debased, to venture within the precincts her very breathing had perfumed, had sanctified. Conscience whispering me, that I should but be as Lucifer, enter-

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ing that second Eden, to fill its gentle, beauteous Eve with terror and dismay. And I even, in imagination, beheld the angel Gabriel guarding it from all intrusion.

> "Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
> Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
> No evil thing approach or enter in."

Or, Ithuriel, with his spear, his dreaded spear, ready to pierce the frail disguise of my perhaps too temporary return to virtue.

> "Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
> Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness."

To its own likeness—its former self—oh, would it could be so! oh, would it could, then would she have beheld me as I was when loved by her, and meriting that love. I have never seen her since, but I hear that she is still beautiful, still happy, and that she has named her youngest child "Harry." God bless the boy! he may, by that, remind his mother's prayers of me.

There is one part of that romantic and fondly-cherished adventure, on which I still meditate with indescribable complacency, and self gratulation, which is, that during the whole conversation with her babes, she never once alluded to their father. It might have been purely accidental, no doubt, it was; but if I am superstitious in aught, it is in the intuition of spirits; and it soothes mine to fancy, that although she was not aware of it, an instinctive delicacy caused her to omit the mention of one so obnoxious to my feelings, my jealousy. How different has the style of this letter imperceptibly become, to what I intended at its commencement, but, the heart must relieve itself sometimes of the perilous stuff which weighs upon it, or it would be crushed.

This is the first time I have had courage to broach the subject to you, and it is quite wonderful how insensibly I have been led on to dilate upon it. It must be the sympathy of addressing a man, now subdued, like yourself, by a virtuous attachment, which, restoring me to truth and nature, renders me thus sweetly, thus dearly communicative. Yet, Melfont, with a heart so lacerated, what would the country be to me? reflection would be torture, solitude, death. I am not ignorant of the dissatisfaction attending a town life, its hopeless and endless search after variety, its sickening sameness, and monotony; but it is bustle and excitement, and they are absolutely necessary to me, and half the other men who are seen eagerly pursuing the

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same career of vice and dissipation; for, depend upon it, youthful disappointment is the foundation of aged, cold-hearted villany. I know it from fatal, blasting experience.

Could my father look forth from the gorgeous mausoleum in which his haughty remains were entombed, to awe the vulgar, but to corrupt there, like the meanest pauper's, in his unsculptured grave, and see the thing I am, how would he shudder! how would he tremble at having so impiously abused the paternal authority, as to ruin the soul and body of his son, to gratify that inordinate pride of birth, so condemnable in the sight of heaven! Could he mark my sunken eye, my feverish cheek, grasp my feverish hand, hear my hollow laugh, and dive into the dark recesses of my hollower heart, he would then learn, of a verity, the wretch that very pride hath made of his only child, the heir of his name, the inheritor of his possessions.

Could he know that that name was for ever disgraced, those possessions gone, gone piecemeal, to minister to the vile appetites of an insatiable debauchery; then, then would he indeed taste of the bitterness of death, then, then would he feel that he had exceeded the rights of nature, affection, power.

> "What floods of sorrow,
> What bitterness of spirit, had been spared
> To suffering man, had ruthless passion never
> The light bands of paternal power converted
> To chains of grievous weight!"

But, would he believe, even if his eyes witnessed my excesses, that they were the result of his tyrannic cruelty? no! no! blind to his own faults, even to the grave, he would still flatter himself, that they originated alone from my own innate depravity; and that I was pre-ordained to be the profligate I am, whatever might have been my destiny. But, I refute the fallacious subtlety; with indignation refute it; conscious that I was born with good principles, noble sentiments, exalted honour, that I once recoiled at all that was base, mean and ignoble, that I once was worthy of a mother's blessing, a mother's prayers, a mother's kisses; that she, that chaste mother, could actually praise the cool, fragrant lips of the boy she embraced with such grateful and intense affection, without lying to her own heart, without lying to her God, for they were then as unsullied as the cherubs smiling on her now!

But a truce to this too tardy and tedious moralizing; revenons a nos moutons, or you will positively imagine that I have joined some fanatical sect, and am a candidate for the honour of an extemporaneous pulpit. En revanche, for supposing that the rising sun served me for a chandelle de veille,

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because you were up with larks, milkmaids, and such vulgar ruralities, I will now suppose you at your primitive supper à la Romaine, of a snail and a salad, or like Horace, whom, by the bye, you do not resemble in any thing else, enjoying your mallows and chicory, it now being only six o'clock, P.M. I trust, however, in these degenerate days of la grippe, alias, cholera, you will prudently wash the horrid crudities down with copious draughts of punch à la Romaine, too.

With respect to blending mercy and candour together, as you request, in my critique on your poetic effusion, I can only say, I am no chemist, and do not understand the amalgamation of such antagonistic elements. I should fear an explosion if I even attempted it. It seems to me, that when Monsieur Cupidon inspired you to perpetrate such verses, he played you false; and that he, his mother, and the graces made merry at your expense; mais, il faut tenir au vent; it is a delicate affair to touch upon; the coup-d'essai of an amateur, is seldom a chef d'œuvre, particularly, in celebration of his ladie-love; for then, passion blinding reason, the rashest rhapsody passes for sense and sentiment. I therefore take the liberty of concluding, with a due deference to le petit Dieu d'amour, and his pupil, that the stanzas in question will not be generally classed among those addressed to the "Marguerite des Marguerites," the peerless Madame Marguerite Valois, la Dame de toutes pensées; mais nous verrons the effect they will produce on your pearl of pearls. Remember, that in love with very young girls, the great card is perseverance; they are so monstrous hard to persuade they are worth being worshipped; they do not jump at conclusions like their seniors, their modesty always standing in the way of their innocent vanity; you must, therefore, take Tamerlane's ant as a model of the virtue so necessary for you to practise now.

Wishing you all imaginable success,

I am, my dear Melfont, yours ever faithfully,

HARRY SPENDWELL.

P. S. You, like the rest of my friends, still address me as the "Honourable Harry," and I am glad you do; for, where is the use of a man taking up an empty, profitless title? No, no, let it sleep with my lordly father, in the tomb of all the Capulets, for me; with this reservation, however, that when any one is disposed to leave me a fortune, he must not forget all my titles, names, and so forth, for fear, by their omission, it should devolve to the crown, which, loyal as I am, I should consider a very particular bore! Not that I have the remotest expectancy of such a coup de bonheur.

N. B. Remember, "Its well to be off with the old love

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before you are on with the new." I think I hear la bell Blanche exclaiming, indignantly,—

"Olinto,*
" E la fede degli amanti
Come l'Araba fenice;
Che vi sia, ciascun lo dice;
Dove sia, nessun lo sa."

I am not rich enough to presume to offer consolation; or I should be at her feet, I swear.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE SHINING STONE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! soft was the low silver sound of the rills,
And sweet were the flowers that enamelled the land,
And fresh blew the breezes on Malvern's green hills,
When first, shining stone, thou wert placed in my hand.

I gave thee but passing attention and care,
I was laden with spoils from the fields and the bowers;
My quiet ambition was daily to wear
The simple adornment of wild woodland flowers.

White clustering lilies with tremulous bells,
Hedge-roses, in natural wreaths aptly wrought:
Forget-me-nots, bearing the sweetest of spells
In a name, and meek pansies, the symbol of Thought.

Now Summer's fair blossoms are swept from the earth,
And Autumn's ripe fruitage has dropped from the bough;
The birds cease their concert of music and mirth,
And Malvern is dreary and desolate now.

* Demetrio, a. 2., s. 3. Metastasio.

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I seek for a token to bring to my view
Hills, vallies, and woods, in their former array;
The flowers, the bright flowers, gay and varied in hue,
The flowers that I loved—they have withered away.

But *thou* art unchanged, thou can'st faithfully shine
Through Winter's dim aspect of mists and of gloom;
Thou only art left as a visible sign,
To call back the season of beauty and bloom.

In fancy I gather green moss in the dell,
Or actively toil the steep height to attain;
I hear the clear gush of the pure, holy well,
I breathe the fresh air of the mountain again.

I pass through the gold-blossomed furze, and descend
To Colwall's fair meadows, and green sheltered lanes;
I see the rich fruit-trees in heaviness bend,
The song-birds rejoice me once more by their strains.

Mute talisman, harmed not by frosts or by showers,
Still ready the dear sunny past to recall;
Again I may cull Malvern's exquisite flowers,
But thou to my sight shalt be dearer than all.

Thou teachest, that often the fair things of earth
May perish when life's summer sky is o'ercast;
And none should so truly be prized for their worth,
As those that endure through all change to the last.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER X.*

Few persons could have been worse fitted to cope with the ne troubles so unexpectedly closing around her, than Alice Grey stock. Female influence had no part in the formation of he

* Continued from p. 299, vol. liv.

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character; her father and the Abbe Dupont had been her sole instructors, and whilst the latter delighted in unfolding to his pupil the confused theology and intricate love of the church and the old fathers, Sir Thomas laid before her, as he would have done before a son, his political sentiments, projects and hopes. Almost wholly shut out from female society, having lost her mother at the period of her own birth, and Mrs. Dorothy Greystock having been during many years in a state of second childhood, she had received none of the tender nurture and pious counsel, to which England has been indebted for the formation of the greatest and most perfect characters amongst her sons as well as daughters. The supine and selfish Lady Shirley, whilst shrugging her shoulders at what she thought reprehensible in the bringing up of her niece, never dreamed of troubling herself to counteract the influences she disapproved, and with her naturally gracious disposition, and sweet temper, and earnest sympathies, Alice was left to grow wild, as her aunt said; loving every one about her, but chiefly her father, and cleaving with her whole heart and soul to the cause he had embraced. In the ruin of the one, and the absence of the other, she experienced a loss that nothing was fated to supply. Dependence paralysed her energies, new and scarcely definable feelings tyrannised over her thoughts and actions; and though the native delicacy of her mind had not deteriorated under the masculine education she had received, it remained uncultivated, and undirected, and now, instead of a guiding light, it seemed likely to serve only as a meteor, to bewilder and mislead her. Amidst her many bitter thoughts, was a painful sense of humiliation, as she reflected on all the particulars of her broken dream with regard to Colonel Seymour. She had yielded to the fascination of his converse and deportment to herself, without a thought of the issue, and now, when she was compelled to acknowledge the extent of his influence over her heart, she felt it was even probable that he, with his professed indifference to, and general contempt of women, had only tampered with her child-like trust, in order to prove how lightly he valued it. In the same instant that she had discovered her own weakness, a full conviction had flashed upon her, of the utter improbability of such a man entertaining any one cordial feeling towards herself. In the House of Commons, of which he was a member, he had violently opposed the petition in favour of the rebels; in politics and religion, in other matters too—for he was an aristocrat, and proud of his order—there was a wide gulf between them, which neither, on giving a thought to the matter, could have deemed it possible to pass; and whilst condemning herself, Alice cast little blame upon him who could scarcely have conceived her to be so forget-

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ful or so shortsighted as she had been. Her courage insensibly rose as these reflections passed through her mind; as she felt that if he indeed judged her as she deserved, it was in her power to arrest his judgment. Proud, and possessing much of the chivalrous sense of honour that could brook no stain, anything would have been more endurable to Alice, than the idea of having rendered herself an object of contempt or commiseration; but the very courage which thus bore her up, partly false and partly commendable, as it was the offspring of her faulty education, or the natural impulse of her own true feelings, was unconsciously hurrying her on to the worst evils she laboured to avoid. Under the influence of these excited feelings, Alice passed the long night preceding her interview with Mr. Gostick. The chaos of desperate thoughts that had before assailed her, were gradually moulded into form and method; the consciousness of being still, to a certain extent, free to act, in defiance of the enthralments around her, restored to her somewhat of her old enthusiasm; and when on the following morning Lady Shirley saw that, instead of again seeking to postpone the interview, her niece was impatient for its arrival, her self-gratulation and joy knew no bounds. And it was not as a victim patiently submitting to sacrifice, or powerlessly struggling against it, that Alice presented herself to the gaze of her antique lover. Neither on his part was there any such misgiving as might well have been anticipated in one so disqualified by age and appearance, for the position he aspired to. Mr. Gostick had seen too much of the influence of wealth, had been too much accustomed to trust implicitly to its power for the accomplishment of his ends, to quail before an inexperienced and portionless girl, on account of the natural advantages in lieu of which wealth had stood him in such good stead. It is true that, as the door closed behind him, and he advanced mincingly towards the spot where Alice stood, he quailed for an instant before something that was inexplicable in the proud flash of her steady eyes; but he recovered himself in the same breath, and kissing her hand with all the polished ease of an old courtier, he thanked her for the readiness with which she had yielded him the honour and happiness to which he aspired.

"I have yielded readily, as you say, Mr. Gostick," said Alice, "and as each of us have a motive, it is only right that we should act openly. There are doubtless many that would be proud to be honoured by your choice; I am told it is so, and I believe this to be true. You offer me wealth, and I have nothing to offer in return, that in the eyes of the world would be esteemed an equivalent for wealth:—so far I shall be your debtor. I, like the world, acknowledge the power of wealth; I consent to

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marry your money—not *you*; you must perfectly understand this. You are about to interrupt—have patience, I beg, and hear me to the end. Under whatever disadvantages I may labour in the world's opinion or your own, I do not enter upon this engagement except under certain stipulations:—I hold myself as yet free to choose, and you to reject. My circumstances are known to you; you are aware of my father's misfortunes—of his poverty. For his sake I am ready to become your wife, but I do not consent until you make such provision for him, as shall place him beyond the reach of possible destitution in the future."

"My dear young lady—my dear Mrs. Greystock, you do me honour. I trust you will not think the worse of me, when I say that I had considered all this myself, I mean the provision for your father. Stipulate for any sum you please, and I am sure I shall only feel inclined to go beyond it." This ready compliance irritated Alice, and she struggled to conceal the impression it made. Her feelings were all at war; she was prepared to battle to the death, but not to owe anything to the generosity of the merchant.

"I have yet more to bargain for," she said coldly, "I stipulate that you execute a deed of gift, entitling my father to the sum of ten thousand pounds, to be forwarded to him by my own hand on the day of our marriage, and to be held valid in any event, whether I live or die; and solely in consideration of my consenting to stand before the altar with one old enough to be my father's father;—plainly, that you consent to pay this sum as the price of whatever feeling of mine may be sacrificed in that hour."

"Your terms are strange," said the merchant; "however, say twenty thousand instead of ten, and I agree to them."

"Allow me to abide by what I have myself proposed," replied Alice, "it is enough that you are inclined to act generously."

"Ah, you flatter me! it is you that act generously by consenting to become the light of an old man's home. And do not believe that I am not able to discriminate between the gifts of God and the inventions of men: youth and beauty, flowers and sunshine, are not the results of wealth, though this would often be freely resigned for some of them. We understand each other then, and it remains to be proved that I consider myself your debtor."

A few more heavy days, and Mr. Gostick entered Shirley House as the publicly acknowledged suitor of Alice Greystock. A fresh impetus was given to the flagging interest, and the fortunes of the rebel's daughter were again the theme with hun-

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dreds. A whole bevy of beaus protested that Mr. Gostick had been unwarrantably hasty—had given them no chance; and Colonel Seymour was assailed by a chorus of condolences in all assemblies. Retreating, naturally enough, into his usual scornful indifference, he exhibited no change, no outward sign by which any one could have guessed—what was the fact—that the event had stung him. The admiration he had originally been compelled to yield Alice's beauty, extended on further acquaintance to higher qualities; and he was also compelled to admire, as far as he understood it, the firm but gentle character of one who was allured by no splendour, and turned aside by no flattery in the performance of an evidently distasteful task. Cautious, as most single men of eight and twenty are, and with quite enough of worldliness to check any latent idea that the daughter of the rebel was ever likely to exercise an influence over his destiny, he was yet fated to find, when the news of Alice's singular engagement came upon him so unexpectedly, that he had miscalculated his own powers. We are always most ready to be incensed against those who make us angry with ourselves; and on this account Colonel Seymour's indignation at what he thought evinced so much duplicity and worldliness in Mrs. Greystock, knew no bounds. He had given her credit for qualities she did not possess; he had allowed himself to be enthralled beyond his own belief by those she had assumed;—this was unpardonable; and, not reflecting how little most of us can know of human motives, he returned with added confidence to his old faith; maintaining that the heart—of woman at least—was deceitful above all things. He deserted Shirley House altogether, and shunned every place where Alice was likely to be met; and she knew this, and knew also why all places were now alike void to her. Lady Dinah Rance, too, whose sympathies had been contracted, and prejudices confirmed by a life of single blessedness, was irrevocably offended with Mrs. Greystock, because she had sought her confidence and it had been withheld:—it looked not well in one so young to be so close.

The preparations for the wedding meanwhile went on; they were hurried rather than retarded by Alice herself. Lady Shirley had not miscalculated when she surmised that Mr. Gostick would be generous; the trosseau of the bride was splendid, and as the tide of popular sympathy had suddenly turned in favour of the discarded niece of the merchant, the wedding preparations were commented on severely. Nevertheless, the world, like Lady Shirley, congratulated Alice on the improvement in her looks, seeing only in her flushed cheeks and excited manner, the triumph of one who had secured to

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herself the possession of immense wealth. But Lady Shirley was pretty much in the right, when she asserted that her niece's feelings had been allowed to run wild. Strong in love, so also was Alice strong in resentment, and her scorn and indignation knew no bounds at the open manifestations of feminine malice, that contributed to make her rough way more and more impassable, in the spirit with which she had prepared herself to go on, even to the end. Dreading the violence of her aunt, (who, when thwarted, could launch into invectives as readily as if her own passions had not been altogether well regulated), she had allowed herself to be dragged to all assemblies where the vanity of her aunt or Mr. Gostick, or the curiosity of others, willed that she should appear; and the untrained sensibilities of the country girl were destined to receive many rude shocks from the double entendres, the polished insolence, and the covert ridicule of conventional life. Sir Richard Steele says somewhere, "the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take any notice of;" and Alice was fated to prove the truth of the saying. Amid those brilliant and hollow crowds, there was now no heart to which she could turn as a refuge: even her kind, true friend, the duchess of Bolton, had fled—she was gone into the country, and the young girl stood alone, wrestling with her destiny. More keenly alive than she had hitherto been to everything passing around her; revolted by her own position, and only upheld by the strong purpose within her, she saw, and heard, and understood, the unenviably prominent part, which, in common with her aunt and Mr. Gostick, she was playing for the behoof of those whose entertainment was chiefly drawn from the misfortunes, the follies, or the vices of their fellows. Plain enough under its smooth veil, was the ridicule bestowed on the old merchant; the contempt heaped upon Lady Shirley; the something worse than either, that, directed to herself, almost stung her into madness. Writhing under these feelings, she on one occasion contrived to steal from the crowd, and to stand for a few moments alone on an open balcony that from Whitehall overlooked the Thames. The moon was sailing quietly in the clear sky, and the craft on the river lay motionless. Much has been said of the soothing effects of quiet scenery and the stillness of night, but there are circumstances under which even these have no influence; and Alice heeded them not as she leaned her hot brow over her clasped hands, and so rested for a moment on the cold stone balustrade. Her departure had been observed by the loquacious Mrs. Howard, who considered this a fair opportunity for the indulgence of a little feminine spite. Advancing with two

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others towards the window nearest which Alice stood, she thus addressed her companions:—

"Did you hear what Colonel Seymour said of Mrs. Greystock last night?"

"No," exclaimed the others eagerly, "pray tell us."

"Well," continued Mrs. Howard, "some one was telling him what a brilliant colour Mrs. Greystock had got since her engagement, and he said he was glad to hear she had some grace left—that she was still able to blush."

This piece of gossip was distinctly heard by Alice, who grasped the stone convulsively, as she felt her face grow cold, and her head swim; the next instant, with a flushed brow and flashing eyes, she pushed aside the heavy drapery, and passed forward into the crowd.

Those who had hitherto only observed in Alice Greystock the retiring quietness of one little accustomed to courtly life, were on that evening astonished by the sudden change in her manner. The statue had become animated; the rarely opened lips commanded the silence of many, and hundreds there were delighted by the brilliance of her conversation, or awed by the keen satire of her wit. She had indeed only been playing a part that could so well repay the mockers in their own coin. Lady Shirley was surprized out of her conventional indifference; Mr. Gostick rubbed his hands in very ecstacy at this unexpected revelation; and a fresh impetus was given to individual interest in the rebel's daughter by this developement of powers, that gave promise of rousing the indifferent, and that threatened the malicious with discomfiture. But during her drive home, on that occasion, Alice was more than usually taciturn, and on her arrival there, she impatiently displaced from her arms and bosom the jewels she had worn. "Once again," she said, addressing her aunt, "I consent to wear these baubles, but until that time arrives urge me no more to go out into the world—I must pass the interval in complete retirement. Remember that I have already sacrificed much, and do not seek to combat my resolution, lest I find it impossible even to perform that to which I stand pledged."

"Why, what's the matter now, Alice? what an odd creature you are!" exclaimed her aunt. "I am sure you use me very ill; you have done so all along. How comes it that you never could take the lead in conversation until to-night? I am sure I don't know what might not have been done if you had only begun as you seem resolved to-end. All this irregularity is the fruit of your bad bringing up. It will be the height of folly to shun society at the very moment in which you have made a

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greater impression than ever. Besides, what will Mr. Gostick say?"

"I am not yet Mr. Gostick's slave, and I require from him that he yields to me in this."

"You have foolishly taken offence at something that nobody but yourself would have so noticed," said Lady Shirley. "Ah, you country girls, what a deal you have to learn! Don't you see that half the women are dying with envy, and that they would die outright, if they could not give a little vent to their spleen? Now if you had been properly educated, all this would be delightful to you. Ah, if you could only enjoy your own triumph properly!—if you would only do as I wish you!"

If Alice on the one hand had lost much in being denied the benefit that would have resulted from true womanly training, on the other she was certainly the better for having missed such instruction as could only have been gained from the teachings of Lady Shirley and those of her class. To all the hollowness and frivolity of her sex, to their petty jealousies, and caprices, and heart-burnings, and to the studied impertinences connected with the exhibition of each, she had hitherto been altogether a stranger; and if she did not feel herself to be unequal to the vain conflict with these elements, she at least felt herself above it.

"I can only do what is worthy of myself," she said in reply to Lady Shirley: "in this one resolve I must abide by my own feelings."

There was a quiet determination in her niece's manner that disconcerted Lady Shirley; and reserving what she had further to say to a fitter opportunity, she retired to her own apartment.

CHAPTER XI.

Laithwaye's second interview with Sir Richard Steele convinced him how much better were self-reliance and self-help than any trust in the sympathy or interest of others. He had hoped so far to work upon the feelings of the good-natured statesman, as to get him to use his influence in behalf of Sir Thomas Greystock; and he was disappointed and mortified at learning how much Sir Richard knew of the present circumstances of both him and his daughter, and how little he deemed either of them deserving of compassion or clemency He, in-

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deed, considered that an extraordinary share of good fortune attended them; the one in having so readily escaped to France, the other in so soon finding more than an equivalent for the fortune she had lost.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "is well known as a hot-headed bigot, who would consider it no sin to break faith with heretics. He might dissemble in order to procure present pardon, but he would use restored power against the hand that conferred it. Let him remain where he is, and be thankful for the privilege; if he returns to England he is lost—he can expect no mercy. At present, my advice to yourself is—let the rebels alone, and attend more to your own fortunes. A young man like you should not be idling his time and wasting his energies to no purpose. Now go, and when you have news in the other matter, let me see you again."

Laithwaye's compact with the old woman in favour of Alice, could not interfere with any inquiries he chose to prosecute respecting one in whose fate he himself felt much interest; he only bargained for proceedings in his own way, as, from what he had seen of the woman, he judged pretty rightly that no menaces would force from her a secret she chose to keep. Sir Richard readily acquiesced in the propriety of leaving Laithwaye to manage as he should see best; and that indefatigable personage, in pursuit of other projects, bent his way to Rotherhithe.

This haven for sailors, as its Saxon name signifies, was of considerably less extent at the commencement of the last century than it is in our day. Modern improvement has swept away many of the old buildings, and populated the waste land. The wharves, warehouses, and dockyards were almost as numerous as now; but as a town—it was a market-town in very ancient times—it wore the appearance of being on the decline. The one, long, irregular street was then still more straggling, and had fewer auxiliaries; and antique buildings of wood and plaster lay scattered about in localities that seemed out of the world. One of these latter, a capacious hostelrie, had long flourished on a swampy piece of ground, to the east of the village, stretching away to Deptford. The house itself, notwithstanding its picturesque appearance, was suggestive of nothing beyond the humble pretensions it now set forth. It might have been a place of public entertainment from time immemorial, and probably it had been. The small, deep-set windows of the lower story were on a level with the ground, and the door was approached by a descent of three steps, sheltered by the projecting first floor, along which ran a heavy-looking wooden gallery. The enclosure around was rich in

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reminiscences of the wharves and dock-yards; coils of old rope, broken mast-heads, staves of worn-out casks, and dilapidated figures, that had once piloted the way over the great deeps, lay scattered about; and on a clumsy sign, swinging heavily in a frame, was inscribed "The Jolly Sailors." Before reaching this place of his destination, Laithwaye's progress was delayed by many a cordial greeting on the Surrey side of the water. Veteran tars, in greasy jackets and glazed hats, brought up suddenly before, or hailed him from a distance. Younger men, boys, and sometimes women, recognized him alternately, with a heartiness of welcome that proclaimed him to be a general favourite. For each and all he had a kind word, or a quaint piece of wit, the point of which was not perceptible to two or three, until he had passed to some distance, when they sent after him loud shouts of laughter, intermixed with the assertion that they would be even with him. Laithwaye's very comely face was radiant with his habitual good humour; for notwithstanding the multiplicity of his engagements, and the pre-occupation of his thoughts, he did not look upon all this as an interruption, having a method of his own which prevented his ever being in a hurry. "Fair and softly," he would say to himself, under an extraordinary press of circumstances; "fair and softly; all in good time." And in good time, Laithwaye contrived to do most things, never allowing one matter to retard the progress of another, by neglecting it at the proper moment—a plan which materially tended to preserve, if it did not spring out of, his great equanimity of temper. Entering at length the low door of the inn, Laithwaye called out at the top of his voice, "Ho! jolly sailors, ahoy!'

"What mischief brings you here?" asked the landlord, a taciturn, but good-natured personage, as broad as long, who appeared at the door of the common room, with a pipe in his mouth.

"None in particular," answered Laithwaye, following the host into the room, where he found half-a-dozen sailors and others; "where's the old admiral?"

"Don't know," said the landlord, with a short, apoplectic hiccup.

"Has he been here to-day?"

"No."

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed one of the sailors; "it's just this here, about that old admiral of ourn: he hasn't been hisself never since he was laid up with the fever at Deptford. He's just been far enough on his road to the other world to addle his head, and he'll do no more good in this here, it's my belief."

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"All humbug," said the landlord, with an impatient twist of his pipe.

"It's easy to talk," retorted the sailor, "but these here are facts. There wasn't a jollier old fellow in the skipper service afore this happened; and now look at him; he spends most of his time ashore, like a landlubber, or cruises about where he's no business; and he cares no more for his grog than I do for new milk. That's what I call a change."

"You may stop there," said the host; "yonder he comes."

"True to his word, yet, you see," remarked Laithwaye; "he promised to meet me, and here he is."

The sailor only shook his head, in signification that all was not right.

Lancelot Errington, the Newcastle skipper, or the old admiral, as he was familiarly called amongst the craft, was a square-built, weather-beaten man of about sixty. Evidences of recent illness lingered about him, his tanned face wore an unwholesome, mottled appearance, the skin hung loosely about his neck, and his clothes were unquestionably much too large for him.

"Well, shipmates, what cheer?" he asked, glancing around, and seating himself on a settle.

"All right," answered the host, puffing more vehemently, as he gazed on the new comer.

"Why, that's well. Laithwaye, my boy," slapping the latter on his back, as he spoke, "you're a Briton. Here, Susan, bring me a can of grog."

The landlord winked at the company.

"Here's wishing us all luck," said the skipper, tossing off a portion of his grog. When this sentiment had been responded to, and a little more conversation had passed, Lancelot Errington arose from his seat.

"Pleasure is pleasure, and business is business," he remarked. "I came on purpose to talk over affairs with this here young friend of mine," pointing to Laithwaye, "and present time won't serve for all purposes at once. Jack, you'll stop where you are till further orders." The concluding portion of this speech was addressed to the sailor who had spoken previous to the entrance of the skipper.

"He'll do yet for the world at 'The Jolly Sailors,'" said the landlord, as Errington and Laithwaye left the room.

Calling for pipes and another can of grog, the skipper led the way to an upper room, opening upon the gallery before mentioned. Having seen to the fastening of the door, he seated himself opposite Laithwaye, whom he requested to proceed to business.

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"In the first place," said the latter, "will you be ready for the eighth?"

"Aye, aye."

"Because the caged birds yonder take to flight on that day, and the marriage is settled for the tenth."

"And this is the second," said the skipper, deliberately laying down his pipe, and passing his fingers through his grizzled, curly hair. "Laithwaye, my boy, I've conducted many a hazardous enterprise myself, and never failed, except through the rascally backwardness of others; and I do most religiously believe that your skill and courage, backed by my experience, may accomplish anything."

"Anything," said Laithwaye.

"And I feel as sure of these birds of yours as if they were already in my hand, instead of being, as they are, still in the bush."

"That's right."

"This here being the case, we'll just leave that matter, and turn to another. I don't feel quite so certain about this Mister—what's his name?"

"Gostick."

"Well, I don't feel so certain about him, because success mainly depends upon his own movements."

"No fear on his account," answered Laithwaye; "only you be ready, and leave him to me—all will be right."

"Very well, my boy, and once in my clutches, he shall bide his time to get out of them, I promise you. I'll keep him safe to the other side of eternity, if need be, or my name's not Lancelot Errington."

"I would not trust him to less safe custody for half the globe," replied Laithwaye.

"Aye, here's the comfort of knowing one another," said the skipper. "It saves time, and prevents the ship getting becalmed, when we can always command a breeze from some certain quarter. I never knew you to fail me yet, my boy, and don't think I ever shall."

"You are a good soul, admiral, and have stuck by me through thick and thin, and I am ashamed to hear you talk as if all the obligation hadn't been on my side."

"No more it arn't," said the skipper, sturdily. "It's been a great thing for a lone man like me to have something to look up to, and depend upon, and care about; and talking of this here reminds me of the time when I was laid up with the sickness at Deptford." Pausing at this point, the honest skipper fidgetted in his chair, and the practised eye of his young friend saw that he was unusually moved by something to which he could not well give expression.

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"I could hardly forgive you for not sending me word," said Laithwaye; "for though I was in France at the time, I should have come over to you at once."

"Don't doubt it, my boy. But you see it's this here: I had put up at the house of Christie Fraser, the shipwright, and for a whole week after I was taken ill, I was quite lost. I noticed nothing about me except a face I saw now and then, so like an angel's, that I thought I was in heaven. When I began to get well, I knew I must have given a sight of trouble, especially to the owner of the beautiful face, that I found to be a young woman—a gentle, tender-hearted creature—and I said as much; but she stopped my parlaver, and brought the tears into my eyes, by telling me how glad she was to see me well again. Sickness softens a man's heart mightily, and I often thought, as she waited on me like a daughter, what a pleasure it would have been to have had one of my own. And amongst other matters, I began to consider that it was likely enough you would be taking to yourself a wife some of these days, and that although you had never opened your mind to me, you might have one in your eye already."

"My eye is free from any such encumbrance, I assure you," said Laithwaye, laughing heartily.

"Well, that's right; you've plenty of time afore you. What I was going to say is this: that there young woman, with her beauty, and her sweet temper, and her handiness about a house, would be a treasure to any man; and if—if——"

"If there's no objection on my part, I suppose, you would recommend her to *me*," observed Laithwaye, again laughing.

"That's just it, my boy, and I'm glad I've got it out."

"Why, you see," continued Laithwaye, "marriage is a very serious affair, that I haven't yet had time to think about. I've always had my hands pretty full of business for some one or another, if not for myself."

"That's just it," said the skipper; "you forget yourself, in your care for other people, and it's only right that some one should think of you. Now, without your being troubled at all in this matter, I could pretty near manage it for you myself."

"Well, but stop, admiral," cried Laithwaye, getting somewhat alarmed: "a wife for me, just now, is quite out of the question. In the first place, I have something to do to keep myself."

"Don't let that there be a hinderance: I've been saving for the last twenty years, in spite of myself—for I never tried to do it—and don't you know that, what I have is at your service, or do you think I'm going to turn out a humbug after all?"

"You're a generous soul, admiral," said Laithwaye, much

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moved, "but I must not allow you to spoil me at this rate: I am young and strong, and ought to work out my fortunes myself."

"Do you mean to cut yourself clean away from me?" asked the skipper, flourishing his pipe.

"No; *I* should be the greatest loser by that. But this young woman, may she not be already disposed of in another way?"

"Not at all; I made sure of that. I learned a bit of her story from Christie and his wife. They said she came to them in an odd manner one cold, dark night, last winter, when they lived somewhere in the Borough, and just before they went to Deptford. She was ill at the time, but Christie's wife knew her when she was a child, and they took her in; and ever since then, they say she's been the thankfullest, and humblest, and most industrious creature the sun ever shone on. She's no burden on them, not she; she earns her own living, and more than that, at some sort of needlework, that they say pays well. She's no sweetheart, I know; for I joked her about it; and Christie's wife beckoned me aside, and told me not to do that again, for the girl was not one to think of such matters, and she'd been well brought up, and would not like it."

"Stop a bit!" cried Laithwaye; "what is the woman's christian name—I mean Christie's wife?"

"Sarah is her name."

"Then as sure as you're alive, I know both of them! Ah," continued Laithwaye, with a deep respiration, "how oddly things come about! Hasn't this girl bright, sunny, curling hair; eyes of a deeper blue than any sky that ever shone above us; lips as red as a cherry; and—and, in short, is not she quite an angel to look at, as you said just now?"

"That's it, my boy," said the skipper, striking the table heavily with his hand.

"Then I *do* know her," continued Laithwaye, "that is, I did know her some years ago; and I'm better pleased at discovering her just now, than I can tell you."

"That's your sort!" exclaimed the skipper; "the deuce is in it, if I can't strike the right nail on the head sometimes. Why I said from the first—from the first I saw of her—that's the very wife for Laithwaye Oates! And so you've known one another all along? Just sing out for another can of grog, will you." Having obeyed this order, Laithwaye resumed. "When I first saw her, admiral, she was a child; and I've only seen her two or three times since then, and that not of late years. You are returning to Deptford, and of course will see her to-day?"

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"Why, not in course—she ar'nt often to be seen; she has a room of her own, and don't leave it, except on particular occasions. But I shall make a point of seeing her, that I may give your love to her."

"Now, admiral, that's just what I want you not to do. I have especial reasons for wishing that you should not hint a word to her about myself. Another time, I will explain all to you; and you must promise me to be silent and circumspect just now."

"Why, what's come over you, to work in such a roundabout way as this?" asked the admiral. "However, I promise, as you've set your mind on it. But only to think, that you two should be acquainted already! well, I'd a sort of a—what d'ye call 'em—that this here would come to something."

Alarmed by the absorbing interest which the skipper manifested on this subject, Laithwaye earnestly returned to the matters respecting which they had met: and after some further conversation they separated, Laithwaye returning to London, and Lancelot Errington to Deptford.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"O death in life! the days that are no more."—*Tennyson's Princess.*

Do you remember the time, when we two wandered
Through the old woods? as evening's balmy air bedewed
The darkened glades; on antique things we pondered,
The ruined fane—the sunken cross—with flowers bestrewed.

We were together—and we only thought of sorrow,
As passing clouds upon a distant pathway glance—
The present sunshine joy imparting—for the morrow
Promised a sweet return of the illusive trance.

Now seek those mellow autumn shades again—no more
Shall poesy design, or fancy freely trace,
Fond records of a hallowed past—the dream is o'er,
And desolation reigns supreme within the place.

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Dark shadows gather round—yet thou art not alone—
In dreams, I seek with thee those haunted woods again;
Trace each green pathway—rest beside the mossy stone—
Our mournful hearts meet offering on ruined fane.

C. A. M. W.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

BY WALTER R. CASTELLI.

As those delightful little creatures, the bees, about whom we never tire hearing or talking, often dive after honey down the most unpromising looking flowers, and as often come up again, shaking their wings, and humming away as merrily as ever, so we make it a rule to gather just as much sweetness from the things of this life as we possibly can. We no more care for pricking our fingers as we pluck roses, than the thrush does for the shower of dew it shakes on itself as it alights in the hazel bush in the morning, after its early forage; and we would cull a violet from amongst nettles with Spartan stoicism as to stings, feeling certain of finding a dock leaf on the same bank, wherewith to cure them, it being a theory firmly established in our minds, since our very first strawberry hunt, that docks grow there expressly for such medical purposes. Now, although we know that the good matter-of-fact people of this work-a-day world hold in supreme contempt those whom they call "flighty people," we ourselves "confess the *soft* impeachment," and admit that we are addicted to "flights of fancy." True, there are some who have the title who really are excessively absurd, and whom we pity, deeming them, however, but *good* vessels who have lost their pilot, and therefore, blowing about at the mercy of wind and wave, often commit strange vagaries. But, when the sails are well trimmed, and the rudder kept taut, we think the habit a very pleasant, and, to say the least, a very harmless one.

How very many of the pleasures of existence would be lost, were we to discard imagination, and rest only on the dull materialism of the world,—if we saw things but as they are, without investing them with the sunny mantle that conceals what is unsightly, and robs sorrow of so much of its bitterness. Besides, half the misery of life is the work of imagination, which conjures up a dreary train of terrors for the future, who seize

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on hope, and nearly crush the little life out of her; and we therefore think it is but fair that we should strike a balance, and get as much pleasure from fancy as we possibly can.

All nature bids us do so. There is summer—why, if you hie out into the meadows, and stretch yourself upon the new-mown grass, smelling so sweet and delicious, and look from under your shading hands on the clear blue sky, with the tiniest and most golden of clouds, perhaps, creeping across it, you must fall into a pleasant dream at once, maybe of other worlds, where all that is good and beautiful in this is transported, and all that is dark and polluted dies; and if you are by rustling woods, why then you have dryads peeping from the neighbouring thickets; Pan, with his noisy troop, pelting each other with acorn cups, and making the quiet glade ring with their revelry. And, if fortunate, you may have the sandaled Dian stooping to some fountain, to lave her snowy brow, lingering a moment, Narcissus-like, to gaze on her own loveliness, and drink in the flattery of the tide, for springs can pay compliments to beauty as gracefully as the best mirror in the land. A stream will lead you away with it, charming you like some siren with its own sweet singing, telling you tales of the lilies and harebells as it flows, showing you the long-bearded grasses, and the clear smooth pebbles, for each of which it has a whisper: now fretting like a little coquette, now laughing silverly, and always delightful. If you walk out in the twilight, the dew brings the fairies to you, and you are lost. How can you escape from the bright little ones that gambol around you, printing their rings on the sward, banquetting on the honey-dew, with the brightest of glow-worms to lume them? How can you turn away from the fair Titania, and her bevy of little maids of honour, clad in court dresses of "the moonlight's watery film," with sparkling dew-gems in their bosoms, and the sentimental amongst them, perhaps, with wreaths of the forget-me-not about their golden tresses, passing the night "with dances and delights," and the nightingale for their minstrel, too—the nightingale—oh! we must bite our lips firmly, and pass him without another word, else are we undone to a certainty.

If you look at the moon—well! you may laugh, but it is a charming object, and we do look at it very often—if you look at the moon, you will immediately have a maze of fancies buzzing about you, and making you feel so happy, though it is of that pure, and calm, and peaceful kind which is "akin to sadness," and which would feel jarred even with the silvery laugh you gave a while ago, gentle one.

Then, again, there is an example given us in the lark, the most fanciful of birds, which is even—

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"Like a poet, hidden
In the light of thought."

See it rising from the earth, and pouring forth its pauseless song, thrilling over with delight till every plume seems to shower melody; and, as it soars and soars, the strain grows stronger, and the minstrel is lost in the glories of the sky, whilst yet his joyous notes float to us, clear and beautiful as ever; he only sings in the heavens, and, as he sinks slowly to earth again, his song waxes fainter and fainter, and dies, as the first blade of grass rustles on his pinions.

Your fanciful man, though he may be poor as a church mouse in the estimation of the world, is yet in reality a man of property. His garret becomes a palace, his crust, a Barmecide's feast; his water is always Adam's wine, and his straw, a bed of down. He has his servants, who obey his every nod; his couriers, who fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, with the speed of the mischievous Puck, putting "a girdle round the earth in thirty minutes"—they could do it in one third the time, if they didn't loiter by the way to gossip, or pry into the secrets of nature and art. And, too, he has his "*Chateau en Espagne*," so that he has no lack of country residences. He spends his holidays in the fashion of the good old times; has his *merry* Christmas—indeed, he is the only one who has, now-a-days; his baron's hall, with the immense fire-place and blazing wood, and the walls hung round with his ancestors to the twentieth generation, in all the gradations of steel, ruffs, hoops, and hair-powder, with no end to brocade dresses; and his long tapestry, not a bit moth-eaten, though we do labour under the delusion that tapestry ought always to be. Then, what a table! with such a set of sturdy retainers, doing their best to bring "the roast beef of old England" to its present dignified appreciation and celebrity. He has his processions, his boar's head, wassail bowl, and yule log, and all the rest of it, not forgetting the carols, those quaint, though pious, effusions. Then he has his spiced ale, which the jester, in his cap and bells, and the jolly father confessor, quaff with unbounded relish, hobnobbing together most cordially, as men and brethren should. And afterwards the misletoe bough is hoisted, to the extreme terror and rosiness of pretty maidens, who are there and then summarily kissed. And then come the country dances, dignified minuets, and never-expected-to-be-ended Sir Roger de Coverlys, to the intense delight of the aforesaid pretty damsels, who trip through their *vis-à-vis* and *dos-à-dos* new-fangled words, those), and thread-the-needle, at first with a charming demureness, that won't let delight come to the top, but which very soon bubbles up victoriously, like a bumper of champagne.

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And then he is up at sunrise, to tap at his mistress' casement on Valentine's Day, and on May morning hies out for his May-flower, which he plucks, ere the sun has kissed the dew from its leaves, and he has his dances round the pole, and makes his love, the Queen of the May.

Then how he can travel about the world—and after all, fireside travelling is one of the pleasantest things possible. It has all the sweets, with none of the "*désagrémens*" of reality—you sit comfortably in your easy chair, in your warm dressing-grown and slippers, and fly away as smoothly as a bird, and ten thousand times swifter than the aërial machine was ever expected to go. You never awake from an uneasy nap to find yourself bolting head-foremost into your opposite neighbour's waistcoat—never get into a wrong train, and are whisked away to the north, whilst you think you are going south—never are bored by luggage, or porters asking to see your ticket; but you fly like the wind, lie on air cushions, and land at your destination before you can say "presto." Then every thing about you is "*couleur de rose.*" You have no post *boys* of sixty, no broken winded hacks, no squalid beggars to lacerate your pity, no rogues to put you in a passion, and no miserable hotels, and dirty streets to make you dismal. You have picturesque ruins, "*a discrétion,*" pretty peasants in their charming white caps, and bright dresses to fill up the foreground, and sturdy brigands to impart a spice of the romantic to the scene, with the additional advantage that they never think of thrusting a horrid, rusty old mus ket in at the carriage door, as a gentle persuasion to the loan of your spare valuables, they so politely request, and which you, therefore, can't find it in your heart to deny them.

There are favourite excursions which the fanciful are wont to make, just as the cockneys have their periodical trips to Margate and Ramsgate, or their tours on the continent, which consist of a voyage to "Bullong," a walk through the streets thereof, dinner at the most English hotel, and back again next day to old England. But the "flights of fancy" are rather further, more delightful, and a *little* more poetical. Perhaps we are not far wrong in saying that Venice, "beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea," is the most frequented and cherished spot of the fanciful—they all visit it, and love everything about it, even to the very name, which is so sweet and musical. And what a delightful place is the Venice of fancy! Matter-of-fact travellers sometimes try to cast a shadow over it, by talking of dirty canals, damp houses, ragged lazzaroni, black and sombre gondolas, and a thousand other absurd and preposterous things, but *we* don't believe a word of it, *we* never saw anything of the kind. *Our* Venice is all beautiful, the skies are ever blue and cloud-

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less above it, sunny as a maiden's eyes by day, and tender as a lover's by night, with the glorious moon shining over the calm waters, and "making all lovely, that she gazes on." The gondolas are all graceful and softly tinted, and no ruder sounds are heard, than the ripple of the waves beneath the prow, the music of sweet voices, the sweep of a guitar, or perhaps a distant barcarole wafted faintly to us on the breeze, amid the scent of orange flowers; and the moonlight silvers marble palaces, and gilded dooms, till they seem fairy creations—*that* is our Venice, and we are obstinately determined to believe in no other. Then remember the innumerable associations with which it is enwound. There is the "Bridge of Sighs," that makes us sigh even now as we write the name, and the Rialto, where we can yet imagine Shylock debating of his store, and balancing revenge with interest. "Three thousand ducats," ah! we should like to stop awhile, and read the scene; but we must not. Then we have the palace of the Doge, and fancy we see the old Foscari descending the staircase, with honour and grey hairs for his crown. We have the gay bridal of the sea, and the train of lovely maidens, white-robed, and garlanded with sweetest flowers, amongst whom the Rover swooped, like an eagle among doves, and seized them as his prey, though ere the set of sun, their lovers bore them back, victorious. But we must tear ourselves away.

Rome is another favourite place, and her triumphal arches are again reared, and the capitol renewed in all its former glory, when she sat upon her seven hills, and gave laws to the world. Upon the Tiber, rolling so darkly along, we look with awe and reverence, and wonder at the strange tales it could tell. And as for the Colosseum, it is perfectly haunted. Then again, Athens—that's a famous place, but not quite so much liked, we think, as Pompeii. Oh! how delightful to walk through those silent streets, to sit down in the theatre, or think of old times in the poet's house.

Speaking of our own individual taste, we are very fond of hieing to Bagdad, and wandering about with the Caliph Haroun Al Reschid, and his faithful Mesrour, and when wearied with our visits to the little hump-backed tailor, and the one-eyed Calenders, we step into Hassan's shop, and have an ice and sherbet, perhaps with Ali Baba, to recount his adventures to us for the thousandth time. And then in the cool of the evening we stroll about the delightful gardens of the seraglio, catching glimpses of the lovely Zobeide herself, as she strays down the flowery aisles.

The Tigris is a memorable stream to us; if we see the fishermen drawing their nets, we are immediately breathless in the

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expectation of beholding an ape come up therein, or a great chest, or a leaden casket, with a seal on the top, to shut in the Genius of the Sea; and the launch of an anchor makes us shudder at the recollection of beautiful slaves sewn up in sacks, and cast into the remorseless tide.

Then again, to put off our seven league boots, what delightful society Fancy can procure you. You sit in your easy chair in your study, "all alone by yourself," as Paddy says, with your lamp lit before you, and closing your book, you lean your head back on the cushion, and looking up at the halo on the ceiling, you think how delightful it would be to have such companions as Shakspere, or Petrarch and Laura, or Dante and Beatrice, and a whole host of others that cross your mind as the mood may be, and immediately your guests arrive, and talk with you by the hour—and what is still better, talk just as well as they wrote, which is not always the case: and your visitors are never uncongenial to the state of your temper at the time. Mercutio never comes when you are sad, nor Hamlet when you are frivolous, Touchstone when you are sentimental, nor Rosalind when you are misanthropic; but you invite whom you will. If you are crabbed and want to be contradicted, you have Dr. Johnson to tea with you, with a spare cup for his shadow, Boswell, who retires into corners every now and then, to jot down the *great* man's remarks, with stereotype dashes for the "yes, sirs," and "no, sirs." If you want a pleasant companion, gentlemanly, acute, and witty, you bring Horace from his Tusculum, and talk to him about Mæcenas and other old friends. Are you prosy—you call for Butler, and tell him to bring Hudibras with him, and maybe ask Cervantes and Don Quixote to meet them, if you don't fear that people so very much alike will quarrel; and, if you are poetically inclined, why, you have dear old Spenser, with a gay company of knights and ladies, not forgetting "heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb." We ourselves have a pretty little friend sitting beside us as we write this paper (at whose instance, indeed, we do it), and every minute we look up at her to see whether she is laughing, and how she likes the article; for she is such a charming critic that we absolutely tremble at the idea of being "cut up" by her, and "protest her frown would kill us," though she is such a good little soul that we are tempted to forswear ourselves immediately afterwards, and make oath again, "Now, by this hand, it would not kill a fly!"

But besides being a luxury, Fancy is almost a requisite. What would people of fashion do, if they did not *fancy* they liked olives before their wine? What a waste of game, if they didn't *fancy* it much improved by being very "high!" What

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a loss of pleasure and life, if they did not *fancy* it absolutely necessary, to leave town for a couple of months in the summer, and thus make the roses blossom again in the fading cheeks of beauty, beneath the pure country air!

Yes; fancy is the gilt on the gingerbread of life, which renders palateable what would otherwise be unsavoury enough. We need say nothing further on this head, nor mention those who drink their gooseberry wine, and *fancy* it is champagne, or their cape, and *fancy* it is rich old sherry; nor those who make fools of themselves, and *fancy* they are "doing it rather;" nor those who squeak out a note or two, and *fancy* they can sing, or thump the piano, and *fancy* they can play. No: all this were work of supererogation; but, nevertheless, the tendency of the whole is to show how decidedly useful and pleasant fancy is.

Therefore, whatever the sober plodders on the way of life,—who never raise their eyes from the dust throughout their pilgrimage, though there be many flowers by the wayside to bid them,—whatever they may say against it, let us advise you to cherish fancy,—pleasant, happy, blessed fancy,—and we warrant you will be better and wiser in the end for it, and will preserve the freshness and kindliness of youth about your hearts, when theirs are frozen, and soured, and distrustful, and they themselves only fit to set up tubs, and out-rival Diogenes.

WOMEN AS THEY ARE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Gentle reader, pity our embarrassment, our palpitation of heart, our confusion of head. Here we have been sitting in vain, lighting up successive cigars, invoking all pleasant memories of the past, all glorious hopes and aspirations, all legends of good women, from Chaucer to the Muse's last, but not least beloved son, the noble Alfred Tennyson, and in vain—

"The oracles are dumb."

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Yet within us there is a feeling, struggling to find vent, which we

"Can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

About fifteen—in some the attack commences earlier, in others later—most of us males are conscious that, besides ourselves, our respected parents, our amiable sisters, our tyrannical schoolmaster, there are other beings in the world, the most agreeable young creatures imaginable, with clear complexions, red lips, heavenly eyes, on whose marble foreheads float clustering curls, and from whose mouths flow silvery strains, by which the ear and heart are rapt alike in ecstacy divine. The probability is—nay, the certainty, that towards one of these you are drawn in a most mysterious manner. Some ripe damsel of twenty-one puts her arm in yours, one voluptuous summer evening, and in that moment an age has gone, old things have passed away,—the schoolmaster and his cane, tarts and nonsense, verses, rabbits, pigeons, ponies, your terrier who is "a *warmint* for rats," all have faded from your memory—poetry and passion, never more to die, if sensualism does not do its hellish work, have come to your heart, as a revelation from above; you feel manhood in the fire of your young heart, in your firmer tread, your thicker pulse; then come stolen glances, lonely walks, invocations to that

"Pale eyed maiden,
With white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,"

restless nights, fever and romance, and for a time overwhelming agony, when after a month or two, you hear your lovely *enamorata* has married her Mr. Smith. This melancholy occurrence, however, does not break your heart, nor kill you, though you think it must, and have written, and sent to the Little Peddlington Gazette more than one poem intended to show such must be the inevitable result of the bitter blow your young spirit has sustained. You *do* survive it notwithstanding, and when twelve years after you meet Mrs. Smith, a demure matron, with half a dozen children of various size and sex, you wonder what the——you ever could have seen in her to admire.

Such is generally man's first realization of woman, as a presence and a power; thus generally does he first wake up to a passion, that all men have felt, all poets have sung; then first does desire seize the will, and guide with most imperious hand; then first, does life with its golden exhalations dawn on the enraptured eye, and earth is flooded with

"The purple light of love."

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But this is but a dream, bright, glorious, divine; but still a dream, a flash from heaven lighting up life's dark way, but gave almost in the moment of its birth, *sic transit gloria mundi.* You become conscious, that the world has but little room for such romance, as for a time held you captive—that ignorance is not merely the mother of devotion, but in some degree of love,—that the gorgeous hues of fancy and passion are not exactly in strict accordance with truth,—that her colouring is a far more sober hue. In short, you turn to the perception of women, as they are, not women as the old Platonist paints them; the beautiful, leading man, by a love of the beautiful, to the love of the divine, turning his heart from each thought of sin and guilt, expelling each unhallowed desire, shedding a holy light on the sins and sorrows, and shadows of earth—fitting man for beauty and blessedness above, nor exactly as Mrs. Ellis has drawn them, necessary appendages to a domestic establishment, as essential in their way, to the complete happiness of their lord and master, man, as a cook, or a groom; amiable young creatures, intended to work man's worsted slippers, mend his gloves, put buttons on his shirt, and strings to his collars, to smile when he is cross, sing when he is tired, and sit still when it pleases his magnanimous will; but to women as they are, man's toy and delight, and plague, and wonder, and joy—to women as they are, whom the Hebrew Solomon, in the far distant ages that are gone, found a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; whom Horace found in his day,

"Varium et semper mutabile."

Of whom Terence thus spoke—

"Nosti mulierum ingenium,
Nolunt ubi velis-ubi nolis cupiunt ultro."

Of whom that old cynic Diogenes, said things yet more ungallant, so much so indeed, that we do not care to quote the original Greek, and of whom even Scott, the poet pre-eminently of chivalry and romance, was compelled by his sense of truth to confess that they were

"Coy, and hard to please."

Far from us, be the wicked presumption to depict woman as she might be,

"That faultless monster, whom the world ne'er saw;"

whose every grace is exerted but for man's lasting good; by

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whom he is cheered in adversity, upheld in temptation, in weakness made strong; but woman by whom, in his young days, he is plunged into every extravagance; for whose sake he wears expensive boots, scented pocket-handkerchiefs, gets in debt, neglects business or study, as the case may be, goes out when his mother is not aware of the fact, and sorely vexes the paternal bosom. Such is our humble aim, nor will we shrink from the discharge of our duty, whatever terrors may beset our path. Calm and philosophical here, in our lone retreat, the frowns or smiles of no modern Delilah can influence us in the least. Women as they are, shall be our theme.

> "In such a cause who can be neuter?
> Let me just blow away the foam,
> And see how I will drain th' pewter."

Women, as we see them buying silk dresses at Swan and Edgar's, French kid gloves at Houbigant's, blazing from the dress circle of the theatre, studying the charms of Bond-street, or taking their constitutional airing in Hyde Park. And lovely do they look in their studied simplicity, and artful artlessness. In vain does the painter seek to catch the beauty that the living form alone can express. Not Titian, nor Etty, skilful as he is in sketching female forms of every variety of loveliness, can represent on canvass what many often gaze on with delight. Nor can sculpture, though it may hand down to the admiration of the world, who have looked at it with eager eyes, a Venus de Medici, transfer to stone the grace and fascination met with in the fair of every civilized race; for beauty and barbarism—beauty resulting from intelligence and moral feeling—cannot co-exist. No, in vain are the efforts of art, transcendant though they be. We exclaim, as Byron sang with truth and power—

> "I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
> Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

Women as they are, then, are divided by Mr. Alexander Walker into three classes—the locomotive, the nutritive, and the intellectual. To one or other of these classifications do most of them belong. The first class consist of such as the great Frederick would have desiderated for his guards. To the second belong the dumpy women, who, we believe, merely because Byron wanted a rhyme, and so lugged them into Don Juan, have been most unjustly abused. We feel bound, in common politeness, to come to their rescue. In times past, for we were young men once, as Sir Toby says, we have loved

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more than one such. They grow upon acquaintance. Your heart is not taken by storm, as is sometimes done by the Venuses of the locomotive order; nevertheless, we do incline towards them ourselves. They grow around you, and you wake, and find yourself unwittingly in love. They are wonderfully vigorous, too, in their way, and he must be indeed a novice who cannot see passion dancing in their dark eyes, or nestling beneath a brow of seeming tranquillity and peace. Neutrality they abhor. In love or in war they generally take a decided part. This, at any rate, in these monotonous days, is a refreshing fact; long may they live and love, say we. The last are the blues; they, we rejoice to say, in spite of such dread names as Mrs. Somerville, and Harriet Martineau, and other strong-minded women, can never be, comparatively speaking, a very numerous tribe. It is not true, certainly, that woman was formed—

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer;"

but it is equally true, that she is not fitted to contend with man for superiority in science or in lettered lore. With a brain smaller, and a vital system more developed, than that of man; with a sensibility, to which he can lay no claim, and which makes her instinctively right in their conclusions, while he must reason, and remember, and compare; with duties to society to discharge, for which the literary life renders her utterly unfit—a broad line of demarcation has been laid down by nature herself between the two sexes, and it is in vain that men or women, eager to propound novelties, and ignorant of physiological or indeed of any true science, would seek to throw down the barriers reared and maintained by an almighty power. Women have not been hindered by human law; the path to fame has been open to them in common with man; and yet in all literature the master-works have been done, and the laurel worn, by man alone. If man, as some say, dressed in a little brief authority, has endeavoured to monopolize literary honour for himself—if woman had been equal to the emergency, her genius would have but shone the brighter for such partial efforts to keep it down. This has been the case where man has been concerned. Milton, old and blind, in obscurity, in loneliness, in distress—penned that which, through increasing ages, will add fresh lustre to his immortal name. The powers that were, shut up the Bedford tinker in jail, and the result was, the unlettered Bunyan achieved a glory in that lone prison, equalled by few, and surpassed by none. When women have entered the lists, how immeasureably do they fall in the rear! Miss Agnes Strickland has at length

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completed her "Queens of England;" yet who would for an instant compare her with Alison, or Niebuhr, or Grote, or Macaulay? While Gibbon was writing his "Decline and Fall," Mrs. Catherine Macaulay was writing her "History of England," and the difference between the two is such as always obtains between excellence and vileness, between power and the reverse. Who are the popular writers of the present day? who are the poets, the dramatists, whose names are cherished as household words from Land's End to Johnny Groats? who are our standard novelists? The answer to these queries is not one very favourable to those who contend for the equality of the two sexes. Miss Martineau is known as a most industrious writer; but are not her "Illustrations of Political Economy" a drug in the market? Dare any one affirm the same of Adam Smith?

The fact is, to be scientific, to be learned, to be dull, to write on the digamma or on Chinese metaphysics, is not woman's mission. Nature, whose wisdom we will not arraign, has placed woman on an equality with man, and yet, in the difference of their respective organizations, has assigned to each their proper sphere. At all times, love must form part, if not the whole, of woman's thoughts;—

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence."

"Much study," says Solomon, "is weariness of the flesh," and wisely is woman unfitted for a mode of life which would rob her of her freshness, of her grace, and her charms; and dull would be the social hearth, were woman's intuitive decisions and sudden revelations to be exchanged for the utterances of the cold and correct calculations of science. It is woman that has made home happy, that has made that one word indicative of whatever pure and perfect pleasure earth can give, and it is because woman has been as she is, not spoiled by modern lights, not puffed up by philosophy, falsely so called, that home has been what it has been to the best of men. We almost fear that, if the veil were drawn, that rests, and properly rests, on the privacy of domestic life, we should find that such women as chanced to be superior, or esteemed such,—literary ladies, in short,—were not the happiest in their matrimonial relations. We know this is delicate ground, but we fear that such would, on inquiry, be found to be the case. Nor is this to be wondered at. We live in a very matter of fact world and age after all. A man wants his dinner once in the twenty-four hours. An æsthetic tea, now and then, is all very well; but to be always

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on stilts, always in the clouds, is more than flesh and blood can bear. For ourselves, we exclaim with Barry Cornwall:—

> "Never, boy, wed a wit:
> Man does not marry to poise his reason
> 'Gainst a quarrelling tongue. Chose I a wife,
> I'd have her, perhaps fair, certainly gentle,
> True, if 'twere possible, and tender, oh!
> As daylight, when it melts in summer seas,
> The waves all dark with slumber."

Most deeply to be pitied is that unhappy man who has wedded a wife who is imbued with a most religious sense of what are termed woman's wrongs;—that in many matters, in which the laws of property are concerned, there is some room for improvement, we readily admit, but their social is one for which they must thank themselves. Once upon a time, it is said, an ass crept into the skin of a lion, and thus invested, he made a wonderful sensation. Great was the terror his presence everywhere created; before him fled the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air: but alas! in an unlucky hour, he brayed a most unmistakeable asinine bray, and in a moment the spell was broken,—it was but too apparent that in reality the beast was but an unmitigated ass. Nor can woman lord it like man. Nature, who has made her perfect in her way, has forbidden even the power of walking like him. Most of our readers are aware how great a scandal was occasioned to the church catholic, from a woman being elected to the dignity of the papacy. The fact is, as Mary Wollstonecroft herself confesses, man has more power,—no matter whether you call it physical or intellectual, it comes to the same thing. And hence it is that the public business of the world has been carried on by man.

> "Man may range the court, the camp."

Our own Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, are, we admit, instances to the contrary, but they both admirably demonstrated how unfit woman is to rule. Impulsive, arbitrary, without any settled rule of action, neither their public nor their private life was very creditable to their fame. Does not history tell us of William the Silent, who did much for the world's progress?—let the reader just endeavour to imagine, for imagine fully he cannot, a woman in his shoes!—Could the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, see in the fierce and fearless John Knox other than a blind and bigoted fanatic? Even woman's weak points fit them to love and be beloved, but certainly not to command or be obeyed. Poets, while they sing her beauty and her

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charms, have to confess a weakness, which perhaps endears them but the more.

Tennyson tells us :—

"Weakness to be wrath with weakness, woman's pleasure, woman's pain,
Nature made them slender mortals, blended in a shallower train;
Woman is the lesser man, and all her passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Lucifer, in Festus, tells us—

"Take up her hand—press it, and pore on it:
Let it drop—snatch it again, as though you had
Let slip so much of honour, or of heaven.
Swear now, by all means. * * *
Foam, toss about. Let her lips be, for a time,
But steal a kiss at last, like fire from heaven.
Weep, if you can, and call the tears heat drops:
Droop your head, sigh deep—play the fool, in short,
One hour, and she will play the fool for ever.
Mind, it is folly to tell women truth,
They would rather live on lies, or they be sweet.
* * Who knows one woman well
By heart, knows all."

Byron, and he knew something about them, says,—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

Some of our writers give them yet a worse character. "Their rolling eies," says the nameless author of a "Briefe Anatomie of Women," "like shining pearls, seem to be the baits that ensnare men in their lure, whose fruit is destruction." In the same manner, he goes through the whole female form, and shows how it is cunningly adapted for the same fiendish end.

"Their ears delight to entertain frivolous discourse, especially if it relate to their praise and commendation, which is to them a thing most plausible. Their tongue, that active and stirring member, both defensive and offensive—defensive, in vindicating and upholding their own supposed credit and good name, though ever so bad; offensive, in scolding, abusing, and detracting from their neighbours, though ever so good.

"Their lips are two posterns, from whence issue lying deceit, and all manner of dissimulation.

"Their neck and breasts are left bare unto the open view of the world, to signifie that nature hath fairly acted her part without, although there remain no grace within.

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"Their arms and hands are ever ready to perform their respective duties unto the other parts of the bodie, whether good or evil. Their bodie itself is a magazine of corrupt and ill humours, which hath continual recourse to all the rest of their members. Their legs the supporters, and their feet swift guides to the waies of vanity. So that, from the crown of their head to the sole of their foot, there is not a good member—no, not one.

"Notwithstanding, it is undeniable but that they are generally useful; for there is nothing so bad that hath not some virtue in it, neither was there anything created but that is good; and they being a creature, it must consequently follow that they are so, too. But for what? there is the main point of the discovery, and a thing much to be controverted. That they are a help unto man is indisputable; but in what sense? to exhaust his estate, divulge his secrets, and be a continual trouble and vexation to his spirit, all the daies of his life.

"If we look upon their outward beauty, we shall find it like those Indian apples, which are seemingly fair without, but poison within; if upon their carriage and behaviour, we shall find that as far distant from their inward nature and condition as the east is from the west.

"And if we but observe their actions and undertakings, it will manifestly appear that they are fickle, changeable, and various, as the weathercock, constant in nothing but inconstancy, and human creatures merely metamorphosed, seeming to be that which truly and really they are not. And, in a word, it is most apparent that they only are the greatest and most powerful temptations to evil of all other; the very gulf where man's reason, government, and discretion is often swallowed up; and the adamantine rocks whereon many have been shipwrecked.

"Neither is there anything (except Sathan itself) that captivates man's sense, or predominates more over his understanding and his will, than they, by their subtle fallacies and bewitching illusions, which hath been sufficiently manifested, not only in former ages, but also in this present, and that of late years, by men of no mean degree and quality that have deeply suffered by these causes."

But our female readers will cry, Enough! Let us then just give our author's conclusion. "It now remains," says he, "that we humbly and earnestly desire of the Almighty that he would be pleased to confer upon us some portion of his Spirit, that thereby we may be enabled to withstand the temptations of this world, amongst which that of woman appears to be none of the least." Nevertheless, even our author does not think they are all bad. There are some women whose performances have tended to the worship of God, the good of his church,

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and benefit of his people. He cites as instances Esther, Judith, and last, but not least, "*Queen Elizabeth, of famous memory.*"

"But," cries one whose eye has been resting on these few lines, "a pretty idea you have of woman! The writer," we imagine we hear her exclaim, "must be a Goth, a brute, some odious wretch who has never loved, and never been beloved." Dear madam, the charge is totally unfounded. We admire your most admirable sex. We love, we have loved, and we shall or will love, as the Latin grammars say. At this moment we are cherishing a passion in favour of an individual who shall be nameless, which is deep as it is rare in these days of commercial calculation. We have loved her "as man ne'er loved." In ardour, in devotion, we claim to be second to none; and, for the life of us, and for all those hopes that make that life a boon to be desired, we would not deny one iota of woman's worth: to do so were treason against nature and nature's God.

> "He is a parricide of his mother's name,
> And with an impious hand murders her fame,
> That wrongs the praise of women. That dares write
> Libels on saints, or with foul wit requite
> The milk they lent us."

Dear madam, you are vastly our superior in wit, in sensibility, in grace: and rightly—

> "Yours was the nobler birth,
> For you from man were made; man but of earth,
> The son of dust."

Yet we cannot deny that like men you have your foibles; that some of you are fickle; that some have aggravating ways. In proof of this we cite the late lamented Mrs. Caudle and her superior, the wife of the most patient and much-enduring man the world ever saw. Others, again, are caught by outward attraction, by tinsel, by humbug, and rhodomontade. Witness for this the crowds that throng Exeter Hall and the Rev. Mr. Montgomery's chapel of ease. Witness for this, all ye unexceptionable young fellows who have been cut out at one time or other by some "puppy in the guards," as you at the time, in righteous indignation, termed him. Indeed, to this one defect, this original taint, this "damned spot" in woman's otherwise perfect loveliness, all who have ever loved in vain,—seedy poets, briefless barristers, threadbare divines, hairy artists, redolent of smoke and beer, will cordially bear most unanimous testimony. Why is this so? why should woman be fickle—

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"As the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

Why should she be so insensible, as she often is, to real worth? Why?—alas! we cannot tell. All we know is, that so it is. Possibly, this may be the result of our present highly refined state of society. Well, it is fated that we are to be a highly respectable and moral people, and we must not murmur at its price, whatever be the sacrifice. Some nations, like individuals, are born great; some have greatness thrust upon them.

To write about women, and to say nothing of female beauty, would be as inexcusable as it would be to act Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Woman, when not beautiful, ceases to be woman. She then becomes rational, strong-minded—a man—and writes like "one of us." Of course, we do not speak of mere animal beauty, which can only hold captive beardless boys; but of that higher beauty, which indicates intelligence, character, vivid emotion, hidden fire—such beauty as all pure and noble-minded women must possess, and which must hallow even the common earth they tread. Nor is the homage paid to beauty to be laughed at or despised. It is to debauchery, poverty, over-exertion, physical or intellectual, that we must trace ugliness in its thousand forms. The real Eve was, we doubt not, such as Milton has drawn her,—

"Grace was in all her looks, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love;"

and that her daughters, born previous to the introduction of late hours, tight-lacing, and useful knowledge, were fair as herself, we have even better authority than that of Tom Moore for believing. Alderman Guzzle eats till he is a mass of corruption, and his daughters consequently are sallow, sickly, and pale-eyed. The Honourable Alfred Doneup, *blasé*, a mere wreck, marries a very plain banker's daughter, for the dowry she can bring; and his daughters, in their pale faces and consumptive habits, bear but too palpable a testimony to a father's dissipated career. Is it not right, then, that beauty should be loved and admired for its own sake? especially when we remember that even the commonest and earthliest form of beauty is tainted, and loses much of its lustre, when we read in her tell-tale face that purity is gone, that vice has become the habit of her life, that on the altar of that heart burns no inspiration from above? Consequently, we never join in running down such charms as woman may possess. We have

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opinions on these matters; we do not sing with our friend in the Duenna—

> "Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
> But health and good humour to make her his toast;
> If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
> And six feet or four, we'll not quarrel for that.
>
> "Whate'er her complexion, I own I don't care,—
> If brown, 'tis more lasting; more pleasant if fair;
> And though in her cheeks I no dimple can see,
> Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me."

No; the woman who wins our heart must have a form about the beauty of which there can be no mistake. Like Annie's, her eyes may tell of a feeling which wants but the hour and the man to burst forth with overwhelming power. Like Adèle's, unutterable love, combined with a divine intelligence, may but make her outward form but faintly to shadow forth the beauty and warmth that reside within. Like Ellen's, real good nature and an indomitable love of fun may light up the face with a beauty striking, yet natural, as that of an April day. Like—but if we bring in all the idols at whose shrines we have knelt, we shall spin out this article to a most unseasonable length. Suffice it to say that woman must have some claims to beauty. True, now and then we see some dear young creature laying far too much stress upon her charms, much overrating their real power of retention. Let her alone: a year or two will soon convince her of her fallacy on that head. Wilkes—as ugly a man as ever walked the bosom of our mother earth—said that, in talking with women, he but wanted half an hour's start to distance any man, how good-looking soever he might be. And women should remember that with them it is much the same.

Would they, however, appear beautiful, let them avoid all meretricious ornament. A fine figure, a clear complexion, are heightened by simplicity in dress. On this head, we quote Ben Jonson:—

> "Still to be neat, still to be drest,
> As you were going to a feast;
> Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
> Lady, it is to be presumed,
> Though art's hid causes are not found,
> All is not sweet, all is not sound.
> Give me a look, give me a face,
> That makes simplicity a grace;
> Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
> Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
> Than all th' adulteries of art,—
> They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

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But we grow rational, moral, dull (the last, at any rate), an unpardonable offence. Women as they are—we cannot describe them. As easily might we catch the shifting hues of the chameleon. We should, did we attempt the task, describe them by terms diametrically opposite. They love, and yet, as Rousseau somewhere says, they cannot love. To day, they are yours till death; to morrow they are married to one who, to speak modestly, does not possess half your worth. At church you watch some dark, thoughtful eye, and the chances are ten to one that its owner knows as little of the sermon, as the man in the moon, and is but examining with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, her neighbour's bonnet or shawl. One woman you will find like a ministering angel by the side of disease and death, and desolation. Another will neglect, not her husband, that may be expected; but her child, for the theatre and the ball. One moment all softness and pliability; the next, to influence her as you wish, you must manage her something in the same way that Paddy is said to ship his pigs for exportation. Perhaps there may be policy in this. This constant variation may but keep us more obedient as their slaves: we might grow imprudent and rash; like Jeshurun, we might wax fat and kick.

One peculiarity about female nature, is the rapidity with which they glide from girlhood into womanhood. The transition state of males is obvious. First, they are boys, then they cease to be boys, then they become youths, then young men. These various interesting metamorphoses are intelligible and clear. They are distinguishable in the look, the dress, in the deportment, and voice. You must not flatter yourself, that you can find out how old a woman is; her age is never known, not really and truly even by her husband, till death ungallantly unmasks the little deceits of life, and the undertaker records it plainly on her coffin. She is born with an old head on her shoulders. Never trust to the apparent youthfulness of her appearance, to the seeming freshness of her cheek, and simplicity of air; these are but the wiles, by which we of the stronger sex, have been taken in and done for from the days of Adam, —as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. In womanly nature, there is nothing new under the sun. If but the breezes of a dozen summers have fanned her cheek, she, unless you are more than ordinarily acute, can circumvent you, see through you, turn you inside out. You may know Greek, you may be a tolerable mathematician, you may speak French indifferently well, of German you may have some idea, Sanscrit may not be unfamilar to you, nor Puseyism, nor High Art, still, my dear sir, that sparkling houri of fifteen, to whom you have just handed a sandwich, and positively half a glass of sherry, knows more of life, aye, of the actual world, of man's weakness,

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and woman's strength, of the battle to be fought, and the mode in which the victory is to be won, than you; yes, and at the game of life, she will checkmate you, before you know where you are. We agree with one woman, who confers honour on her sex,—we mean Mrs. Jameson. Women are too prudent, too precocious, too worldlywise, they are brought up to it, they are not half romantic enough, they are in no danger of becoming bewildered by the creations of the novelist, of dying of broken hearts, of letting consumption prey on *their* damask cheeks; there are too many mothers like her of Locksley Hall.

"With a hoard of petty maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart."

For romance, for passion, we must look to man. Now, as Hazlitt says, that the heavens have gone further off, and become astronomical, woman has been toned down into the most unexceptionable propriety.—As well as any old Hounsditch Jew, does she know how many shillings make a pound. And yet gorgeous women, here and there, dwelling apart, like stars, do shine out, and bless, and brighten earth. Here is a glorious one:—

"Eyes not down dropt, nor over bright, but fed
With the clear pointed flame of chastity;
Clear without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts, in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise, on either side her head;
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
  Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
  Of perfect wifehood, and pure lowlihead,
The intuitive decision of a bright
  And thorough-edged intellect, to part
Error from crime, or prudence to withhold
The laws of marriage, charactered in gold,
  Upon the blanched tablets of her heart,—
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws,—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
  Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to her heart and brain, though undescried,
  Winning its way, with extreme gentleness,
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride,—

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A courage to endure, and to obey,—
A hate of gossip, parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife."

Of the many such who have hallowed life, time would fail us to tell. Were it not for the

"Social lies, that warp us from the living truth,"

there would be many more such. When men have not the moral courage to stand up against the

"Social wants, that sin against the strength of youth,"

we must not blame woman, that rather than take the initiative, she prefers to float with the tide.

But we have again relapsed into seriousness, a fault that certainly cannot be charged against women as they are. Our subject is neither exhausted, nor as yet but glanced at. We have written "about it and about it," nor could we well do otherwise. The steam-engine, the icthyosaurus of the antideluvian age, the sea-serpent, the electric light,—these are subjects on which mortals can write, and so can we. Like Macbeth, we dare do all that may become a man. Even when Helen says to Festus:—

"Thou speakest me of visions,
I would learn the nature of all spiritual things."—

we feel that we could murmur some reply, more or less perspicuous, but beyond our reach fully to comprehend, and distinctly to pourtray. In clouds through which no male eye can penetrate, amongst the mysteries of which the hour of its revelation has not yet arrived, must be placed women as they are.

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THE SECRETARY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK,"—"GUARDS, HUSSARS, AND INFANTRY,"—"THE BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.*

"Within that castle's wall was one
O'er whose fair cheek, nor summer sun,
Nor wintry blast had glided o'er,
But left it lovelier than before.
Sorrow had never spread her shade
To dim the eye of that young maid;
E'en childhood's trivial woes, soon flown,
To her were all alike unknown.
Her life had been as one bright day
Of joy, without a cloud of sorrow,
And, basking in its sunny ray,
Cast not a thought upon the morrow."

Beauty of the Rhine.

We must now emerge from the polluted atmosphere indigenous to the vicinity of the prison, which, at the period we are describing, was yclept the King's Bench, and without further delay, introduce our readers to the occupant of a spacious drawing-room in Grosvenor-square.

The room in question was not only furnished with every comfort which the ingenuity of upholsterers could suggest, and the supineness of their customers allow them to force into the apartment, but an air of elegance and refinement pervaded the arrangement of each decoration, so as clearly to prove the good taste and discernment of some superior being.

Books, flowers, and music, formed the chief embellishments which met the eye on casting a glance around the room; but articles of costly *bijouterie*, and every description of luxuriously formed couch, were there either to amuse the eye, or entice the weary frame to repose. One small lamp only

* Continued from page 333, vol. liv.

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burnt in its silver cresset, and in consequence, the deeply-fringed velvet drapery of the curtains in the distance threw a much more gloomy aspect around the luxurious chamber than it was generally wont to exhibit. The fire burned somewhat low in the grate, and altogether, there was a chilly feeling in the atmosphere often experienced, but far from welcomed as agreeable, somewhat about ten or fifteen minutes preceding the hour of dinner.

Through the dim obscurity around, it would have been difficult to decide whether this delightful spot was at that moment inhabited or not; but a faint noise, occasioned by the door opening, produced a movement near the fire-place, immediately bringing to view the form of a young and beautiful creature, who, emerging from the warm shelter she had chosen, stood proclaimed, not only the temporary occupant, but evidently the presiding deity of the apartment.

"Ah, Dropmore, is that you?" said or rather sang a voice, the sweetness of whose melody it would indeed have been difficult to have rivalled. "How late you are—surely it must be long past eight o'clock! and here have I been left in solitary sadness, to build castles in the air, or form visionary gnomes and giants, out of the nearly consumed embers on the hearth, as best I could; or else to fall asleep, and dream away the reality of hunger. But badinage apart, where is my uncle, and what detains him at so unusually late an hour?"

The person thus addressed readily advanced, and with evident pleasure, eagerly pressed the small white hand which was extended towards him, and, with the easy familiarity of a near relation, threw himself into a seat by the side of his fair questioner, and immediately entered on his apologies.

But first let us describe him. There are countenances occasionally to be met with, which, after a close perusal of every feature, the observer is compelled to acknowledge as faultless; yet how frequently does it happen, that, although each particle of the face when studied is unavoidably declared perfect, a slightly disagreeable expression, or mere curve of the lips, will so thoroughly alter the general tenor, that instead of gazing with pleasure on the well-chiselled object, the beholder withdraws his eyes with an invincible feeling of dislike.

It has often been asserted, that the qualities of the mind and general disposition may be gathered by analogy from the countenance. But surely, that would be but a very unfair mode of testing the good or evil propensities of the human race in general, since all who are doomed to wander through their period of existence in indisputable hideousness, meet with sufficient annoyances on that account, without having the ad-

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ditional burden of possessing an equally misshapen disposition. Indeed, among one's acquaintance, who is there that cannot point out some friend, possessed of all the better qualities of the heart, yet at the same time, the owner of a most unprepossessing visage?

Exactly in the mould first mentioned had Lord Dropmore's features been cast. Taken separately, they might well have been the envy of any aspirant for beauty; but collectively, the effect produced was certainly the reverse of pleasing. He was nevertheless much sought after and flattered, for which attentions he was greatly indebted to a quick and ready flow of wit, agreeable exterior, prepossessing manners, youth, and—what to ladies of a certain age, who have daughters at their disposal, was of far greater consequence—rank and expected riches.

The nobleman thus slightly sketched was the son of the Marquis of Blanchard, in whose house he and his cousin, Emily Beecher, anxiously awaited the presence of the owner. The marquis having ridden out early in the day, and not yet returned, naturally occasioned some uneasiness in those who were interested concerning him.

Minute succeeded minute, and yet he came not; and while the two cousins were vainly conjecturing what might possibly have occasioned the unusual delay, we will take the opportunity of introducing our readers to the fair heroine of our tale.

Emily Beecher was the only remaining child of Lord Henry Beecher, the brother of the Marquis of Blanchard. Her father had passed his earlier years in the army, and, as so frequently has been decreed among the scions of English nobility, was destined to end his career among the valiant and brave, and truly might it have been said of him,—

> "He died a valiant knight,
> With sword in hand for England's right."

The mother of little Emily, thus early bereaved of a husband on whom she had fixed her young affections, not from interested motives, but from choice, was soon called to rejoin her partner in heaven, whom she had truly loved on earth.

Then it was that the marquis took his infant niece to his arms, and ever after regarded her as his child. Being but a few months younger than her cousin, the earlier days of the children had been passed almost without intermission in each other's society, and until imperious custom forced the young heir to Eton, Oxford, and the Continent, their separation never had extended beyond a few days.

After an absence abroad of between two and three years, Lord Dropmore had but recently returned home, impressed with the

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thorough conviction common to most young men under his circumstances, that without the immense assistance which his country might derive from his talents when exhibited in parliament, it was impossible that any important measure for the benefit of the nation at large could prosper. This decision arrived at, he drove up to Grosvenor-square, his carriage filled with political pamphlets and his head stored with a complicated mass of impracticabilities, which he intended to bring forward and expound at the earliest opportunity next session.

But how often are our very best and apparently most important intentions frustrated! and such was to be the result of the young nobleman's purpose in this instance, for, no sooner had he beheld his cousin, now transformed from the laughing child with whom it had been his daily occupation to pass his hours, into the tall and graceful figure before him, than all his long cherished visions of committee suffrages and supplies faded into thin air; and involuntarily he resolved to abandon chimerical pursuits, and sedulously devote himself to the more pleasing endeavour of propitiating the fair goddess, at whose shrine he already found himself a devotee.

Whether the feelings of the lady participated in an equal degree with the gentleman's affection thus revived into passion, we must leave for future development; but from no external appearance could it be gathered that any timidity or bashfulness prevented Emily Beecher from receiving her cousin with that kind cordiality which their earlier intimacy sanctioned, and which, as the son of her guardian, she justly considered he had a right to expect.

From that instant, every hour he could command was devoted to the society of his enchanting relative; and the opportunities afforded by dwelling under the same roof were necessarily numerous, and by him invariably taken advantage of.

The education bestowed on his ward by the careful attention of the marquis, left nothing wanting that the most fastidious could desire; while the angelic temper and sweet amiability of disposition which God had implanted in the heart of one of the fairest of his creatures, remained unruffled and uninjured, for grief and sorrow were to her unknown. Happily had sped her days, and the greatest woe recollection could embrace, was the childish sorrow caused by her first parting with her cousin.

Surely the season of happiness and delight to a young and beautiful woman must be, when first emerging from the trammels imposed upon girlhood, she commences her career in that bright and seemingly happy world from whence she anticipates so much felicity, but from which she is almost always certain to withdraw in disappointment. Up to that time no harrowing care or vexations disturb her thoughts; and perchance no domestic

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calamity has thrown its dark though temporary shroud around her heart. The feelings which her new state of existence give rise to are bright as evanescent; she feels a buoyancy in every action; she finds novelty in every scene; and, if the mind be well regulated and unsullied, this, and this only, is the period allotted to woman for the enjoyment of unalloyed happiness. In brief time, amid the many cares of life, comes the all-engrossing one of love; and of that most paramount passion, in the present instance, it is yet full time to trace the progress.

Indisputably the persons now occupied in conversation formed a peculiarly handsome picture; and the earnestness with which Lord Dropmore spoke, and the absorbing interest with which he hung on the replies of his companion, bade fair to keep the remembrance of his father's absence out of sight; and had not his cousin again uttered her anxiety that some inquiries might be made, he would in all probability have forgotten not only the marquis's delay in making his appearance, but also, what possibly he deemed of more moment, the protracted hour for the arrival of the dinner itself.

"I am beginning to feel extremely anxious about my uncle," again exclaimed Emily, taking advantage of one of the few pauses in her cousin's brilliant conversation. "Would it not be as well were you to ring and make inquiries, Dropmore? Possibly some message has arrived which has never been delivered, or, at all events, we can learn if the horses have as yet returned to the stables."

"Certainly," replied Lord Dropmore, "I will go myself; but don't alarm yourself needlessly, Emily, for though it is not customary for my father to be so unpunctual as he has proved himself to-day, yet I cannot see any thing to be terrified at in his simply being somewhat late for dinner. But rather than you should suffer one moment's uneasiness," he added, smiling, "I will search the metropolis till the truant be discovered;" and so saying, with a gay, laughing countenance, he quitted the apartment, leaving the lady to resume the thread of her cogitations, which his entrance had previously disturbed.

Time passed away, and no one returning to relieve her mind, Emily Beecher became at length so seriously uncomfortable that, summoning a domestic, she eagerly inquired if Lord Dropmore was in his father's apartments.

The information thus elicited was the reverse of satisfactory, the servant stating that when about half an hour previously Lord Dropmore entered the hall, and was making inquiries whether his father's horses had returned, a note was delivered by the porter, addressed in the marquis's hand-writing, upon perusing which his lordship instantly ordered the carriage, and, taking the messenger with him, left the house.

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Thus it appeared beyond all doubt to Emily's now excited mind, that some danger or serious accident had happened to her uncle, which her affectionate disposition and gentle nature was momentarily augmenting with every species of imaginative aggravation that the doubt of the welfare of a beloved object could possibly conjure up.

In the meantime the carriage proceeded as rapidly as the high-spirited horses could convey it in the direction pointed out by the messenger, when, after various turns and windings down streets and lanes wholly unknown to him who for the first time threaded their mazes, the chariot stopped at the house of our old acquaintance, Dr. Glitzom.

Ready to receive the newly arrived personage, the worthy practitioner stood at the door; and, on Lord Dropmore's entering, requested him to be under no alarm, since all was progressing favourably, and doubtless in a very short time the marquis would be able to undergo the fatigue of being removed to his own house.

"My dear boy," faintly uttered the peer, on seeing his son enter the room, "I thought it best to send for you, without communicating my accident to any one in Grosvenor-square, lest Emily might have taken alarm, and magnified my bruises into something worse than they really are—not, indeed, but that they might have assumed a more dangerous complexion, had it not been for the brave and timely aid I received from this young man beside me, who gallantly came to my assistance, and is consequently one to whom I owe, in all probability, the preservation of my life. But come forward, my young friend," continued the marquis; "let me make you acquainted with my son."

The person thus called upon, who, as may readily be surmised, was none other than Frederick Garston, now stood bashfully forward, and wholly disclaimed his right to the merits so lavishly bestowed by the marquis. He had done nothing more, he affirmed, than what any other person similarly situated would have performed. The fact was, he had been walking but a few steps from the house they were then in, it being dusk, when he saw two men run into the road and seize a gentleman's horse by the bridle, while another fellow immediately pulled the rider to the ground. Their object was evidently plunder; and as in those days the spot in question was neither so populous, nor the police so efficient as in our more enlightened time, it is extremely probable that the attack would have proved successful, and might have ended in murder, had not the observer of the scene rushed to the spot, and added his weight in the balance against the stronger party.

Conscious guilt, ignorance as to how many new comers the

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ruffians might have to contend against, together with some striking arguments from young Garston's stick, put the assailants to flight; and on helping the stranger to his benefactor's abode, the doctor deemed it advisable to produce his lancets, and never having had a marquis for a patient before, anxiously looked for some distinction in the flow of patrician from plebeian blood.

The rank of the sufferer was discovered by his directions when sending for his son, and his groom on coming up soon afterwards, having negligently lingered far behind, was loud in lamentations for the misfortune of his lord.

During the recital of this not over romantic tale, Lord Dropmore had scrutinzingly scanned the well-formed person, and handsome features of him to whom the marquis declared himself so much indebted. Neither was the object under his examination, unworthy of notice. The young noble, though too well satisfied with his own advantages to envy the appearance of any one else, could not fail in being struck with the manly and expressive countenance before him.

Both were very young men. There existed probably not more than one or two years difference in their ages. Both were well made, and each peculiarly well looking; but the soft and gentle expression which lit up every feature of Frederick Garston's face, though in a measure shaded with what some deemed a constitutional melancholy, was wholly wanting in that of the young nobleman; and although strict judges might have awarded the palm of manly beauty to Lord Dropmore, there were few who would not have felt more gratified at beholding the equally dignified but more softly modulated expression of the other.

It has already been said, that Lord Dropmore was the last man so constituted as to harbour jealousy of the personal advantages of any one, so confident and fully satisfied was he with himself; and to entertain any feeling of that nature, against whom?—the son of a small apothecary in the Borough, would have been scouted from his mind as ridiculous indeed. What passed in his breast at the moment, it would be vain to enquire; but having heard the amount of the service rendered, as uttered by his father's lips, he at once threw off the air of reserve which he had till then worn, and advancing towards his new acquaintance, instantly proffered his hand, with many acknowledgments for his assistance; and uttered his expressions of praise in so fervent a manner, and with such an appearance of feeling, as proved beyond doubt, that supposing his lordship to have been wholly indifferent on the subject, he at least acted his part to admiration.

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The great object now was to convey the marquis home; and the bleeding having much alleviated the pain he received by the fall from his horse, together with the rough usage experienced at the hands of the robbers, the peer declared his ability to proceed, and to his son repeatedly urged their immediate departure, as he felt sure, that nothing save his actual presence could calm the fears which he was confident the affection of his niece was then encouraging in his behalf.

"Many thanks, my good sir," exclaimed the marquis to Doctor Glitzom, on stepping into his carriage, "very many thanks for your great kindness, and a thousand apologies for all the trouble I have given; to-morrow, with your permission, you shall hear from me;—nor can I readily forget the obligation I am under to you and yours. And for you, my brave friend," he continued, addressing himself to Frederick Garston, "if your father has not any objection, and will allow you to call in Grosvenor-square, at any hour you please to appoint, I shall be most happy to see you again, and trust I may be so fortunate as to discover some means of being serviceable to you," and again shaking hands with the apothecary—an honour which the latter for the first and last time received—the carriage rolled away, and the doctor returned to his fire.

"Your father!" involuntarily mused Garston, as he watched the carriage rapidly receding from his view, "*if your father has no objection!*" Then he takes me for the apothecary's boy, and summons me to his noble mansion, probably to tender the offer of providing for me as some retail vender of drugs, and thus strike out the balance he supposes to exist between us. Yet, why not? Who am I? Better to be the son of my kind and generous protector, than an unknown outcast, who dare not even assert a right to the name he bears. What am I? and what can I ever expect to arrive at out of my present sphere? And why render my days unhappy, my nights wretched, in imagining vain things, which never can be realized? Moreover, might I not have reason to be thankful that my origin is unknown? What guarantee have I that my birth was not infamous?—my parents.—But no, no, that cannot have been: still it must be worse than fruitless for ever to be raising up these wild conjectures. They render my life a burden—my existence a curse. Yet a time may come, when less shackled in the pursuit after that which my soul craves to attain, I may perchance gain some better clue than as yet I have been enabled to reach. But at present it cannot be. My friend grows daily more and more infirm. Old age is creeping fast upon him, and he who sheltered me, a stranger and an infant, shall never be deserted by him whom he saved from destruction and death.—No! no!

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I must, and will quell these ever rising aspirations after that which is unattainable, and endeavour to tread the path which providence appears to have marked as the boundary to my ambition. To-morrow I will of course call as I have been desired; and better is it that I should be then considered as the son of an honest man, than as an orphan unclaimed and nameless."

Thus wisely concluding his bitter soliloquy, Frederick Garston betook himself to his chamber, and endeavoured to compose his mind to sleep, wholly regardless of the events which the coming morrow might produce.

MACFARLANE'S GLANCE AT REVOLUTIONISED ITALY.*

The old saying about being taught by an enemy, is one about the truth or propriety of which there can be but little doubt. And in some such character does Mr. Macfarlane come before the British public. He describes the movements that have agitated the excitable Italians with a—true, it may be; but certainly no very favourable pen. His sympathies are everywhere on the side of the powers that be. His descriptions of the popular leaders, Gioberti and Mazzini are *very* harsh, and, we would fain believe, far too highly coloured to be true. Mazzini, at any rate, from his long residence amongst us, has attracted very different feelings towards him than those Mr. Macfarlane evidently entertains. But he appears to have avoided them, and to have been on friendly terms with their political opponents. It cannot then be wondered at, that he has described them as he has. With this drawback excepted—the eminently conservative spirit with which these volumes abound—they may be read with pleasure and benefit. Our author's knowledge of Italy and Italian matters is certainly very great.

Mr. Macfarlane was at Constantinople when the Italian movement commenced, under Pope Pius ix. The Italian colony

* A Glance at Revolutionised Italy. A Visit to Messina, and a Tour through the kingdom of Naples, the Abruzzi, the Marches of Ancona, Rome, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Genoa, Piedmont, in the summer of 1848. By Charles Macfarlane.

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there was thrown into a state of the utmost rapture when the news arrived. "Liberati, who had never been seen in the churches before, but who had often been seen insulting or mocking the Catholic clergy of the place, went now regularly to mass, or to prayers said for the Pope. Nay, it was said that some of them—believers in no gospel, excepting the gospel according to Helvetius, or D'Alembert, or Diderot, or Voltaire, or Rosseau—had carried their condescension or their gratitude so far as to kneel in public at the confessional, and after confession, to take absolution from the priest with contrite countenances. I believe that it was the second Sunday after our arrival that they had a grand celebration in Pera, to rejoice at Pope Pius's happy or miraculous escape from assassination at Rome. There were those who did not believe that there had been any attempt to murder his Holiness, but who shrewdly suspected that that conspiracy had been gotten up by the liberals, to answer their own purposes, and bind the Pope the more to their party. But let this pass; I, for one, am contented to leave it among historical doubts. In the morning, they had a grand chanted mass and Te Deum in one of the Catholic churches; in the evening they had a subscription dinner at Blondel's Hotêl de France; and at night, they made grand illuminations all along Les Petits Champs des Morts, or smaller Turkish cemetery. "*Viva Pio Nona!*" was set forth in gigantic letters, composed of illumination lamps. There were other inscriptions, and a lighting of blue lights, and a letting off of fireworks, and a great deal of music played by a strolling band, and much mixing of whiskers and beards, and hugging and kissing among the patriots. We did not see the *festa*, having gone away the preceding evening to the Sultan's model farm at St. Stephano. We were moreover assured that the celebration went off joyously and harmoniously; that at the dinner, they toasted his Sardinian Majesty Charles Albert, after his Holiness the Pope; that some of the liberals were considerably excited by Mr. Blondel's champagne; and that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting, except a difficulty on the part of some of the patriots to pay their share of the reckoning.

As the Pope took further strides on the road of reform; and as Charles Albert assumed a more warlike and defiant attitude towards Austria, the expatriated patriots became louder in their talk, and higher in their pretensions. They began to wear tri-colour ribbons, the green, white, and red, being the tri colours of Italy; and not satisfied with wearing these badges themselves, they pretended that every Italian in Turkey, or son, or grandson or great grandson of an Italian should also wear them. Even in the shipping which arrived in port, they

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would not tolerate the Bourbon flag of Naples, or the flag of Austria, in Venetian or Dalmatian ships, or in any Italian vessel, any other flag than a revolutionary tri-colour, a flag which had not been acknowledged by any power whatever."

Great was the excitement when it was announced that the Pope's Nuncio Bishop, Ferrieri, was about to visit the Sultan. The Italian colonists held a meeting to determine how they should receive him in a fitting manner. At last the Nuncio arrived.

"He came to the golden Horn on Sunday the 16th of January, one of the gloomiest of days. The snow wafted from the Black Sea, was lying knee deep in Pera, and there was a fog along the sea of Marmora, and in the port of Constantinople, and along the Bosphorus, which might have rivalled the worst of our own fogs in the valley of the Thames. There was no procession, no Italian flag to receive him, but the triumphal arch was left standing,—not that that arch was more than an erection of painted deal boards, and lath, and plaster. It annoyed my nationality to see and know that this papistical triumphal arch,—this blazoned but contemptible structure, which annoyed every Englishman in the place, (though it delighted one or two Irishmen) was erected by an Englishman calling himself an architect. To mention the name of Smith, is to speak *in nubibus*, it implies no more than Jack, or Bill, or Tom, or Will, it is a name that means nobody. But the Smith of whom I speak, is a man who must have been caught in the woods, and (so well do we manage these matters) he was employed and sent out by the 'Woods and Forests' to build up a palace, or ambassadorial residence, to supply the place of that which had been burnt in the great conflagration of 1830. This arch was erected at the top of Gallata, a little before you come to the great Genoese tower, commonly called the tower of Gallata, in the part of the christian suburb, where dead dogs, dead cats, dead rats, and all other abominations do most abound. Coming from Rome, or from any part of Italy, the pope's legate must have been sorely annoyed in sight, and smell, and his other senses. On the architrave was inscribed, in gigantic letters, 'Viva Pio Nono!' and under that line, in still more gigantic letters, 'Pio IX. Pontifex max. et opt.' Such as it was, the pope's nuncio went through it, or under it; and bad as it was in taste, and unfair as a distribution of honour to a diplomatic man, Monsignore Ferrieri might flatter himself that he—the first envoy from the Pope of Rome to the Sultan of Turkey—had received more honour, or semblance of honour, than had been paid to any the most distinguished representative of the greatest power in

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Christendom. * * * The nuncio was an active, alert man, not at all old; perhaps he was rather younger than Pope Pius IX., the youngest man that has worn the tiara for a very long time. His manners were most courtly and bland; his countenance most intelligent; but he had about the cunningest face I ever fixed mine upon. Although the weather was deplorable (a Constantinople winter must be endured before it can be judged of), he was almost constantly in motion, driving about in an old rumbling carriage, which the sultan had furnished, and over the roughest, worst-paved streets in the world, and through the most miry of roads. A Sunday or two after his arrival, another grand Te Deum was celebrated. Ali Pasha, the minister for foreign affairs, by order of the sultan or Reschid Pasha, gave him a grand diplomatic dinner, to which all the heads of the foreign legation were invited, and at which the pope's health was drunk, in bumpers of champagne, by Turks and Christians of all denominations. The patriarch of the Armenians of the old Armenian Church, the head of the Catholic Armenian Church, the primate of the Greeks, and even the chief Rabbi of the Jews, paid ceremonious visits to the nuncio, in his hotel, and had to receive his return visits in their own houses. Except the Roman Catholic Armenian bishop, none of these functionaries went willingly, or wished otherwise than that this meddling priest were back at Rome, or safely bestowed in some more remote place. They went, because they were ordered to do so by the Turkish Government, and because they durst not disobey. But the Greek patriarch, who least of all liked this fraternizing, received the nuncio so coldly, when he went to return his visit, that the whole interview lasted a very few seconds. It was even rumoured that they gave Monsignore Ferrieri cold coffee. The Greeks were not a whit more disposed to repeat the Filioque, or to conform with the church at Rome, than they had been in the fifteenth century. It should seem that the nuncio, and those who sent him thought otherwise; for he brought with him, and distributed, great heaps of tracts in Romaic or modern Greek, in Italian, and French, and other languages. The text of these tracts was, that there is and can be only one true christian church; that that church is indisputably the Apostolical Church of Rome; that the Greeks and other orientals did not in reality differ in essentials; that the time was now come for the unity, the oneness of the church; and that Rome was ready to meet half-way, such as had wandered from the flock. * * * It was curious to observe with what jealousy and ill-will (very ill-concealed by diplomatic politeness), the French and Austrian legations regarded Monsignore Ferrieri and his mission. At least from the time of

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Louis XIV., France has assumed to herself the right of being the *protectress* of the Roman catholics throughout the Levant; and in many cases, even of recent date, the French, though ignorant or contemptuous of any religion at home, have strenuously taken the part of the bigots of popery abroad, with the view of maintaining their influence. On the other hand, Austria has long claimed the right of protecting the catholics of Bossnia and of other parts of Turkey in Europe. Neither power was willing to lose any portion of this moral weight and influence, and Monsieur de Bourqueney and Count Sturmer, in common with most other persons who paid any attention to the subject, suspected that the nuncio had for his primary object in visiting Turkey, a plan for inducing all the catholics in the Levant to acknowledge the direct protection of the pope, and to get the sultan to confer in such arrangement. The revolutions soon swept the French minister from his post, and gave the Austrian minister more serious matters to think about; but the presence of Monsignore Ferrieri continued to disturb the minds and consciences of the Greeks, and it is quite certain the Sublime Porte was very glad to see the last of him. He had widened the breach, and embittered the rancour existing between the Armenians of the Roman catholic church and the Armenians of the Eutychean confession; and some interference in favour of the catholics, and some open meddling, raised him up powerful enemies among the Armenian seraffs, and was said to have given great offence to Reschid Pasha the vizier. The Italian liberals saw the nuncio depart with a feeling very like indifference. Although they had made so much of him at first, they seemed to take but little heed of him after another gloomy, stormy day in the month of March, when we received authentic intelligence of the revolution which had been worked out in Paris, in February. Looking far over the seven hills of Rome, and the head of him who wears the tiara, all their eyes and hopes were then fixed upon Paris, the sovereign people of the French Republic. They thought that they had no longer any need to play the part of devotees, or to kneel at confessionals, or to attend masses and Te Deums; that French arms would now fly everywhere to support French principles, and that a democratic republic would be established forthwith, not only in Italy, but in every other part of Europe. The fast succeeding news—news which came so fast, and was so astounding, that it stunned and bewildered much soberer heads than theirs, of revolutions in Austria, Hungary, and other parts of Germany, raised those hopes to the most extravagant pitch. When Carlo Alberto began to move or to take his leap in the dark, he became the object of idolatry, and for a time no name

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was heard but his. It was about this time, we being on a voyage to Nicomedia, that I had a conversation with an old Venetian, who had mixed in his breast the leaven of the Gallo-Italian republicanism of 1797, with the dregs of the liberalism of 1848. He had served both as a sailor and soldier, under Napoleon Bonaparte; he had fled from Venice in 1815, he did not allege political causes for his flight, he was silent and perhaps prudently so on this part of his history; but since then, he had practised as a doctor in Algiers, in Tunis, and in Egypt, and was now in the sultan's army, and was going into Asia to examine the recruits they were catching in the mountains. He was infinitely rejoiced at the present aspect of affairs. 'As for Carlo Alberto,' said he, 'he will flare for a day, and then go out like a snuffed candle—so will all kings. As for the pope, he is an old woman, and teaches a religion fit only for old women. We men of liberal principles, are neither Roman catholics, nor of any other religion. The world is too enlightened for that; but Pius IX. has played our cards for us, and we will let him play on a little longer, until we shall have no further need of him, and then we can cut off the old fool's head.' I have softened his language, and have taken out certain expletives which would not well bear repeating. This old, white-bearded and moustachioed adventurer, was no doubt an exaggerated specimen of the class to which he belonged; but I know that sentiments very similar to his, were and are entertained very generally by men of his school."

At Malta our author came under the inconvenient operation of the quarantine laws, at which place he was much shocked with English economy and Italian liberalism. At Malta he embarked in a French government steamer for Messina and Naples. At Messina he met with but few traces of that terrible bombardment of which the papers were full. At Naples was anchored that gallant English fleet "which had been made to play the part of a bully." In the town itself much improvement had been made. The people were better dressed than when Mr. Macfarlane was there in 1820. There he found the account of the mischief done by the king's troops in the attack on the barricades in May very much overcharged; but, alas, the culinary art had been neglected, the hotels and ristorati had sadly declined; and yet, "Naples used to be such a very distinguished place for good eating and drinking." Yet our author bore this heavy trial with becoming fortitude. Not so, however, did an old Tuscan gentleman with whose politics we dare venture a wager our author perfectly agreed, who, being disappointed in asking for mustard, exclaimed, "Good God! you have got a constitution, and you have got no mustard."

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Here is a dainty dish for our financial reformers. "During all these periods of crisis, the British minister to the court of Naples was absent from his post, and quietly enjoying himself in England. This envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary is, as every one knows, the Hon. William Temple, brother to Lord Palmerston. At the time of our arrival, he had been on leave of absence more than a year, and he was not then expected back very soon, *because,* as we were told, his house at Naples was to undergo a thorough repair, and the smell of fresh paint and plaster was very offensive to him. Surely in a city containing half a million of inhabitants and hundreds of spacious, airy palaces, a good temporary residence might have been found for this honourable diplomatist. Is our national diplomacy to be made dependent on the quickness or slowness of plasterers and painters? Is a minister to prolong his absence from his post, which, considering the circumstances of the times, had been far too long, *and scandalously too long,* on account of petty personal discomfort, which a little foresight might have provided against, and from which the outlay of a few pounds sterling would have rescued his susceptible nerves?" Are our foreign relations become a farce, and at this, the most awful crisis which modern Europe has witnessed, and when a general war can be avoided only by diligent, upright, and enlightened diplomacy? Our well-paid envoys, wherever they may be, have duties to perform, or they have none. If they have duties, they ought to be at their post to perform them; if they have none, their pay is so much money robbed from the people of these kingdoms. *Delegatus non potest delegare.* This ancient rule ought to be made peremptory in diplomacy; even with the assent of the Foreign Office, an ambassador or minister, excepting in rare cases, ought not to be allowed to delegate his secretary. If the moderately paid secretary is equal to his work, why have a minister, or why pay both? Mr. Temple took his departure from Naples at the very moment when there was a prospect of difficult work to do; when the revolutionary spirit was beginning to manifest itself in an alarming manner in central and upper Italy; when, if ever, he ought to have been at his post, and when a British minister, properly impressed with his duties, would have hurried back to his post, if he had been absent from it. During the many years that Mr. Temple had been envoy extraordinary at Naples, he certainly had no extraordinary or hard work to complain of. He had led one of the easiest and pleasantest lives in the most beautiful country in Europe. Except in discussing the wearisome question about sulphur and brimstone, which, after all, was not settled by him,

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but by his brother, Lord Palmerston, he had done very little, and had but very little to do. The first fresh hour after breakfast must have been more than enough for his usual daily work; and he had secretaries and *attachés* to help him, and a consul and vice-consul under him, to attend to commercial business. He bore the character of an easy, self-indulging, somewhat indolent man; but amiable, accessible, prudent, and dispassionate. He was of mature age,—an advantage in his favour, for youthful diplomatists do not generally inspire confidence or impose respect. The king of Naples had at one time entertained a strong prejudice against him, believing that he had co-operated with Lady S—— in inveigling his brother, the Prince of Capua, into his *mèsalliance* with Miss Penelope Smith; but this had been cleared up, to the perfect exculpation of Mr. Temple. The king's prejudices had been removed, and from that time his majesty had shown a preference to the advice and counsel of the English minister. Ferdinand had regretted his departure, and had many times strong motives to wish for his return.

"Mr. Temple left behind him, as *chargé d'affaires*, the secretary of legation, Lord Napier, an inexperienced young man, and who looked younger than he was. They say in Scotland that there never was a Napier without ability, or without a bee in his bonnet. In this young lord's bonnet the bee is said to hum so loudly as to drown the voice of discretion, and common sense, and common diplomatic decorum. He openly rejoiced when the democratic revolution ferment began at Naples, and prognosticated that nothing but good to the country could possibly proceed from it. As the revolutionists grew bolder, his admiration for them seemed to increase. When the Sicilians rose in rebellion, his sympathies were all with them. Unhappily, the society and advice of old age came in to the aid of his juvenile indiscretion. Lord Minto, in the course of his roving and (in part) illegal commission, arrived at Naples, after having fraternized with the liberals all through Italy, and (metaphorically, at least) hoisted the black flag in front of well nigh every royal palace in the peninsula. But there is scarcely any metaphor in saying that Lord Napier, representing the representative of Queen Victoria, 'patted on the back' sundry of the instigators of the desperadoes who made the barricades of the 15th of May, and whose success, had it been obtainable or possible, must have ended in the death of King Ferdinand, or in his precipitate flight, with his whole family; in plunder, anarchy, massacre, for the city of Naples, and a long and bloody war for the kingdom. Lord Napier made his house a place of rendezvous for all the fiery young men of the Neapolitan society, and hmself the centre of a political faction; he collected all his in-

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telligence from these sources: he would apply to none others; he avoided the men of the moderate party; he turned the cold shoulder on gentlemen with whom he had been intimate, because they accepted office under the king, because they became constitutional ministers of the crown. If he did not himself indulge in an indecent licence of language against these ministers and the king, he allowed such language to be used in his presence. 'La bestia,' the beast, was about the mildest epithet applied to Ferdinand by Lord Napier's associates."

The following passage we recommend to the attention of Mr. Cobden. "Of all the corps in our service there is not one which so much needs revision and reform as the *corps diplomatique*. It is extravagantly costly, and in general miserably inefficient. Where it is not dissipated, negligent, slothful, it is perversely active. Where it is active in intermeddling with the internal policy of a country, it is notoriously careless of the interests of British subjects living in or trading with that country. It has adopted as a principle that such interests are not to be allowed to interfere with local political views, and plans for reform and regeneration."

It is notorious that two of a trade never agree; still there is much, we believe, of truth in our author's remarks on Mr. Whitesides, who, however, saw with very different eyes to those of Mr. Macfarlane, the movements in favour of reform. At Pompeii our author is surprised to find that for the present the works there are stopped, in consequence of scarcity in the Neapolitan treasury. At Rome, our author was prepared to find what he did—a city without a government. "But I," so he says, "was scarcely prepared for the extent to which communist ideas had spread, or for the boldness with which they were uttered in public places. We were sitting one afternoon in the shady side of the Collisseum, when a coachman who had driven us from St. Peter's, and two men who were loitering about the ruins, fell into a hot argument about the war of independence, the pope, the taxes, and politics in general. The coachman, who was a Trastenerino, was very loyal, as the common people on his side of the Tiber have long had the reputation of being. He said that it was quite true that Rome was in a very bad way; that there was nothing doing, nothing spending, for the benefit of honest working men; but that this state of things was not owing to the Santo Padre, but to the war and the troubles, and those who had caused them. 'But,' said one of the men, 'they say in the clubs and in the coffee-houses, and in the journals, that it was all owing to the pope not being sincere that the war turned out so badly; and that if Pius, and Charles Albert, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany had done their duty,

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and not betrayed the cause, we Italians by this time might have plundered Vienna, and have taken from the Tsadeschi all that they have taken from us; and that even now, if we were to renew the war—'

"'Stop!' said the Trastenerino; 'the little war we had has drained us dry. Men will not march without shoes, and food, and some money. War cannot be carried on without money, and it appears that there is no money.' 'No money!' said his antagonist; 'what confessor put that idea into your head? There is plenty of money in Rome, only honest men will not go boldly and take it. The pope has money, the cardinals have treasures, the princes and nobles are rich with their great estates; the bankers and merchants are rich, and the great shop-keepers, and thousands who live and do nothing. Why should they be richer than you or I? If we take what they have, there will be enough to carry on the war, and divide among the poor, and to make you and me, and all of us, better off than we are now.' The Trastenerino shook his head, as if doubting. 'But why not?' said the third man of the party; 'what right have all those signorini to be rich, and keep us poor, and make us pay rent for land, and oppress and suck our blood? All men are equal, and I say, divide! and let us have equal shares. For my part, I would begin with the Prince of Borghese—*per Dio, io mangerei!*' (by God, I would eat him up!) And the fellow really looked as if he could have swallowed the prince and all his estates at one gulp."

From Rome Mr. Macfarlane proceeded to Florence, where he also found communism. On the way thither he was joined by an old priest. He was very ugly, and very yellow, and very caustic; he was all legs and arms and head. "He was a keen, worldly man, of the higher or more prosperous class, partaking in none of the popular superstitions, and having no heavier burden of belief than he could carry without breaking his curved and very short back. The complexion of the times had made him atrabilious. He had a very neat and strong English carpet-bag, which he had deposited in one of half-a-dozen bed-chambers, which opened upon the *sala*. The waiter, a little boy, not knowing which chamber had been taken by the priest and which by us, asked him if that were his *sacco*. 'Hem! hem!' quoth the priest; 'if there is still the law of *meum* and *tuum*, I should certainly say that the bag is mine; if now-a-days a gentleman and a *sacerdote* can claim a right of property, I should say that is *my* property.' The boy grinned, with difficulty understanding that the bag was his, not ours. The ancient *Arciprete* struck the haft of his knife on the table, looked at me with his bright eyes, and went off at once. '*La*

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proprietà è un ferto' (property is a theft); 'so say these French communists, and some of our people are beginning to say it after them. Can there be anything so wicked, so insane, so monstrous? Why, the little wren and her mate, the smallest of birds, claim a property in the nest they have made, and will fight for its preservation. It is a doctrine against nature. Take away the right of property, and men will become worse than wild beasts in a forest. I hope,' said I 'it is not come to that in Italy.'

"'But it is coming fast to it,' said the priest; 'the doctrine is spreading far and near, and if it be not checked, the Lord have mercy on us who possess something (*Dio abbia misericordia di noi che abbiano qualche cosa.*)'

"'But this doctrine will become dangerous only by spreading among the mass of the people; it can scarcely have reached your peasantry yet. The influence of the clergy and the resident country priests over your rural population used to be so great——'

"'It *was* great—it *is* great—except where the evil spirit of communism gets possession; but that devil is stronger than their *superstition*. We are losing our influence even over the ignorant. I, who live much in the country, see we are gradually losing it; but only and solely through the communists, who are telling every poor man that he ought to be, and easily might be, rich. As for all this ranting about country and political liberty, and equality, and unity, and independence of Italy, it may do among the citizens of Rome, but our peasants neither understand nor care anything about it. It is not by such appeals that our rural population are to be excited. Our revolutionists know this, and therefore have well brought communism to their aid.'

"He went on a good while longer, but it was only to illustrate and enforce what he had said before. His arguments and tone were entirely worldly; he did not once appeal to any religious principle. With an Englishman and a heretic, why hide any truth?"

Pisa, Leghorn, Turin, were successively visited by Mr. Macfarlane. In them all, he met the same revolutionary scenes, and heard the same revolutionary sentiments. We fear that there is too much of truth in his criticisms; that the time has not yet come for the realization of one independent Italy; that for a long time she must continue torn by internal dissensions—cursed by fanaticism and despotism, and their mutual result, ignorance—we fear that of her it must long be said, that she is—

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"The grave
And resurrection of the slave."

Nevertheless, we cannot but think, that from efforts made by people to obtain political emancipation, abortive though they be at the time, good must ensue, even though such efforts for a time put a stop to antiquarian researches, thin the galleries of the Vatican, and empty the hotels. We regret that a man so well informed as our author thinks otherwise. We cannot have rose-water revolutions. Even thunder-storms have this disadvantage, that they kill vermin.

J. E. R.

LITERATURE.—Notices of New Works.

Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otté. 2 vols. London: Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden.

Of this wonderful book, "the great work of our age," as Chevalier Bunsen termed it, we shall not attempt to say any thing. Its merits are too widely known. We merely call the attention of our readers to this translation of Mr. Bohn's. Three translations have appeared, but Mr. Bohn's is by far the best, as will appear from the following statement Mr. Bohn has circulated.

"Preliminarily it may be as well to observe that the original work was first published in German—vol. 1, in the spring of 1845, vol. 2, in the autumn of 1847, and that three English translations of it now exist. The first translation (anonymous) was published by Mr. Bailliere—vol. 1, in July, 1845, vol. 2, in December 1847, at £1. 4s. The second (translated by Mrs. Sabine) was published by Messrs. Longman and Mr. Murray—vol. 1, September, 1846, vol. 2, December 1847, likewise at £1. 4s. The third (translated by E. C. Otté, with the assistance of scientific friends) was published by myself, both volumes simultaneously, February 1, 1849, at 7s.

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"Whether the *first* translation was satisfactory or not, or whether its priority entitled it, according to trade usages, to any exclusive possession of the market, I will not here inquire; it will be sufficient to observe that the publishers of the *second* were not disturbed by the latter consideration, and accordingly published a new one, which annihilated its predecessor. In the meantime my attention had been directed to the book, and, on projecting the Standard Library, in the beginning of 1846, it was one of the very first set down by me for that series. A vexatious circumstance having delayed my translation, and finding that I could not in consequence produce it so early as I intended, and the other translations being in the interim completed, I thought it as well to defer mine, and, out of what I intended to be courtesy, abstained from announcing it, even after it was ready for publication.

"In January 1848, Messrs. Longman, in reply to their express inquiry, were informed by me, in writing, that my edition was in progress; subsequently I mentioned that it was nearly ready; and in the beginning of January last I called on them to say that it would be issued at the end of that month. As I am not accountable to any one for giving to the public cheap editions of books open to all, I thought I was performing an act of extra civility in affording them time to take whatever measures they might deem necessary to compete with me. It soon transpired that I was to be met by an active opposition; I thereupon determined to give publicity to certain advantages in my edition which I might otherwise have allowed to pass *sub silentio*.

"On consulting my translators and examining the book myself, I was enabled to point out the following:—

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF MY EDITION.

1. The notes are conveniently placed beneath the text, instead of at the end, as heretofore.
2. The notes are augmented. (See the word Translator, notes by, etc., in the indexes.)
3. The author's Analytical Summaries are for the first time translated. (These amount in the original to 24, and in my edition to 21, pages.)
4. A short memoir is prefixed.
5. A portrait of the author.
6. ALL the foreign measures are converted into corresponding English terms.
7. The passages suppressed in Mrs. Sabine's edition are inserted.
8. Complete indexes are subjoined.

I had no idea that any of these advantages could be disputed, but I find that one (No. 6) is altogether denied, and another (No. 7) so ingeniously excused, that it would almost seem a

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merit to excise the thoughts of great minds, when they do not fall in with the notions of their translators. I cannot, however, to use the words of a reviewer, subscribe to the taste which sets '*literary laundresses to clearstarch the productions of thinkers like Humboldt.*'"

Mr. Bohn's edition of the "Cosmos" forms two handsome volumes; and we feel bound to recommend it in preference to any other edition. The book itself, no student, or no pretender to ordinary intelligence, should be without.

Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes. By W. J. Fox, M.P. Vol. IV. London: Charles Fox, Paternoster-row.

Our readers may be aware that Mr. Fox has already published three volumes of lectures to working men. The last and concluding one has just appeared. They are volumes alike honourable to the author and to that great class to which they are addressed. "They may," as Mr. Fox remarks, "serve as a memorial of that earnest desire which has possessed me through life to do something for obtaining the rights and improving the condition of the industrious many, amongst whom I was born and bred, to whose interests I have never been unfaithful, deeming them identical with those of the whole human race, and with whom will be my latest, as were my earliest, sympathies." Volumes more worthy of perusal it has seldom been our lot to read. We trust the working men of England will prefer these lectures, calm, dignified, instructive, suggestive, as they are, to the inflammatory addresses of the inflated demagogues by whom their cause has so often been placed in jeopardy. They cannot read them without becoming wiser and better men.

Zayda; A Tale; the Lady's Dream; and other Poems. By Thomas Stuart Traill, Esq. London: William Pickering.

"Zayda, a Tale; the Lady's Dream, and other Poems;" by Thomas Stuart Traill, Esq., is dedicated to Robert Y. Traill, Esq., and is published by that prince of publishers, William Pickering. All this guarantees respectability—that our author is no Grubb-

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street rhymester—that he was not, as many true poets, alas! have been—

"Born in a garret; in a kitchen bred:"

but, alas! as—

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,"

know full well, it is equally true, that respectability—a one-horse chay, an account on the bank—do in no degree guarantee poetic power. Indeed, in some quarters it is believed that "verses by a lady of quality," have been felt to be verging towards the prosaic and the dull. Not that we mean to insinuate that Mr. Traill belongs to this class—far from it. He versifies pleasantly enough, he has evidently read good poetry, and profited by his reading; so he ought, even Byron condescended to plagiarize.

The principal poem in the volume, Zayda, is a tale of Moorish life, the scene is laid in the Vega or great plain of Granada, and the vicinity, at that period when the Moors struggled so valiantly, but ineffectually, against the invasion of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is a tale of love, of death. The sketch of Zayda will give a good idea of our author's power.

Slow fades the light of evening from the sky.
Earth, air, and heaven, in dreamy stillness lie
In meditation at that lonely hour.
Why lingers Zayda in her leafy bower?
Why doth her soul so eloquently speak
Through every blush that mantles on her cheek?
At such a time, if love and rapture be,
The soul partakes in their intensity.
She loved not—save in fondness, twas the fawn
That tripped beside her lightly on the lawn;
Her nestling ring-dove—and each gentle thing
That sported there, or quivered on the wing;
Yet love was imaged in her spirit bright,
Serene and cloudless as a summer night,
In its soft hour of planetary prime
That fills the still air with a starry chime;
At her sweet presence brighter seemed the bowers,
And richer bloomed her paradise of flowers.
Soft as the beam that lit her native skies,
The soul of beauty kindled in her eyes,
Diffusing light where'er she chanced to rove,
Till all things breathed the spirit of her love!
It was a sweet, sequestred solitude,
Of streams and bowers with sunshine 'mid the leaves,

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Such as enamoured fancy in her mood
Divine from airiest inspiration weaves.
Of twilight shades, where blossom-tangled trees
Scarce murmured to the motion of the breeze.
Lulled into silence by the varying fall
Of limpid waters ever musical.
Nor yet hoarse war had scared the soft repose
That floated there; though on the frontier rose
The jar of armed discord—and her sire,
Unused to chafe, grew fitful in his ire.
But still his child as fondly was caressed—
And then the old man smiled to see her blest.
'Twas hers alone each sorrow to assuage,
And cheer the sinking twilight of his age.
The strength, the brightness of his sun were gone,
But she, his evening star, came shining on!
Secure she dwelt from tumult and alarms,
In all the sweet unconsciousness of charms;
A gentlest spirit whose reflection drew
From fairest things a deeper, tenderer hue;
Even as a hidden rivulet that wends,
In light and beauty, on its course afar,
With music in its wandering that lends
A voice of magic to each flower and star,
That slumbers on its bosom—while that tone
Of magic lives but in itself alone;
The rosy morn, the tender hues of even,
Were all her life—her world, itself a heaven."

This gentle maiden falls in love with a Moorish hero, but dies, alas! as Ismene and Jeptha's daughter died before her. We cannot do more, than remark of the smaller poems, that some of them are not to be despised, that some have a beauty and simplicity, such as the reader of taste will appreciate and admire.

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